

# MACLEAN'S

JULY

1916



Arthur  
Stringer

Nellie L.  
McClung

Anna  
Chapin Ray

Arthur E.  
McFarlane

Robert W. Service—

"THE HAGGIS OF PRIVATE McPHEE"

Agnes C. Laut—

"CANADA'S GREATEST SERVICE TO THE EMPIRE"

15c

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA



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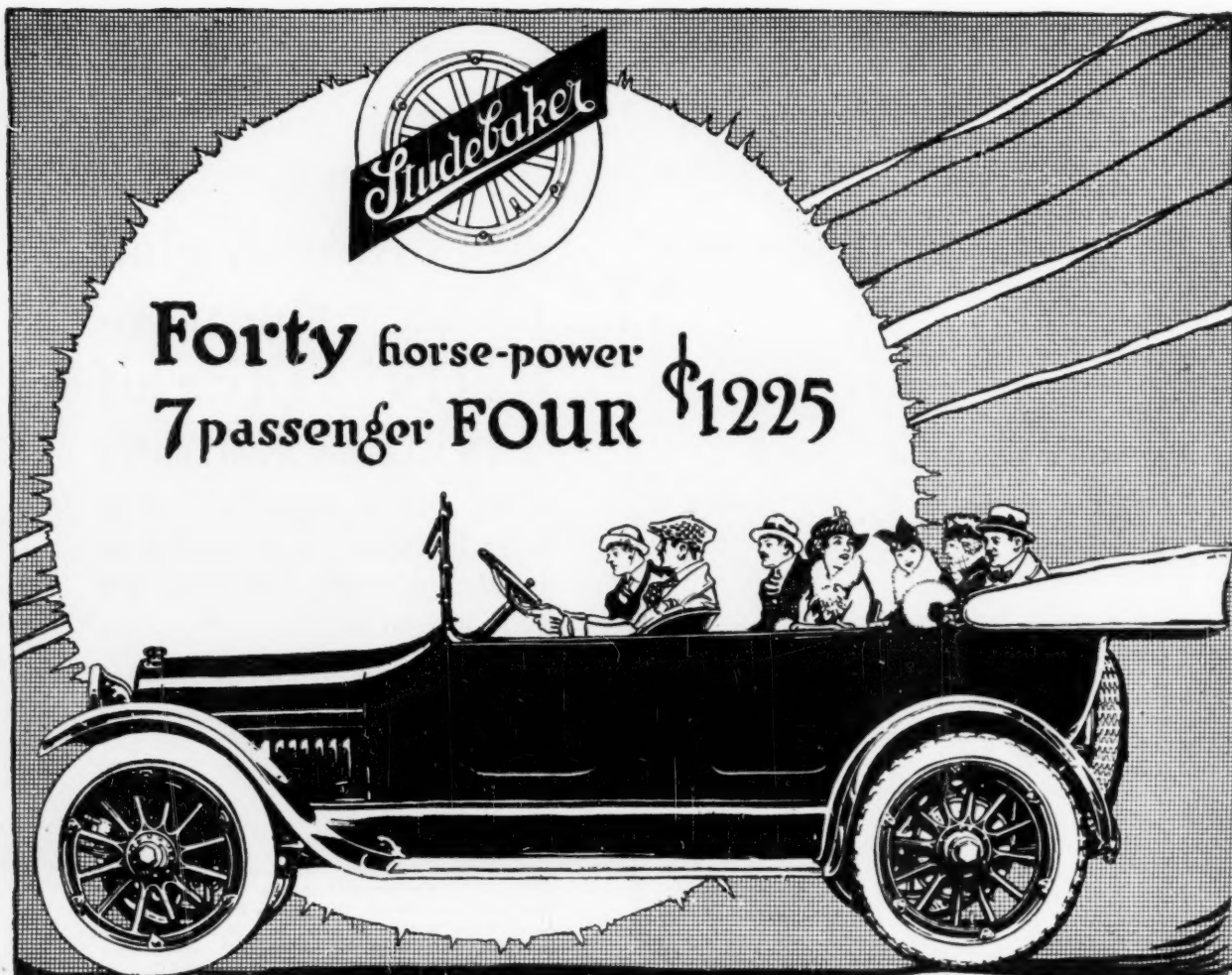
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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President.

T. B. COSTAIN Editor.

D. B. GILLIES, Manager.

JULY, 1916

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## AS WE GO TO PRESS

ADVERTISERS will be interested in knowing that we have taken membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulation, and their independent audit of MacLean's Magazine of 1916 is promised at an early date.

This is in accordance with our policy of according our advertisers the fullest possible information about the MacLean's Magazine service. The returns from our subscription department show 1,511 new subscribers received during the month of May.

Our advertising campaign is being continued. Fifteen-inch space in the leading Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg dailies announce the appearance of this number of MacLean's on the bookstalls throughout Canada, in addition to similar advertisements in all the MacLean group of business papers and in a list of over 100 provincial papers.

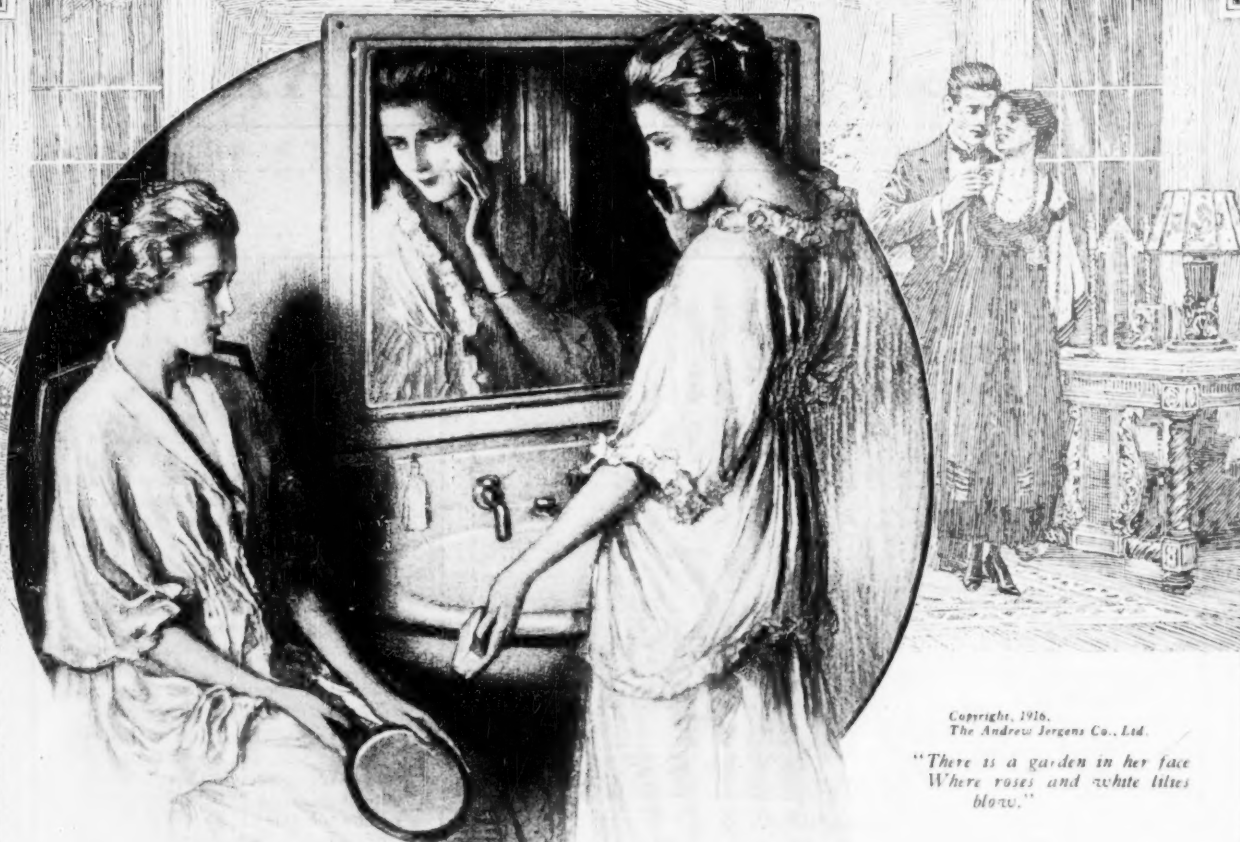
We have emphasized the fact that our subscriptions have been sought and secured chiefly among the business, professional and well-to-do classes generally. A recent canvass of newsdealers has proven that our news-stand sale, which is assuming greater importance with each issue, is likewise among the most substantial customers of the news-stands.

Our success in securing as contributors such outstanding Canadian writers as Arthur Stringer, Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. MacFarlane, is meeting with wide appreciation.

F. J. Tremaine, K.C., of Halifax, N.S., writes: "I enclose cheque for one year in advance for your excellent publication, MacLean's Magazine, which I find most readable and interesting—a credit to Canadian literature." This is typical of letters received from the best class of Canadians in every part of the Dominion.

See that MacLean's heads the list in your next advertising appropriation.

D. B. GILLIES,  
Manager.



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Where roses and white lilies  
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# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

JULY, 1916

Number 9

## Canada's Greatest Service to the Empire

By  
AGNES C. LAUT

I WISH I could impress on Canada how it is in her power at the present time to do for the British Empire the greatest service of which that Empire has ever stood in need.

I do not refer to the sending of troops, though Canada has sent her 250,000 to the War for freedom and will send 250,000 more. It is something greater than a need of men; for, if diplomacy had not blundered, there would have been no war.

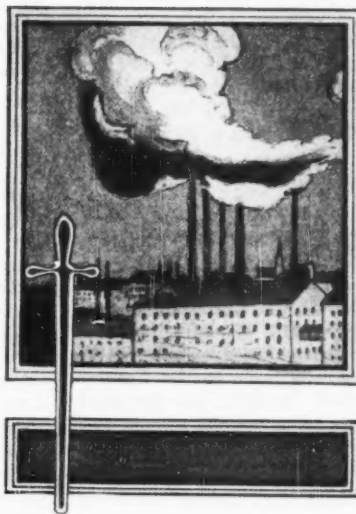
### NOR RECIPROCITY

I do not refer to reciprocity; for reciprocity is a joke. The United States desire reciprocity less than Canada; and Canada desires it not at all. Putting milk on the free list has cost the dairy farmers between the Mississippi and the Atlantic one cent a quart. It has put many of them out of business. Take New York City and New York State as examples! New York City consumes about 2,000,000 quarts of milk a day. Before milk was admitted from Canada free, the price ruled about a cent a quart higher and the most of New York milk was purveyed by New York farmers. Reciprocity in milk has cost the New York dairy farmers \$20,000 loss a day; for Canada with cheaper labor, richer soils, better pasture and lower cost feed, can produce milk cheaper than New York State. Reciprocity is not a live issue because Canada bought more from the United States after reciprocity had been rejected than she had been buying before.

### NOR POLITICAL UNION

Nor do I mean that the service to the Empire might consist in closer political union with the Union States. Canada does not want the United States, and the United States do not want Canada. In fact, there are millions of Americans who would gladly see their form of government borrow a leaf from Canada's experiences in the administration of justice, in centralized federal authority, in direct responsibility of the Cabinet to the House and of the House to the people. For instance, they elect Wilson for four years. He fails to protect American citizens at home and abroad. He coquets for the German vote and his administration condones such diplomatic crimes as the *Lusitania*. They cannot call him to account for four years. Let a similar set of circumstances occur in Canada! Let us imagine the impossibility of our Premier condoning crime! The Governor-General would depose him in ten minutes; or if the Governor-General did not, the House by vote would; and if the House did not, the country would vote the House out of existence.

I do not refer to reciprocity nor closer political relations as the possible service to the Empire. It is a deeper, subtler



thing, deeper and subtler than Germany's Pan-Americanism for the past forty years. It is largely because Great Britain refused to credit the world-embracing plans of Pan-Germanism from the Persian Gulf round the world to Puget Sound and Hong-Kong, that the Great War came.

### DOES CANADA UNDERSTAND

And if Canada fails in the possibilities of the present great service to Imperial Unity and Strength, it will be because she has failed in vision.

It will be because she has allowed factional strife, graft, petty politics — *petticoat* politics, if you like, and I don't mean women's petticoats either — to obscure the star of her magnificent destiny.

### CANADA'S DESTINY

What is that destiny?

The link forged to bind the two great Anglo-Saxon families, the two great democracies of the earth, in a friendship and power to preserve freedom in the world. Let but the United States and Great Britain link hands in international pact for human freedom; and there is no power in the world can say them "nay" to any decree for human well-being.

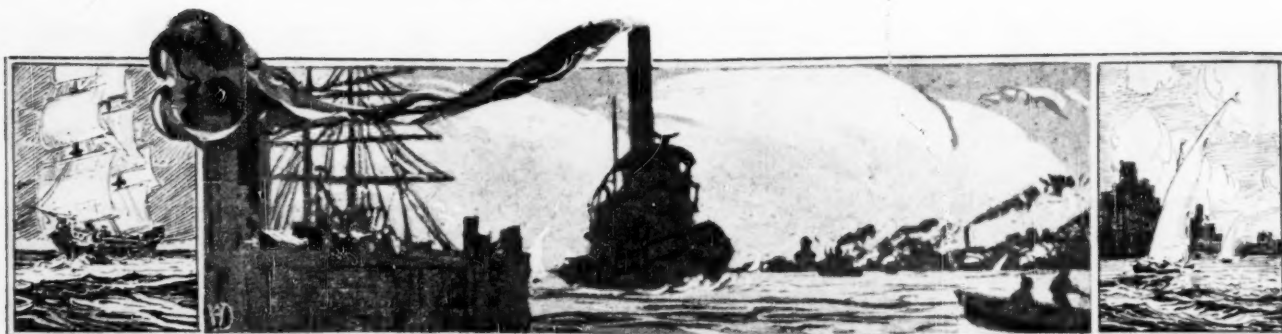
### FACTS ON THE BOARDS

Let us get down to earth and see how the facts shuffle out in the great international game!

The warring nations are spending twenty-five billions a year.

After the War, no matter how bravely they shoulder their burdens and mortgage their futures to rebuild, the warring nations will be crushed with national debts.

We like to persuade ourselves this will not be the case with Great Britain; but let us face facts, not sentimental fiction! Britain will not repudiate her debts. She will pay to the uttermost farthing. So will France; but Belgium and Russia and Austria and Germany are bankrupt now. If you do not believe that, look up the exact discount at which their exchange is rated. At time of writing, it runs from 20 to 39 per cent. Now England will pay to her uttermost farthing; but what does that mean? All war profits in England are now being taxed 60 per cent. If the War continues, they will be taxed still higher.



And that means the British for some time at least will have little or no money to spare.

#### A BANKRUPT WORLD

Accept the fact that after the War, we shall enter an era of world bankruptcy. The biggest bankers in the world foresee this and beg people to save—save—save against the day of evil, to the extent of cutting out all luxuries, ignoring fashion, wearing clothes till they wear out, not burning rags and paper. (Paper, for instance, is two cents a pound higher than before the War.)

Before the War, Canada was borrowing at the rate of a million dollars a day from England. Since 1914 her government has borrowed from the United States \$120,000,000, and municipalities and private industries easily another \$100,000,000.

Within a year, Canada will do all or the bulk of her borrowing in the United States.

For years to come she must do much of her financing in the United States.

#### THE WORLD'S BANKER

The United States to-day has more gold in reserve than any other two nations in the world. The United States holds one-fourth of all the world's gold. Since 1914, she has imported \$400,000,000 of gold; and, though British possessions yearly produce \$300,000,000 of gold, that avails little to the Empire if it must ultimately come to the United States to pay for what Great Britain buys here. The Allies have bought almost two billions worth from Uncle Sam in a year.

Since the War broke out, the United States has loaned to other nations, \$1,025,000,000. She will loan abroad many times that total if the War continues.

I suppose there is no one who will dispute these figures up to this point. We are on the firm ground of fact.

We now come to the realm of the uncertain and the disputed; and it is a very wise thing in this particular realm to keep your feet still anchored on facts. As long as you deal with facts, you can't go astray. It is when we put up arguments instead of facts that we lose our bearings. So draw a line right here.

#### THE ECONOMIC ALLIANCE.

It is well known among those on the inside that the Allies have already planned a great economic alliance after the War. Though the scheme is only half arranged yet, the plan is for a measure of preferential trade among the Allies, and sufficient of a tariff against the Teutons ultimately to recoup the cost of this War. On the strength of these plans, already a body of young commercial diplomats from Belgium, France and Russia is being trained under the auspices of the Admiralty, the British Board of Trade and the Bank of England to take charge of foreign commerce at ports of entry. On the strength of expectations, powerful English and Scotch syndicates have gone in to develop the resources of Russia. The development will chiefly follow lines of water power, railroads, pulp mills, lumbering, mining, terminals, manufacturing industries.

So far, we are on safe ground; but now comes the eternal interrogation mark that ditches our best laid plans.

Will the defeated and bankrupt enemy have left sufficient buying power for a duty on imports to pay for the War?

That is question the first; and it is a hard one.

Where does the United States come in on this economic alliance? That is the second question; and it is not only hard, but fraught with explosives. Is Uncle Sam with his twenty million Teutonic population, to be included; or excluded?

#### WHERE DOES UNCLE SAM COME IN?

Said one Englishman whom I asked that question—"What do we care whether he comes in, or stays out? It's his funeral, not ours! If he had joined us and fought this war for freedom, of course, he would be in; but he has hung back because of his dirty dimes and politics. Let him go hang! Russia and the colonies can supply all we need."

#### ARE THE ALLIES INDEPENDENT OF UNCLE SAM?

**B**RAVE words; but here comes the third question: Can Russia and the colonies supply all the Empire needs? We would like to persuade ourselves they can, but can they? Have they during this war? There is not the slightest doubt that Canada, herself, can feed Great Britain all the wheat and butter and fruit and meat she needs. Put Great Britain's wheat needs at two hundred and fifty million bushels a year. Canada's exports might almost have reached that total in 1915-16. Her meat supply could be increased a hundred fold; and would be so increased by higher price. For her fruit and dairy products, Canada on the English market receives higher prices than the American producer. For instance, when the Canadian grower receives \$3 to \$5 a barrel for his apples, I am glad to receive on the American market \$2.50 to \$3.50. Canada receives the better price owing to her superior marketing methods. Also Canada could supply all the timber the Allies need; and British Columbia's use of interned ships to carry this lumber to Europe is only the beginning of a vast traffic.

That's all right; but there is a matter of corn; and there is a question of copper; and there is another vital fact of cotton.

#### UNCLE SAM'S CORN

Uncle Sam is the great corn grower of the world. He calls corn his king. The by-products of corn as a food are multiple. They are almost as essential as wheat. Six years ago I asked a scientist how many essential by-products in industry came from corn. At that time, there were sixty. Now Canada cannot raise corn in exportable quantities. I doubt if scientific experiment will ever develop a corn quick growing enough for Canada's short summer. If I am wrong in this I am open to correction; but the fact remains there is no section in Canada where you can travel for days and days through a corn belt, as you can through Ohio and Indiana and Iowa and Missouri and Nebraska and parts of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Uncle Sam is the great corn grower of the world.

#### METALS FOR MUNITIONS

Then, there is the question of copper. Great Britain may have within two years munition works and industries to rival the Krupps; but she must have an unlimited supply of copper. Canada may some day produce enough copper to supply Great Britain's needs; but she doesn't now; and Great Britain's needs have this year literally cornered the American market in copper. An economic alliance strong enough to enforce its independence presupposes military power; and military power with



high explosives and big range guns and armor plate must have an unlimited supply of copper and steel and spelter and lead and antimony and tungsten. There is not such a thing as a high speed plant to-day without tungsten. For these things, the Empire is absolutely dependent on the United States. Don't let us deceive ourselves! Germany has not spent a forty-million-dollar corruption fund to blow up ships and destroy mines with these products—for nothing. She has spent that fund, because the Empire's very existence depends on these mineral products of the United States reaching her.

## UNCLE SAM'S COTTON

THEN, there is cotton. The United States grows two-thirds of the cotton in the world. When the Civil War cut off the supply of raw cotton from England, populations of 260,000 and 300,000 were reduced to starvation for lack of work. The spindles of Europe stopped spinning. Cotton worth four cents a pound in the South commanded \$1 in Europe. We may imagine that Egypt, India and Southern Russia will some day supply the deficiency of cotton but if you ask the textile manufacturers they will tell you frankly those other cottons must be blended with American cotton to produce the right textiles.

These are only a few of the things for which Great Britain is absolutely dependent on the United States.

The whole success of the economic alliance depends on good relations with the United States; and what do you suppose the twenty million Teutons in the United States will have to say about that economic alliance?

## AFTER THE WAR.

IT ought not to require a sledge hammer to drive home the fact that the crux of the whole economic situation after the War will be the United States. Uncle Sam will play an important part in the feeding and clothing and financing of a bankrupt world.

And now what are the Teutons doing to break the good relations of the Empire with the United States?

They are spending money in floods.

They are manipulating heaven and earth politically. They have a Teutonic organizer in every party clique in the country. They have a Teutonic lecturer in every university, in every woman's club, in every school, on every platform. Mrs. Pankhurst told me that on her recent tour over the United States for Serbian Relief she never made an address even in a small college club, but some pro-German speaker rose and tried to soften or meet what she had said. It is so of every assembly in the United States to-day.

Great Britain's hands to-day are too full to counteract the Teutonic plots in the United States; but Canada's are not.

## THE FACTS ON THE SLATE.

CANADA must be partly or wholly financed in the United States following the war.

The world, impoverished after the War, will be dependent in many essentials on the United States.

No economic alliance after the War can succeed without the co-operation of the United States.

## DOES CANADA REALIZE?

AND now what is Canada doing?

I doubt very much if she realizes at all what is going on. I doubt if she dreams any duty rests on her to play a great and important part. Her press to-day is ringing with petty politics

and racial strife. That racial strife could be allayed in six weeks, if Canadian politicians were big enough to unite to do it.

## ALLAY THE RACE STRIFE.

IN France, when the priests, who had fought in the trenches, and the nuns, who acted as Red Cross nurses, came back to Paris and told about what they had seen of heroism—Paris rose *en masse* and carried those priests through the streets on men's shoulders. Flowers were strewn on the way. Men prayed who had not prayed before in all their lives. Atheism went out of fashion. Religion and devotion became a reality. Suppose a dozen of those Belgian and French priests were invited out to tell their story from the platform in the French province of Quebec! Suppose Cardinal Mercier sent a letter? Can you conceive of riots fomented in Quebec against enlistment? Can you imagine a politician daring to show his head, who would make of bilingual school questions an issue at this crucial time?

Germany has sent her best speakers and writers to the United States. What is Canada doing in her own divided house. Hunting poor miserable grafters from their rat holes! Playing small potato politics while her heroes die in the trenches! Wake up Canada!

That's the way it looks to us on the outside.

## UNCLE SAM ON THE JOB.

DO you think that Uncle Sam is asleep on his job? He is multiplying every opportunity by ten times now preparing for After the War.

Besides his consuls, he is sending commercial attaches to every commercial centre of South America and Europe.

How many commercial attaches has Canada, in the United States, in South America, and Europe?

Big institutions like the National City Bank, the U.S. Steel Corporation, Fords and others now have yearly in training a hundred young college graduates being put through a practical course in banking, foreign exchange, foreign languages, mathematics, commerce, manufactures, to take their places in foreign centres after the War. How many has Canada in training? How many institutions in Canada are doing the same thing? Let me ask a more brutal question. Though Japanese and Chinese commerce are growing every day, though Japanese affairs may at any time become a war issue in Canada, has Canada one single native born Canadian official who speaks Japanese or Chinese? She hadn't when I was in Canada last year.

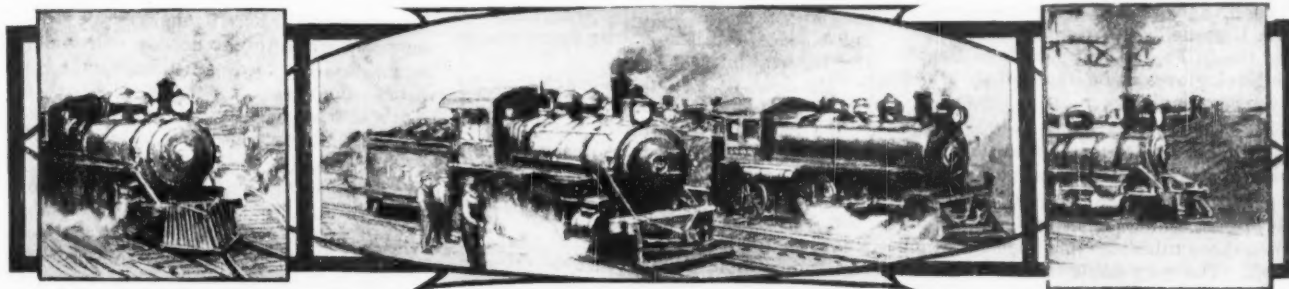
When the War is over, Uncle Sam will have thousands of trained experts to jump into the world's markets.

How many will Canada have?

## A NEW DAY COMING.

WHEN Canada's last bonds were sold in the United States, it was a thing to thrill a native-born Canadian with pride. The bonds were not peddled. They were simply grabbed and gobbled by investors. It was all a testimonial of American faith in Canada's financial soundness; but let us not deceive ourselves! After the War, a new day is coming. It will be a new world that will be reconstructed from the ruins; and Uncle Sam is preparing his adventures of commerce to go forth on a modern quest for golden fleece.

As long as the frenzied land boom lasted, Canada was in the public eye here. Her wonderful story of progress was on every lip. To-day, she is being eclipsed by South American and European demands. There is not a country of secondary or first rank in the world to-day that has not its commercial agents



spread all over the United States. Persia, little beaten Serbia, Belgium, China, Japan, as well as all the more powerful nations, have their agents spread over the United States beckoning commerce, hunting for it, wooing it. I do not find such Canadian commercial agents here. In fact, there is a growing indifference towards Canada with the American public. You can trace it in the financial journals. One American bank is spending four million a year to keep South American affairs before the United States and United States affairs before South America. Another big manufacturing business spent five million for the same purpose. Both concerns do more business with Canada in one year than with South America in ten. Yet Canadian interests are waning here and South American interests bulging larger. You see mention here of South American interests ten times for once you see mention of Canadian. Take a commercial journal and watch it closely for a week! Note how the interest in Canadian matters has ebbed in favor of the more insistent interests of the Latin countries of the South.

What would I have Canada do? Wake Up!

Do what the National City Bank is doing—train experts for every commercial centre in the world!

Keep Canadian opportunities from going into eclipse with the American public!

What has all this to do with the Greatest Service to be rendered the Empire?

I answer as I have answered before—Trade does not follow the flag. The flag follows trade. If Canada can to-day bind her commercial interests to the commercial interests of the United States in hoops of steel, and so become a link to forge the friendship of the Empire and the Republic commercially, she will be doing the Empire the greatest service for the days of stress to come.

It does not imply reciprocity; and it does not even hint at annexation. No body on top of earth wants either. What it implies is the same commercial interdependence and friendship as the National City Bank is planning for the United States and South America; the same commercial interdependence and friendship as the British Board of Trade is attempting in the commercial alliance of Allies. It is the place when trade merges into far visioned diplomacy for world power and peace. Uncle Sam has arisen to the occasion. Will Canada?



# The Anatomy of Love

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

THE young Professor wheeled about slowly and cautiously.

"And you are little Sybil!"

he repeated, wagging a contemplative head. "Why, my dear young lady, seven years ago, when you left Amboro, you were nothing more than—"

"I'm nineteen," announced Sybil, with dignity. She was gathering up her comb and brushes from the grass by this time.

"Why didn't you come on Monday, as you telegraphed?"

The Professor tried to remember—he could only recall that it should have been Tuesday. "I've been wondering just what it is you remind me of—it's Shannon's portrait of Lady Marjorie Manners!"

"Your telegram said Monday. I waited two hours, in the heat. And the horses ran away, and smashed the Gladstone springs!" pursued the practical-minded Sybil.

"Did it?" asked the Professor, vacuously, thinking of the telegram. Then he sighed, plaintively. "Quite frequently, of late, I find myself making mistakes of that nature, especially about dates."

"That's what Anne says," the girl announced.

"What Anne says?" echoed the other.

"Yes, Anne. She told me you went to Lydia Ramsdell's wedding the second day after the bride had left for Palm Beach, with black gloves and a bunch of tuberose for the remains!"

The Professor, with every sign and token of distress, protested that Anne was always exaggerating things.

Then he sighed again, lugubriously, and was on the point of declaring that he wished those tuberose had been for Anne herself. The very name took him back to his world of forgotten realities.

"Anne's a dear!" cried the girl, with a touch of reproof in her voice. "Father says she's the finest woman that ever walked in shoe-leather. She's found something to do in life. She's made herself mean something in this world. She's not just an idler, an atom, like me!"

"Atoms, it must be remembered, are matters of vast importance," corrected the man of science, holding up a gravely reproving hand.

"But why didn't you ride over with young Harkins?" persisted the girl. He explained that he had preferred walking, scarcely realizing the distance. Then Sybil asked him if he wasn't nearly starved to death, and if he liked swimming, and if he had noticed that berry-bird on the thorn tree, and while she was saying she would show him a short cut back to the house, he was pondering what could ever have given rise to the popular misconception that women were less practical than men.

"I'm not a bit clever, like Anne, you know," Sybil was prattling on, as she stooped to gather an armful of sweetbriar.

The Professor looked down at the laughing face, the wind-loosened hair, the full-blooded and lithe young figure stooping before him.

"My dear young lady, I grant that intellectual acumen is not a thing to be despised in women, but in the fulfilment of her profoundest biological duties, of her fundamental physiological obligations to posterity, I fail to comprehend the advantages of mere cleverness alone. It is a truism to the man of science that the two indomitable and implacable cries of Nature are Preservation and Reduplica-

tion, and if what has been called the modern woman could only remember that this purely factitious and accidental mental culture of hers is absolutely subservient to her more glorious and more essential mission of continuing and conserving the—But, dear me, dear me, you're far too young to have the slightest inkling of what I was about to say!"

"Oh, no, I'm not!" said Sybil, tying her belt. "I've always felt that—just what you were going to say. It's perfectly true."

The young Professor coughed, gravely.

"You see, being so much alone up here, I've had to think things out for myself. Then reading father's proofs for him"—She broke off in a laugh. "Father says I know too much for my own good. But, of course, that's all rubbish. Still, I seem to feel things, in some way, things that every other woman who ever lived learnt and felt, ages and ages ago. I imagine myself Sappho, sometimes—don't laugh—and sometimes I've the feeling that I'm Joan hearing voices, and sometimes Francesca looking out of lonely towers on a strange world!"

"You—you have a wonderful imagination," averred her companion.

"That's what father says," she chattered on. "That's why he lets me be so lazy and write things nobody will understand, and try to dream things out. But it isn't the verses I care for. It's the life—it's the beautiful ways of living that bring the thought of them to me. That's what I love. It's the flowers and the singing birds and the afternoon sunlight on the soft hills, and the being young and happy and satisfied, and going to be tired and glad, with so many new things to do and see to-morrow!"



THE Professor's eyes were growing wider and wider, as they walked. Here at last, he told himself, was a young woman who might possibly be persuaded into talking about the psychology of Love!

"Anybody would like it, wouldn't they? There's nothing unusual in my caring for things that are lovely and lasting, is there?" demanded the rapt young epicurean.

"Of course not," hesitatingly admitted the listening stoic.

"You would yourself, wouldn't you, if you were able to forget about text-books and lecture-halls and the scientific reviews that will talk for a day or two about John Herrin Macraven's theory of—of sexual protoplasmic genesis, or some other awful 'ology you worry yourself thin and old and grey over?"

They were crossing an undulating meadow by this time, knee-deep in heavy-scented clover-blossoms. The bob-o-links overhead were pouring down their liquid notes, and in the flat noonday sunlight all the world seemed lazy and good-natured and care-free.

The Professor nodded his head in solemn assent.

"I knew you would!" cried the happy child of the fields. Her companion drank in a deep breath of the clear, blossom-scented air.

"I wish you'd teach me the secret," he said at last, humbly and with slightly heightened color. "I mean, show me how you can be so light-hearted, so happy, so in love with living!"

She turned and looked at him, with the ingenuous and confidential gaze of a child. Then she stopped him, with one small, sunburnt hand on his black coat-sleeve, and together they peered about the undulating, light-bathed landscape, from east to west, to where the black pine-tops met the quivering turquoise sky. Her face had the solemnity of a youthful seer's—only he wondered, incongruously, if a Cassandra could carry freckled runways on the straight little bridge of her nose.

"Why should it be so hard, in such a beautiful world as this?" inquired the young rhapsodist.

"It shouldn't!" agreed the man of science, yet as he said it his gaze was not on the world, but on the girl's rapt and upturned face and dark-lidded brooding eyes. He wondered, though, if in some way she was not secretly making fun of him.

"One only has to drift, like the butterflies," she crooned, softly, as though speaking to herself alone. "And in the end you find everything—at the end of the Rainbow!"

She sighed happily. "I love to dream, don't you? I love to lie and watch the buds unfold. I love to listen to the sound of water, and hear the voices seem to break through the drone. Don't you?"

"Yes, of course," assented the other, "if it's in a dry place."

The girl shook her head, sorrowfully.

"No, I know you'd think of bugs!"

"Not with you!" essayed the Professor, courageously.

She checked her laughter, and pointed into the rolling lowlands before them.

"There's the house, see, in that clump

of maples, above the apple trees! And there's father, coming down the west lane in the surrey! Won't it be awful with dad away for a whole month!"

The young Professor found himself in no way elated at the sight of that particular house, which had once seemed so distantly distant.

"Let's hide, till father drives up!" cried Sybil.

They crouched behind the old cider-press, close together. He could hear her bubblings of suppressed laughter. He was vaguely conscious of her soft breathing, and the warmth of her young body.

"Won't you teach me the way to the end of the Rainbow?" asked the young Professor.

Then he blushed, prodigiously, for the man of science suddenly realized that he had emitted an involuntary poeticism.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SEARCH FOR THE DEVIL'S SNUFFBOX

"WE'RE to look for puff-balls this morning, Sybil and I!" was John Herrin Macraven's first tangible thought as he contentedly opened his eyes, early the next day.

"Sybil and I!" he repeated aloud, with even greater content, for he could hear her singing, somewhere down in the garden, stopping now and then to call in her clear high soprano to the dogs.

The young Professor of Anthropology flung open the old-fashioned wooden shutters, and blinked out at the tranquil, odorous, shimmering world steeped in sunlight. The sun was already up, the birds were piping and calling, the murmurous hum of June filled the air. From the farmyard now melodious and soothing sounded the crowing of cocks, and from the field beyond the orchard, the homely bleat of hungry calves.

"What a morning!" said the Professor, aloud, and a little wistfully, thinking of the grey shadows of his morning view from the quadrangle windows at Amboro, and wondering if, after all, summer by

eating existence. It did not keep the mind keyed up, nor the corners of eccentricity ground down. For his old colleague had changed, changed deplorably. His attitude was that of the last century; his theories seemed almost antediluvian; they were those of the earlier Neo-Huxleyism. He had lost his old grim practicality, his old rigor of thought, his old audacity in experiment. He had grown vague and idealistic, and laughed contentedly over what he in turn had called Macraven's "mustiness." He seemed happier expatiating on the growth of his new plum-trees, and the spraying of orchards, and how to aerate cider-vats and force German asparagus. He showed a tendency, in fact, to blink before the bald white light of science.

The younger man had taken him seriously to task, pointing out to him—while Sybil brought up the home-made wine and the fruit from cold storage—that austerity and sacrifice, toil and surrender, were still the only words with which to woo their exacting mistress. His friend had lost his old haggard and haunted look, it was true, but he had also lost his old relentless passion to run a false theory to earth.

"Potting a good bag of quail, or being able to grow a *Beurre Clairgeau* pear like that, is so much better fun!" chuckled the white-haired renegade.

It had reminded the younger scholar of something, or of somebody, he could not, at the moment, remember just what or who it was. Then it came to him, of a sudden. It was Anne, Anne had the same calm and fixed ideas about eating and sleeping and enjoying things. She gave the same disproportionate attention to the mere accidentals and exigencies of life.

"But, my dear fellow, we're only going to live once!" Sybil's father had protested, holding his home-brewed Burgundy to the light. "And have you ever stopped to think that you're getting old, that life's slipping away from you, and you've never taken time to balance up your ledger of decent living?"

## THE FIRST INSTALMENT

Professor John Herrin Macraven, Dean of Amboro University, who has selected as his life work the preparation of a series of volumes on love, is asked by a former associate, who is going on a trip to spend part of his vacation on his farm to look after his daughter Sybil. Macraven has been working hard on his last book "The Anatomy of Love" and welcomes the chance, especially as he is apprehensive that Anne Appleby, a very attractive young Amboro woman, to whom years before he had rashly proposed, has designs now on his freedom. He remembers Sybil as a little girl but, walking to the Shotwell Farm from the station, he stumbles across a very beautiful young girl combing out her hair by the side of a pool—and so learns that Sybil has grown.

summer he had been missing something out of life. He recalled, as he went through his frugal calisthenic movements before the open window, his long and serious talk with Doctor Shotwell, the night before, and the impression he had carried away of the dangers of the lotos-

MACRAVEN had gone to bed vaguely depressed in spirits. But now the wine-like air of the early summer morning seemed to bring a light and unlooked-for warmth into his blood. He was going to walk in the fields, with Sybil; for Terence, the gardener, had reported that already the warm June rains had brought on an early crop of puff-balls, down in the old sheep-pasture. And Sybil was waiting for him, singing in the garden below. He wondered, before the old-fashioned cheval-mirror of the Shotwell guest-chamber, how he had ever fallen into the habit of wearing nothing but solemn black. He also paused at the head of the stairs to wonder if Sybil's father could construe this early morning excursion as in any way undignified. He recalled that he had been somewhat outspoken with the older man, the night before, in his plea for the austerity of scholastic life. He decided, as a result of that hesitation to go back for his rubbers.

"Oh, don't bother about hats!" cried Sybil, as he emerged with his sober-hued

wide-awake discreetly covering that spot at the top of his head where the hair was already a trifle thin.

"Sunlight's good for it!" she explained, noticing him run his fingers dubiously through his thin locks. One glance at her own rippling wealth of yellow put an end to his indecision. He dropped the sober wide-awake on the verandah steps, and turned his high white brow after Sybil and the romping dogs. This was the girl that Shotwell had asked him to pound a little sense into! "I imagine I find outcroppings of that 'Princess Impossible' diathesis in her," the perturbed father had confessed. But was it such a fault, after all, Macraven wondered, as he made his way through the dew-drenched grass.

"Oh, I know what we must do!" cried Sybil, at the end of the first meadow, as she caught her wondering companion by the arm and led him into a little sumach grove.

"And what is that?" he asked, looking about. He was momentarily annoyed by the sense of humility which crept over him before her naively pedagogic manner.

"Now stand still!" commanded Sybil.

"But why?"

"Because, sir, you are about to be initiated into the Sacred Order of the Children of the Morning Sun, and behold, duly and fitly anointed!"

SHE reached out a quick hand, as she spoke, and gave the sumach branches above his head a vigorous shake. The result was a heavy and a totally unexpected shower of dew-drops. The Professor found that it had left his hair quite damp, but, for Sybil's sake, he refrained from taking out his pocket handkerchief and mopping his head. She seemed so ingenious, so untamed, so ebullient and radiant in her short-sleeved pink frock. And he stood with his fingers linked together and his head a little on one side, as he watched the soft and slender arms reach up for a fresh branch.

"Isn't it lovely!" cried the girl, as she shook the glistening drops down on her upturned face. The little beads of liquid spattered on her eyelids, glistening across her cheek, lost themselves in her glimmering hair.

"Try it! It's as cool as the touch of night!" she murmured, ecstatically. "It's as soft and gentle as the tears of angels. It's as bright and lovely as a shower of diamonds! And it's good for your skin, you know, as well! Do try it again!"

"I'd much rather see you do it!"

"Then shake some on me."

He did as she asked, watching her clear upturned profile, cut out against the gloom of the thicket, her golden-yellow hair, caught up so loosely from her brow, glinting and shimmering in the subdued half-lights, her lips parted in a sort of Dionysian smile that reminded him of a young devotee of Aphrodite in some old Adonian festival. And through it all she was so unconscious, so free from pose and restraint, so natural and resilient, so much a free and untrammelled creature of the fields, that when, a few minutes later they came to the meadow rail-fence he unconsciously stopped to help her. This he did by reaching out his arms,

without either hesitation or embarrassment, and catching her as she stood poised on the top rail.

Now, when a taciturn young scholar helps a young woman over a snake-fence Sobriety shudders on her throne. For as he caught her, and felt the obliterating clasp of her girlish arms and the warm and fragrant weight of her light body, he so far sent the eternal proprieties to kennel as to wonder just how many similar obstacles might lie in their path that morning.

"Isn't it fun!" cried Sybil, with her childish and innocent bubble of delight. She shook herself free, and tossed back her hair. The young Professor suddenly joined in her laughter with great vigor, and as suddenly stooped to tie his shoe-string, for the enormity of his adventure had just come home to him. But it was glorious, this emancipated and careless life in the country, he decided. It was the narrow apex of all experience. It was the very thing he was in need of!

SO side by side they strolled and loitered and wandered on through the short-grassed sheep-pasture, glistening with the morning dew, fresh and green and virginal. He followed her about like a schoolboy after a careless butterfly.

Suddenly she screamed, and darted away from him. He thought, at first, that it was because of some infuriated farm animal. But it was merely that she had caught sight of the first puff-ball, the first young devil's snuff-box, gleaming like a little ball of ivory against the intense green of the pasture.

He took it from her fingers, and glanced it over with critical eyes. There had been a time, when he first took up his exhaustive study of mildew and food-mould, that he somewhat prided himself on his knowledge of *fungi*.

"Ah, yes; we used to call these smoke-balls, when I was a boy—*Lycoperdon pyriforme* is the technical term, I believe. But I never understood they were edible."

"Edible!" cried Sybil. "Why, when they're sliced and fried in butter, the way Hannah does them, they're better than French omelette! They're delicious!"

She blew a kiss from her puckered lips, with the tips of her fingers in gustatory appreciation of that imagined dish, and the young Professor made a hurried mental note of the movement, believing that he detected, in that Latin gesture, so exotic to the Anglo-Saxon, a point of the keenest ethnological interest. Then he gave his attention once more to the puff-ball, breaking open the *peridium* and holding the crushed *gleba* close up to his squinting eyes.

"Why—how dare you?" cried Sybil.

"I beg pardon?" said the scientist, still squinting at his specimen.

"How dare you?" repeated Sybil.

The young scholar looked into her half-angry eyes, with astonishment. He had been about to quote what Horace had said of mushrooms, and repeat Juvenal's apostrophe to Libya on the same subject, and even point out to his careless young friend how all *fungi* spent the vast majority of their busy days laboring underground, unknown and unseen, while that brief

hour or two when they were before the gaze of the world, like the student of science at the end of his career, was only the momentary twilight of their life of toil. He liked the thought very much, but he left it unuttered, for Sybil was still staring at him.

"Do you know what you've done?" she demanded, with uplifted eyebrows.

"Why, nothing very bad, I hope!" protested the offender. Then she, too, was a pepper-pot, like all the rest of women!

"That thing you've smashed up is good to eat! I wanted that for breakfast! We may not get another one that size, in the whole field!"

SHE was glowering up at him from under angry brows. Yet, strangely enough, this only slightly perturbed him, for he felt that he liked her best when she was pouting.

"Oh, I say, we'll surely find more!" he protested.

"Oh, yes, we may find more! But it makes me angry to see a man spoiling a thing, just to find out how it's made! And I firmly believe that anyone who would do that with one's own breakfast, would do it with one's own baby! I hate that scientific way of probing into everything—and spoiling it!"

He was looking at the crushed and discolored delicacy penitently.

"Did you ever know," he ventured, "that puff-balls, when dried, were used for the stanching of blood?"

Yes, that was one of the few things she did know; it was the only use ignorant country people had for them.

"Well, supposing I find you a hatful of fresh ones—won't that be enough to stanch this—er—this flow of indignation?"

She found it hard to resist his conciliating and almost boyish smile.

"I was mean-tempered, wasn't I?" she conceded, meditatively.

"Frightful!" And they laughed together.

That wave of laughter carried away with it the last of her resentment. But she looked at him, from time to time, with that studious and impersonal glance, which might have spelt danger to a mind of more suspicious bent. All he saw, however, was a guileless and repentant young woman in a pink frock, scanning the undulating pasture-field for signs of edible *fungi*. When, a few minutes later, they stumbled upon a colony of *Lycoperdon pyriforme*, the volatile Sybil joyously held up her skirt and filled it with the delicate little greyish-white globes.

IN such fashion they made their way from one end of the pasture to the other, laughing, loitering, chattering, oblivious of time and space. From the sheep-pasture they crossed into the cool and shadowy old apple-orchard. As he helped the laughing girl down from the fence-top the young Professor still again tingled with that embarrassing and indescribable thrill, at the clasp of her warm hand in his.

Something in his contemplative and uncompromising solemnity of mien, as they started on their way once more, prompted





*Once on his feet again, he turned and faced the laughing Sybil. She had tied the laces of her tiny shoes together and slipped them over her head. "Now try running," she advised.*

the girl to a sudden challenge. The morning had grown hot and quiet, but under the shadowy trees the dew was still cool and thick on the short grass.

"Let's go barefoot!" she cried, audaciously.

Her companion drew back, a little doubting his own ears.

"Let's go barefoot," repeated Sybil.

"Oh, I say!" It was the young Professor's customary phrase of protest.

"Just feel this grass—how soft and cool it is!" pleaded the beguiler. "It's such fun—I always do, anyway!"

She was actually on an apple-tree stump, unlacing her low shoes. Her companion indulged in a tentative feel or two at the turf. The grass was indeed cool and soft, but in all his life he had never done such a thing, had never heard of such a thing!

"There's Father Kneippe, you know!" said the girl, apparently reading his thoughts.

"But, my dear young lady, won't you take your death of cold?"

"I know I shan't," said the girl, with just the slightest tinge of scorn in her tones. "I do it always, mornings like this!"

"It's well enough for children, I grant," began the Professor, temporizingly.

"Of course old folks have to be careful," admitted Sybil, blandly, tucking her stockings into the toes of her empty shoes.

He looked at her, looked at his wide-toed boots, looked at the orchard grass, and with a very melancholy sigh sat down on the turf and with his back to her deliberately and defiantly removed his shoes.

Once on his feet again, he turned and faced the laughing Sybil, a little indignantly, a little shamefacedly.

"Isn't it good?"

SHE had tied the laces of her tiny shoes together and slipped them over her head, so that they hung free at her waist.

"Now try running," she advised. "It toughens 'em, at first!"

John Herrin Macraven stood and gazed at the twinkle of her white feet as they sped over the dew-drenched grass. Then he surrendered himself to her mood of care-free abandon, and ran after her.

It was not so delicious, perhaps, as he had apprehended. He assumed the trouble to lie in the fact that the soles of his feet were still exceptionally tender. But he betrayed no sign of what that flight was costing him. Only the initiate might have judged, from the deliberate and judicious way in which each foot came in contact with the short stubble, that he was still a slave of civilization and its pampering shoeleather. But now that the plunge had been made, he was determined to go on to the bitter end.

Far ahead, through the shadowy trees, he could hear Sybil's lightly re-echoed cry. It seemed like the call of a dryad through dim Sicilian groves, he told himself. He caught sight of her, flushed and panting, leaning against the lane fence, waiting for him. His feet were getting used to the stubble; the rapid motion sent the blood coursing through his veins. There was,

after all, something magically rejuvenating in such free-and-easy outdoor exercise. So he called out gaily, as he approached her: "Why, you are Diana herself!"

"Fine!" cried the laughing girl.

"And I am Endymion, and this apple-orchard is the Ephesian forest," he went on, exultantly.

THE answer that greeted his ears was an unexpected one.

"But I am extremely hungry and it is twenty minutes past nine! Hannah, I might add, has been keeping breakfast waiting for an hour and a quarter!"

It was the guttural and indignant voice of Sybil's father, from the spray-motor platform, on the far side of the lane.

The young Professor of Anthropology came to a standstill. The feeling of abandoned hilarity ebbed out of his hot body; the care-free smile withered from his startled face.

He looked down at his feet, as one might look on awakening from a dream at some familiar and homely object of household furniture linking consciousness with its placid and every-day existence. Then he swallowed hard, once or twice, and looked up at his old-time colleague of the grey walls of Amboro.

The eyes of the two men met, across that narrow country lane, but no words passed between them. The look of each was enough. Sybil was the only one who did not seem to care, to understand.

She was laughing, carelessly, unregretfully, light-heartedly, as though life, for her, had held no Yesterday, and was to know no To-morrow.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE WAYS OF A MAID

"WHAT'S the good of Science, anyway?"

It was Sybil who gave indignant yet indolent expression to this amazing question, comfortably propped up against an old elm, with an armful of field-flowers scattered about her.

John Herrin Macraven drew back, aghast. How could he convey to a mind so untrained, to an intelligence so primordial, some inkling of the true scope and meaning of science, some—

He looked at her, and gave vent to a passing sigh. Why should he burden her light and happy heart with the problems of an alien world? Why should he deaden and weigh down the wings of her volatile fancy, fluttering like a careless bird about its happy little parterres of indolence? She was such a child, after all—so ingenuous and impulsive, so changeable and uncoordinated, so pulsing with the blithe waywardness of girlhood! Yet there were occasional and incongruous glimpses of maturity about her, hints of a disturbing sobriety of inner judgment, passing signs of native shrewdness and deep-lying intuitive discernments. He felt that as he came to know her better he did not know her quite so well—she was still a mystery and a challenge to him.

They had idled the forenoon away together, and the young Professor, as he lay sprawled out on the grass beside her, was far from unhappy. He had been gazing at her lazily but studiously, with what she had contemptuously called his scientific look.

"I know what you're doing," she said. "You're trying to analyze me and give me a Latin name as long as your arm—the same as you do with those bugs of yours!"

She was often disconcertingly correct in her blind and thoughtless intuitions.

"What a lovely bug you'd make, just to study month after month!"

The Professor, obviously, was getting on a bit. Nature and the force of habit, however, promptly reasserted themselves, for at a retrospective view of his audacity he blushed.

"Yes," went on Sybil, astutely unobserving, "to be pinned down and torn to pieces, wing by wing, and to struggle to writhe away, while you sat and speculated as to the theory of nervous derivation!"

And it was then that Sybil had flung out her interrogation as to the final good of all science.

"Oh, I know," she went on, a little combatively and yet a little plaintively. "You imagine I live in a world of illusions. But, after all, my world's as real as yours. You tell yourself that it's a mental relaxation to hear me babble away, and think how rustic and simple-minded and animal-like I am. Oh, don't deny it! You think I'm only posing when I tell you that the flowers talk to me in the language of perfumes, and the blossoms sing to me in the tones of color, and that I can learn things from the sound of water and the robins and the wind. But there's really some terribly old wisdom in the whisper of pine-trees, and—Are you listening?" she cried, suddenly.

THE young Professor was listening, but more to the lilting soothing melody of her young voice than to the thought she was so heatedly uttering. He had just discovered that the curve of her lips was the loveliest curve in all nature.

"But you come and drag me to earth with that ferret microscope-slide look of yours. You reach out and prick every bubble of my make-believe with that University of Amboro voice of yours, demanding the why and the wherefore of everything. You're forever trying to turn all the beautiful mysteries of nature into bald and sordid facts. Facts—I hate them! You probe and analyze and dissect, but you've never once surrendered yourself to one great current of feeling, and let it carry you away, softly, happily—"

"Oh, I say!" The young Professor of Anthropology looked about him, visibly alarmed.

"And you say that truth makes you free, and you pretend to be bold, but you're a slave to your awful tyranny of facts—you're afraid to live!"

"But, my dear Sybil, you are a sort of poetess. That kind of thing is—er—is all right in your poems, you know, but people can't act that way, nowadays!"

*Continued on page 88.*



# THE HAGGIS OF PRIVATE MCPHEE

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



"A Haggis! A HAGGIS!"

"Hae ye heard whit ma auld mither's postit tae me?  
It fair makes me hamesick," says Private McPhee.  
"And whit did she send ye?" says Private McPhun,  
As he cockit his rifle and bleezed at a Hun.  
"A haggis! A HAGGIS!" says Private McPhee;  
"The bravest big haggis I ever did see.  
And think! It's the morn when fond memory turns  
Tae haggis and whuskey,—the Birthday o' Burns  
We maun find a dram; then we'll ca' in the rest  
O' the lads and we'll hae a Burns' Nicht wi' the best."

Be ready at sundoon," snapped Sergeant McCole;  
I want you twa men for the list'nin' patrol."  
Then Private McPhee looked at Private McPhun:  
"I'm thinkin', ma lad, we're confoundedly done."  
Then Private McPhun looked at Private McPhee:  
"I'm thinkin', auld chap, it's a' aff wi' oor spree."  
But up spoke their cronie, wee Wullie McNair;  
"Jist lea' yer braw haggis for me tae prepare;  
And as for the dram, if I search the camp roon,  
We maun hae a drappie tae jist haud it doon.  
Sae rin, lads, and think, though the nicht it be black,  
O' the haggis that's waitin' ye when ye get back."

Losh! but it wis waesome on Naebuddy's Land,  
And the deid they were rottin' on every hand,  
And the rockets like corpse-candles haunit the sky,  
And the winds o' destruction went shudderin' by.  
There wis skelpin o' bullets and skirlin' o' shells,  
And breengin' o' bombs and a thoosand death-knells;  
But, cooryin' doon in a Jack Johnson hole,  
Little fashed the twa men o' the list'nin' patrol:  
For sweeter than honey and bricht as a gem  
Wis the thocht o' the haggis that waitit for them.



On Naebuddy's Land

Yet alas! in oor moments o' sunniest cheer  
Calamity's often maist cruelly near.  
And while the twa talked o' their puddin' divine  
The Boshes below them were howkin' a mine.  
And while the twa cracked o' the feast they would hae,  
The fuse it wis burnin, and burnin' away.  
Then sudden—a roar like the thunner o' doom,  
A hell-leap o' flame, then . . . the wheesht o' the tomb.



"Haw Jock! are ye hurtit?" says Private McPhun.  
 "Aye, Geordie, they've got me; I'm fearin' I'm done.  
 It's ma leg; I'm just thinkin' it's aff at the knee:  
 Ye'd best gang and leave me," says Private McPhee.  
 "Oh, leave ye, I wanna," says Private McPhun;  
 "And leave ye I canna, for though I micht run,  
 It's no faur I wud gang, it's no muckle I'd see:  
 I'm blindit, and that's whit's the maitter wi' me."  
 Then Private McPhee sadly shakit his heid:  
 "If we bide here for lang we'll be bidin' for deid.  
 And yet, Geordie, lad, I could gang weel content  
 If I'd tasted that haggis ma auld mither sent."  
 "That's droll," says McPhun; "Ye've jist speakit ma mind.  
 Oh I ken it's a terrible thing tae be blind;  
 And yet it's no that that embitters ma lot:  
 It's jist missin' that braw muckle haggis ye've got."  
 For awhile they were silent, then up once again  
 Spoke Private McPhee, though he whusselt wi' pain:  
 "And why should we miss it? Between you and me  
 We've legs for tae run and we've eyes for tae see.  
 You lend me your shanks and I lend you ma sight,  
 And we'll baith hae a kyte-fu o' haggis the nicht."



On they went staggerin'



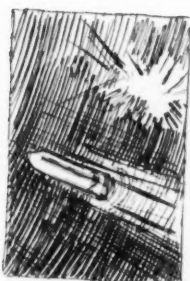
The  
Braw Sweerin' o'  
Sergeant McCole

Oh, the sky it wis dourlike and dreepin' a wee  
 When Private McPhun gruppit Private McPhee.  
 Oh, the glaur it wis fylin' and crieshin' the grun  
 When Private McPhee guidit Private McPhun.  
 "Keep clear o' them corpses, they're mebbly no' deid!  
 Look oot! there's a big muckle crater ahead!  
 Haud on! there's a sap! We'll be heain' a coup!  
 A staur-shell! For Godsake! Doon, lad, on yer doup!  
 Bear aff tae yer richt . . . Aw, yer jist dacin' fine:  
 Afore the nicht's feenished on haggis we'll dine."

There wis death and destruction on every hand;  
 There wis havoc and horror on Naebuddy's Land.  
 And the shells bickered doon wi' a crump and a glare,  
 And the hameless wee bullets were dingin' the air.  
 Yet on they went staggerin', cooryin' doon,  
 When the stutter and cluck o' a maxim crept roun'.  
 And the legs o' McPhun they were sturdy and stoot,  
 And McPhee on his back kept a bonnie look-oot:  
 "On, on, ma brave lad! We're no faur frae the goal.  
 I can hear the braw sweerin' o' Sergeant McCole."





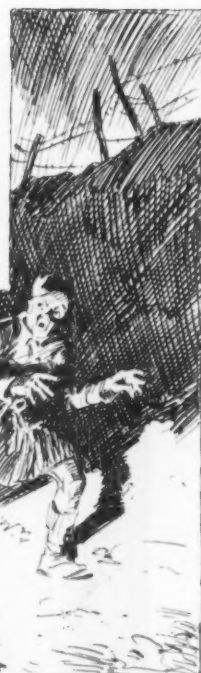


But strength has its leemit, and Private McPhun  
Wi' a sab and a curse fell his length on the grun.  
Then Private McPhee shoutit doon in his ear:  
"Jist think o' the haggis, I smell it frae here.  
It's gushin' wi' juice, it's embaumin' the air,  
It's steamin' for us and we're--jist--aboot--there."  
Then Private McPhun answers: "Dommit, auld chap!  
For the sake o' that haggis I'll gang till I drap."  
And he gets on his feet wi' a heave and a strain,  
And onward he staggers in passion and pain;

And the flare and the glare and the fury increase,  
Till you'd think they'd jist taken a' Hell on a lease.  
And on they go reelin' in peetiful plight,  
And someone is shoutin' away on their right;  
And someone is runnin', and noo they can hear  
A sound like a prayer and a sound like a cheer;  
And swift through the crash and the flash and the din  
The lads o' the Hielands are bringing them in.

"They're baith sairly wounded; but is it no droll  
Hoo they rave about haggis?" says Sergeant McCole.  
When hirplin' along comes wee Wullie McNair,  
And they a' wonnert why he wis greetin' sae sair,  
And he says: "I'd jist liftit it oot o' the pot,  
And there it lay steamin' and savoury hot,  
When . . . sudden I dooked at the fleech o' a shell,—  
And it drapped on the haggis and dinged it tae hell."

And oh! but the lads were fair taken aback,  
And jist then the order wis passed tae attack.  
Then up frae the trenches like lions they leapt,  
And on through the nicht like a torrent they swept;  
On, on, wi' their bayonets bristlin' before;  
On, on, to the foe wi' a rush and a roar.  
And wild to the heavens their battle-cry rang,  
And doon on the Boshes like tigers they sprang:  
And there wisna a man but had Death in his ee,  
For he thoct o' the haggis o' Private McPhee.



"I dooked at the fleech o' a shell"





*Maddalena stood at bay. As she swung blazing to and fro, she seemed on the point of throwing down her knife and striking at the Garibaldini orderly with her teeth and claws.*



# Behind the Bolted Door?

CHAPTER VI—Continued

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

"Very well. And now there's something that I want to show you."

"LET me die, I tell you! Let me die! Ain't it

no proof to you—that—that I'm 'ere to die?"

"Yes, Jimmy; yes, indeed it is!" gasped D. Hope. "And I never believed you did it, from the start!"

And, by then, she had got her arm around him.

"We're not the police, you know," choked Willings, getting his arm around him from the other side. "They're accusing us, too. Come back with us now—and we'll all of us—help each other."

Persuaded or not, Jimmy no longer had the strength to resist. Indeed, he was fast falling into complete collapse. But they got his feet upon the steps; and, foot by foot, they thrust him up.

Over the string-piece there now leaned a staring bargeman.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gosh! What's the racket? Was he drivin' tanked?"

"No," panted Willings. "He just wanted some ice for his exhaust."

"Say!" said the man. "Well, he sure wanted it dang bad!"

Bedraggled, and with their oozy garments already beginning to freeze, they got Jimmy back to the runabout and lifted him in.

"Now you," said Willings, turning to the girl.

"No," she cried. "No, you. I'm going to drive. I look all right, up above; but you'd be stopped by the first policeman. The engine'll keep me warm, too. Get in, and cover up—both of you—up to the chin."

And, in the end, when he had seen to it that she herself was wrapped in the biggest robe, he let her drive. Meanwhile, half a dozen other gaping longshoremen had come up.

"But, hell!" one of them demanded, "who owns the other car?"

"An old friend of ours named Dinnis," answered Willings, without batting an eye. "Just tell him we'll see him later."

Meanwhile, behind the wheel, D. Hope was waving at them in entreaty and command. "Please. You're in our way, you know."

And, with one long, triumphant hoot, the little runabout was on its way back through the storm to 390.

## CHAPTER VII

### JIMMY'S STORY, AND A FIRST "RETURN"

"I'M h'innocent, Judge your lordship," passionately repeated Jimmy. "That I can tell you now. But who *did* it, and 'ow to account for the things that 'appened afterwards, that I can *never* tell you—if there's any one alive that can!"

Outside, the storm was now blowing harder than ever. But the three—Jimmy, Willings, and Miss Hope—were in dry

## SYNOPSIS

Judge Bishop and Dr. Laneham are summoned to the fashionable duplex apartments of Mrs. Hansi Fisher, a wealthy society woman, who is interested in welfare work, to the extent of employing Prison-gate help. They are admitted by Jimmy, the man-servant, who shows signs of alarm, but no one comes to receive them. After waiting for some time they start to investigate and find that the lower apartments are deserted, the servants having suddenly left. The two men then try to break into the rooms of Mrs. Fisher above, but the three doors leading off the corridor are locked in turn as they try to get in. They hear voices and a strange knocking inside, but when a door is broken down they find nothing in the apartments—but the body of Mrs. Fisher who has been dead two hours. There is absolutely no door or window by which an escape could have been made. The police suspect a young settlement worker named Willings, who had been at the apartment a short time before to secure a contribution from Mrs. Fisher; and to clear him, Dr. Laneham, who is a noted psychoanalyst, decides to investigate the crime. He is handicapped by the police, but finds a charred part of a magazine, in Mr. Fisher's apartment, which he believes may prove an attempt to destroy evidence. Willings and a young woman, Daphne Hope, a fellow-worker at the settlement, in the meantime, locate Jimmy and capture him after an exciting automobile chase.

clothes again—Jimmy in one of Doctor Laneham's old suits. Laneham had had coffee and bouillon made for them. And now, warmed back to speech and confidence, the little butler seemed almost hysterically eager to tell his story.

"Oh, h'all I want is to tell it," he said; "for then you'll know for yourselves if I'm tellin' you the truth!"

"Good," said the Doctor. "But, Jimmy, this is our first chance to talk to any one who was there in that Fisher apartment from the beginning. And before you begin, I want to ask you one or two questions."

"There's nothink you can h'ask, sir, but what'll be as quickly answered."

"Good again. Then, from breakfast on, the day of the murder, was any one in those rooms, to your knowledge, except you and Maddalina, the maid, and Professor and Mrs. Fisher themselves?"

"No, sir; and h'after breakfast the Professor he went out."

"Yes," Judge Bishop put in; "he was down in our office, with Potter, all through the day."

"I know, sir. And I 'eard 'im say 'e was going to bring Mr. Potter back for dinner."

"Exactly," said Laneham. "And, now, Jimmy, did you at any time, during the afternoon, hear a voice that you could not account for?"

Jimmy paled a little. But, "No, sir," he said; "no."

produced the murder note.

He showed it first to D. Hope.

"It'd have been kinder," he said, "if I'd let you see it in the beginning. But I kept telling myself it mightn't be necessary."

The death's-head in red ink. The two lines in that heartlessly fine and beautiful Gothic script: "*We have now reached the point where it must be either murder or suicide.*" And then that last line, written by Mrs. Fisher herself: "*Couldn't it be made to look like an accident?*"

For a moment the girl could not speak. She could only knot and twist her handkerchief between her fingers.

"I suppose it means," she breathed, "that there was—was what they call a suicide pact?"

"It would seem so on the surface."

"But there wasn't! There wasn't! S'elp me, there wasn't!"

It was Jimmy who was crying out the denial. He was standing over the bit of paper, with mouth and eyes a-gape. "It's 'er writing, the bottom part of it, that's sure. But Gord 'e knows Mrs. Fisher was the last person that would ever do for 'erself!"

"I would think so too, Jimmy," said the Judge. "But, tell us, have you ever seen that other writing anywhere before?"

"No, sir; never, sir!"

"Nor I," said D. Hope. "Nor I!"

"None of us have," said Willings.

"And now," said the Doctor, "will you go ahead, Jimmy, and tell your story? You told us yesterday, when we found you in the rooms, that it was your day off. Tell us first how it was that, in that case, you were there at all."

"I will, sir: I will. It was my h'afternoon h'off, and I'd started h'out, too. But I didn't get anywhere. I'd only walked a square or two when I found myself fairly blown through with the cold in the light great-coat I'd put on. An' I went back to get a 'eavier one."

"Yes?"

"Dr. Laneham, if you can lay your 'ands on that Eyetalian trollop Maddalina, there's a black deal that *she* can tell you. She didn't do the murder. She couldn't 'ave. To that I'd 'ave to swear, myself. But if she didn't, she 'as the guilty knowledge of it on 'er soul. . . . I say, I'd come back. And, as I h'entered, Mrs. Fisher came down from Maddalina's rooms,—right above mine, they are, you know,—an' that she'd been 'avin trouble with Maddalina I could see at once. She 'eld 'er 'and at 'er throat, and she was white and gasping with it, and she beckoned me to follow her."

"She didn't make no explanation. Jimmy," was all she says, 'I know it's your day out, but will you take the door again for iust a few minutes—till I've time to pull myself together? I think I'll

have to take a plunge.' A great woman she was, you know, for settin' herself up in that way. And all I said was that as always I was at her service. 'Another thing, too,' she says. 'In case Mr. Willings calls, and I have to keep him, will you just give him this while he is waiting?'

"It was a big blue envelope that she 'ad there on 'er library table. But there was nothing to make a mystery of. She'd left the same sort of envelopes for 'im before. An 'I gave it to 'im, too, as 'e 'imself will tell you."

"You did," said Willings. "But, Jimmy, had you any idea what was in that big blue envelope?"

"Bank-notes, wasn't it, sir," he answered simply, "for your Settlement 'ouse? But, Mr. Willings, sir,"—and his voice changed and trembled,—"think twice as 'ow you use them. For Mrs. Fisher—Gord rest 'er—was dead before ever that money reached you!"

"Dead then!" exclaimed Willings. "But you—"

"O H, not that I *knewed* it then. 'And not that I'm even sure yet that I 'eard 'er end. All that got to me was the sound of something falling, and at that distance it might only 'ave been a 'eavy book. I 'eard it just as I was goin' in to announce you. I'd gone as far as the library to get that envelope; and she didn't answer. But I took it that the water must be runnin' in the pool and she didn't 'ear my voice on that account—it 'ad' appened so before. So I just pressed 'er bell. She could always 'ear that. I knew she'd know what it meant, too. And then I went on back again to my own quarters."

"Well, there I sat, 'earin' Maddalina moving about above me, and thinkin', 'Well, whatever devilment you've been h'up to, you vixen, this is a precious note, me doing your work an' you just as busy as ever on your own!' For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes I sat there. And then it came to me that although by now Mrs. Fisher 'ad 'ad time to dress, I 'adn't 'eard 'er come out to Mr. Willings, an' maybe, after all, she 'adn't 'eard the bell. So I went to look."

"She wasn't in the drawing-room. She wasn't in 'er library. I listened. The water wasn't running in the pool. And I rang again—I rang a dozen times; but she didn't answer. . . . Judge your lordship, I began to get the fear and chill of it then, if it was only because everything was that quiet! And I pushed on into 'er bedroom, 'er dressing-room, and then on to the the pool itself. An' there"—his eyes widened again—"oh, Gord, the blood alone!—there I found 'er! . . ."

"Jimmy," said Bishop, ending the silence, "what I want to ask you is this: Why didn't you tell Mr. Willings? Or why didn't you cry out at once and rouse the house?"

"Yes, Judge your lordship, why didn't I? For that's what any h'onest man would 'a' done. And for that first minute, while I was still trying to make my tongue speak and my limbs move at all, that was my first thought. I, too, was thinking of myself as a h'onest man. And then—"

"Judge, I've a record. I've done my seven years 'ard in Dartmouth. And that's the only thing that counts in my life. I served it for killing a man I never saw or 'eard of. But no matter for that. That's neither 'ere nor there. I've got my murder record. And, Judge, there's no man who 'as ever done his seven years 'ard in Dartmouth will ever, this side of 'ell, take h'even a 'undredth chance of being sent that road again!"

"But, Jimmy," asked D. Hope, her eyes wet, "why should they think that you had done it?"

"And who but me could 'ave done it?"

"From where I was I could see that nobody 'ad come in through the 'all. I couldn't 'ave let any one think, could I, that it might 'ave been Mr. Willings? And it couldn't 'ave been Maddalina. As I've told you, up to then I'd 'eard 'er moving about above me. That is, up to my going to look for Mrs. Fisher she 'ad been. But now, as I got back to my own room again, and sat down, water-knee'd, to try to think where I should run for first, I realized I *didn't* 'ear 'er any more. Minute followed minute, an' I didn't. Then I crep' up the stairs to see. Her doors were open. She was gone, and everything stripped clean."

"So much for 'er! She'd been warned ahead, and was prepared enough. But she couldn't 'ave done the thing 'erself. That wasn't 'umanly possible. And who could 'ave done it, Judge? No one came down the 'all that afternoon but Mr. Willings! All the windows were locked! Who was it? Who did do it?"

FOR a moment he halted. And the Doctor asked another question:

"Jimmy, were you in the Professor's rooms that afternoon? Did you burn any paper there?"

"Burn h'any paper—in the Professor's h'apartment? No, sir, no. Nor any other time. But, gentlemen, there's more to come, and worse. It's sticking in my throat."

Behind them at the windows, the wind whined and rose to long howlings that almost shook the house. And the little butler seemed now to be shaking with it.

"I 'adn't the nerves left to go out to Mr. Willings again. About fifteen minutes more, maybe, an' I 'eard 'im leaving. An' then, at the same moment, I—I 'eard something else."

"Jimmy, old man," said Willings, "was it a sound of some one knocking?"

"It was, sir—it was. Oh, sir, so you 'eard it, too? An' then, after that, you 'eard the ring?"

"The ring?"

"What ring?" asked the Judge.

"You mean some one on the 'phone?" demanded Laneham.

"No, gentlemen, no. There was no one at the 'phone, either calling or ringing, at any time. The ring I mean was some one ringing in 'er rooms—maybe from that swimming-pool itself. It was 'er private bell, and it was sounding h'up above, for Maddalina."

"You're sure?"

"If I dreamed it, it's a dream I'm never likely to forget! And the ring didn't come h'only that once. It came a

second, and then a third time. And by then it'd got me sort of crazed like. An' I says to myself, 'Well, Gord 'elpin' me now, whoever you are, ghost or devil, I will face you. I will, if it's only that it might 'elp me, some way, to clear myself.'

"Judge your lordship, and you, Dr. Laneham, that was just before you came, and I 'ad to take 'old of myself to let you in. And after I'd answered your ring, all I wanted was to get away."

"But what I'm going to tell you now came first, between Mr. Willings' ring and your coming, while I was there alone. And, as you'll remember, night was falling then. In corners and in the closets it was dark. But I looked everywhere. I was 'alf out of my wits. If I'd found any one, it would 'a' been, Kill me or I kill you. But I found no one. What I found was something else, an' different, and I began to find it from the start."

"Judge your lordship, when I left those rooms after first I'd come on Mrs. Fisher's body, I closed every door behind me coming out—three doors closed tight. It seemed like I 'ad to, or it'd follow me. Well, the first thing I saw now was that the door to the bedroom, and the next door to the dressing-room, and after that the next one, to the swimming-pool itself, all were open. An' *more*—an' *more* than that." Again, with a shudder, he stopped.

"You're going to tell us, aren't you," asked the Doctor quietly, "that in the meantime the body had been moved?"

D. HOPE jerked in her chair. In a sense they all did. And Jimmy cried out:

"It 'ad!—I don't know 'ow you knew it, but it 'ad! I found 'er this second time as the papers describe it—lying on the rattan couch, be'ind the plants. But she'd been 'angin' in 'er bathrobe, 'ead down, over the outside of the pool. It was there that she'd been killed. An' *more*—he stopped with a jerk—"Dr. Laneham! What was that?"

They all sat unmoving. At their own door some hand had knocked.

"Why, it's only Jacobs, I imagine," said Laneham, "only Jacobs."

And it was his man Jacobs, knocking to call the Doctor to the telephone.

The message was from the night operator of the Electric Protection Company.

"Dr. Henry Laneham?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We promised to let you know if we received any further alarms from the Fisher apartment. Well, we've had another from there just now."

The Doctor came back and repeated the message to the others.

This time the Judge himself fairly cried out: "Lane, in the name of heaven!"

"Gentlemen, it's the thing that murdered her," cried Jimmy, his lips white. "It's come again for the body, and it'll take it, too!"

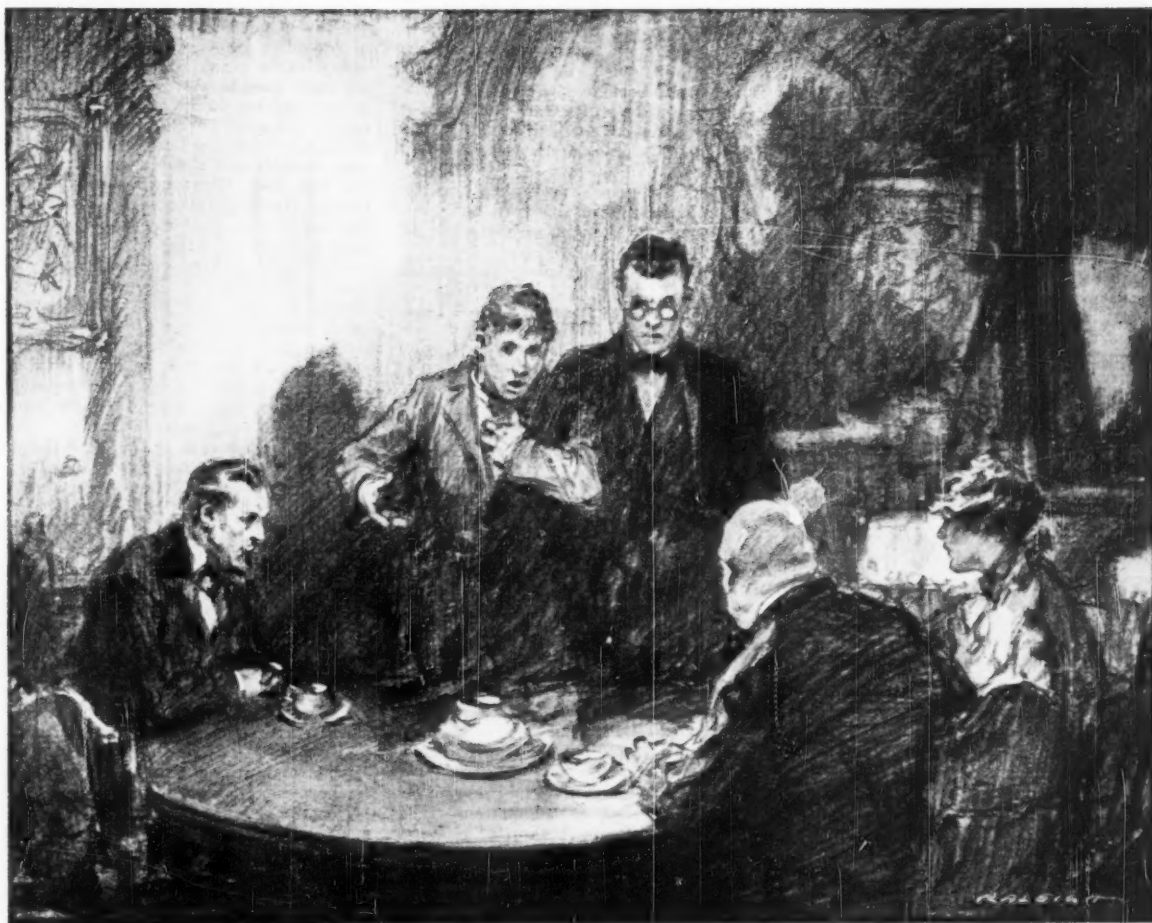
"No, no," Laneham quieted him. "No, no, Jimmy. The body isn't there: it was taken away after the inquest."

"Thank God," said Willings.

And D. Hope merely moved her lips as if to try to moisten them.

"But we must go over there," said the





*"I'm h'innocent, Judge your Lordship," passionately repeated Jimmy. Warmed back to speech and confidence, the little butler seemed almost hysterically eager to tell his story.*

Doctor, "and find out for ourselves." He looked at Willings first. "Will you come?"

"Surely."

"And you, Bishop?"

"No." The Judge refused absolutely, though no one would really have taxed his stout person with any actual fear. "I've been in this thing too much for my office already. I'll stay here with D. Hope and Jimmy."

And the Doctor and Willings went alone.

**J**UST inside the entrance to the Casa Grande stood the Electric Protection patrolman who had responded to the murder alarm itself. It was easy to see that he was very much excited. With him was the E. P. "diagram boss" whom every one had been seeking the night before. He introduced himself:

"Grady, my name is, Doctor. They told me from the office to be expectin' you. I don't exactly know your line, but if you're helpin' that McGloyne outfit, God knows they need it. This is Carney"—he beckoned to the excited man in uniform. "An' friend yegg anyways came near to gettin' him!"

"Came near to getting him?"

"Sure. Didn't the office tell you that? Hell, the knife's stickin' in the wainscot yet! But come on up an' I'll show you!"

But for a moment the Doctor kept him where he was.

"Just a minute," he said, "just a minute till I get this straight. Do you mean to tell me that, with all these policemen of McGloyne's on duty in the halls, some one got into the apartment and sent an alarm from the safe to your office—and was still inside when your man arrived?"

"Sure. That's just what I'm tellin' you."

"Sure!" echoed Patrolman Carney; "and the son-of-a-gun must 'a' been workin' dark as well as quiet. But he heard my key all right. For I'd just got that first inside door open to Mrs. Fisher's rooms when—zim, whizz, zowie—it come!"

"Friend yegg threw his stabber at him," explained Mr. Grady.

"He cert'inly did!" said Carney. "An' the next minute I was losin' my step an' goin' down them stairs backward. An' them two McGloyne bulls, they takes me for the yegg, o' course, an' jumps on me. An' by the time we can sort ourselves out again an' get some lights turned on, why,

o' course yeggys's made his getaway!"

"But come along," said Grady, "and get it for yourselves."

**I**N the outer halls of that Fisher floor there were now half a dozen of those McGloyne "bulls." And their faces were the faces of men who feel that they have left themselves open to criticism. When Grady asked leave to take his friends in with him alone, they merely backed away and let him. And once more Laneham and Willings found themselves mounting that little stairway down which, in the murderous darkness of the evening before, there had sounded that never-to-be-forgotten voice.

"I'll admit," said Grady, "that I don't just see how he made it. Two cops on the hall, one on the elevators, one on the doors, and the doors locked! You can excuse the poor boobs for swearin' it ain't human. Maybe not. But, if it ain't, show me the ghost that carries a knife like that."

And, jerking his thumb toward the left, he turned on another light.

"My Lord!" said the Doctor, and for a moment fell back. For, driven into that oaken wainscoting a good inch was one of those long, angular, pointed blades—

greasy black of handle and heavy as a cleaver—that are used in Italian butcher shops. Carney stood up beside it, and it touched his Adam's apple.

"If it'd caught me square it would 'a' gone right through," he said.

"No doubt of that," said Grady. "An' now, friends, just come inside. First I'll show you that long-lost little hidy-hole." He threw on more lights ahead of him and went straight on through to Mrs. Fisher's little library. In the chimney-breast, on the right side of the fireplace, there had been set into the brick a small brass-and-silver "shield" of Bikri work. Grady put his thumb against its lower edge. What they, or any one, would have taken for a solid inset, was simply a hinged and hanging mask. Within it was a steel door—now with its lock broken. And inside of that again was a steel "combination door" and the little safe itself.

Grady looked at them, and spun the clicking gears back and forward pleasantly.

"And you can be absolutely certain," Laneham asked, "that your alarm to-night was genuine?"

"Well, if the wind did it, it had to lift both these covers an' make a battery contact! In fact, I take it that friend yegg wasn't just ready with his soup or his can-opener, or to-night he'd sure have made his blow."

"But, of course," said Willings, "the pearls aren't in there now?"

Mr. Grady laughed.

"Why, followin' a personal request to the press—from some one present, I understand, the newspapers say we haven't even learned yet where this little hidy-hole is hidden. You might say"—he grinned—"that nobody knows, except friend yegg himself! But there *was* somethin' in there, fast enough, two nights ago. An' they say tear drops like them are worth their six an' seven thou' apiece. Well, proof enough of the value the yegg puts on 'em, ain't it, that he'd chance comin' back a second time, even after it had cost him a murder to make a flivver the first?" He snapped the Bikri shield back into place again.

"An' now let me show you somethin' else. Some one has been callin' this a ghost job from the start. A ghost job! Say, stand a minute where you are. What do you see? Doors everywhere. Get-aways enough for a killin' in Chinatown! An' when you add to that dark halls—well,"—suddenly he turned off all the lights at once,—"just get it for yourself!"

IT was so sudden, indeed, that it was wholly unnerving. If the darkness was not complete, it was worse: it was a darkness filled glidingly with spectres.

And, in part simply to break the silence: "Mr. Grady," said Willings, "there's at least one person besides your friend yegg who knows about this wall safe."

"An' who?"

"The man who put it in."

"What? Tut, tut, tut. That for you. Even if he was around, you might as well look slantways at the Chief himself. Ain't

that right, Carney? Not old Throaty!"

"Old Throaty?"

"Oh, that's the name we used to give him, from his voice. You'd say he fetched it from the bottom of a well. Regular Hamlet's-father stuff. Once you heard it, you'd remember it for life."

Grady still kept them in that haunted darkness.

"I believe he done some other work for Mrs. Fisher, too, off his own bat. An' then, somehow, he got sore on her an' quit."

He began to feel his way back to the fireplace.

"And your man Throaty," asked Laneham—"where is he now?"

"Where is he now? Well, say, I guess I ain't made myself just clear. The old geezer croaked in Bellevue less'n a week ago!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### A NEW BEGINNING AND THE WRITING ON MADDALINA'S WALL

"WELL?"

"Well, to say the least, it doesn't seem to be getting a great deal simpler."

Willings said that. But neither had spoken till they were almost back at 390. There they told the others.

As if from sheer spinal coldness, the Judge got to his feet and threw more wood upon the fire.

"It's—it's all just uncanny horror," shivered D. Hope. "All just one mixed-up blur of it!"

Jimmy had gone a grim-grey again. "You'll never get to the bottom of it, gentlemen—never in this world!"

"And the question is, Laneham," said the Judge, "what do you now propose to do?"

"I propose to go ahead exactly as before."

"What?"

"If the man Throaty is dead, he is dead. If from the beginning there has been much that has seemed to be more than natural, I am going to leave it to prove itself so. In the meantime, there is enough that is purely and simply criminal. And it will be sufficient for the present if we try to deal with that."

"Oh, naturally! If one could find anything to take hold of, or anything to base a theory on."

"I have found something to take hold of, and I have my theory—at any rate, in part."

Bishop now walking the room rounded to a halt.

"And is it anything that you can share with us?"

"No, Bisby, not till later. You must allow me my reservations for the present." Laneham spoke in a sort of self-defence. "As you know, I went into this as a psychologist and a psychoanalyst. I can only follow the methods and principles of my profession most applicable to criminal work. But to any one else they would in many ways be absolutely misleading."

"For example?" Bishop pressed him.

"Yes, I'll give you an example, though only a distant one. Take this: After

every crime, we say, there will enter in the 'law of dispersal.' The crime is a kind of exploding bomb. It scatters the innocent with the guilty. All people want is to get away from it. And we reason that the guilty may try to get away under cover of the innocent. Well, up at the Casa Grande,—and in the Casa Reale next door too,—tenants are already giving notice: the Van Ziles, Glasbury the playwright, Colonel Hackett, and others. And, under the 'law of dispersal,' theoretically I must keep my eyes on them. But have I any earthly right to give it out, even to you, that I'm doing so?"

"Oh, no, no, no. But, Laney, what about that m-u-n-d, mund?"

"Just this. If I can find the magazine, or whatever it was, that had that word on the back of it, I should say that the purely criminal part of our mystery would come very near to being solved."

And then he turned to Jimmy.

"Jimmy, for the time being, we're going to keep you here. But it's late now, to-night." He rang for Jacobs. "And I'm going to put you away till morning."

JACOBS came, received his charge, and the Doctor followed them to the landing. Then he came back to the others.

"Listen," he said. "I think I've talked too much as it is. And I hope, after to-night, it'll be mainly action. But let me say this now. I've made no pretence of any sort of superhuman methods, but such as I'm using are beginning already to work out—a little. We went after Jimmy, and we got him. I had reasons for believing that somebody or something—whatever or whatever was in the apartment the afternoon of the murder; call it old Throaty—would come back again if we let him believe that his treasure was still there. And to-night he did come back. If we feel that we've a problem that in some ways may be insoluble, the more reason why we should be content to take it step by step. And for me to-day has meant just this: A first step has eliminated Jimmy as a suspect. But so much the more does his story convince us that our next step may come through the maid Maddalina."

"Little doubt of that," said the Judge, "when we can find the girl."

"I think we can. I think I've already been able to make the initial move. Oh, no, no! I'm not going to go into it to-night. It's as late for us as it is for Jimmy. Come in for breakfast and I'll tell you about it then."

BUT neither Laneham nor the Judge was at the breakfast-table. When Willings and D. Hope came down, they found that, in spite of all the Doctor's professional arrangements with McMaster, he had been called from his bed to an urgency case at his Wardsdale sanatorium. And he had had time only to leave them a scribbled note. It read:

I want you two to go up to the Casa Grande, and to Maddalina's rooms (the Commissioner or Judge Bishop will have fixed it for you; I'll phone them both), and look everywhere and thoroughly for anything that may look like writing on her walls.

Continued on page 67



# A Lawyer Commanding an Army

**B**RIGADIER General William

Alexander Logie, General Officer Commanding the Second Military District in Canada is a lawyer.

Yet he is raising, commanding, fitting and governing thirty-seven thousand men—a larger army than Britain sent to Waterloo. He is a product of the spirit of the moment. That same spirit supplies the reason why one may find a millionaire as a private in a Canadian regiment, a country storekeeper commanding a division at the Front, a poet, famous across Canada, driving an Army Service wagon, and parson and convict side by side in the trenches of France. Though this is Canada's first national war—for Canada did not declare war on the Boers; all she did was to allow British troops to be recruited here—it has been monumental enough to make over a quarter of a million men throw down tools, and pens, and sales grips, and working aprons, and what not, to stand behind Canada and the Empire.

General Logie is of that company. Two years ago he wore a gown and carried a brief. To-day he wears the badge of a brigadier general and at his hand is a sword. He has left the court-room for the camp. He used to command ranks of arguments, series of reasons; now he commands thirty-seven thousand men.

William Alexander Logie was born at Hamilton, fifty years ago, almost to the day as I write this. He was the son of His Honor, Alexander Logie, Judge of the County Court of Wentworth, Ont. Queen's University was his *alma mater*. He took his Arts degree, and was Prince of Wales prizeman. Later he got his M.A., and later again, his LL.B. He adopted the law as his profession. He was called to the Ontario Bar in 1890, keeping up the record of distinction he had begun by securing Honors. He has practised in Hamilton for sixteen years.

At seventeen, he was a private in the 14th Princess of Wales Own Rifles, Kingston. Showing an interest in and a capacity for his work, he was made a non-commissioned officer. On his return home he joined the 13th, Hamilton. When in command of a company in that regiment he was asked to assist in the organization, and to take command of, the 91st Highlanders. Five years as Lieutenant-Colonel commanding usually ends the military career of most Canadians. They feel they have then performed all the gratuitous service the country can expect of them. A very few of them, and Gen. Logie is one of these, continue their work and studies in anticipation of emergencies such as the present. He went to Kingston and studied under the expert professors at the Royal Military College. It is what may be called a "Staff College." The examination is not an easy one, and many of the few who try it fail. Logie passed and was thus fitted for a Brigade or for a higher command.

In 1909 he retired from the command

## A Sketch of Brigadier-General Logie

By HUGH S. EAYRS

assisting the general to put on his tunic to making appointments and—more often—not making them.

the 91st and was gazetted a colonel on the first of May, 1911. At this time he was commanding officer of the 15th Infantry Brigade, Western Ontario. His command expired, and he organized the 13th Brigade Canadian Field Artillery, Howitzer. He was in the position of its commanding officer when war broke out. While he has not seen active service, this lawyer, when the time came, was marked out as a competent man for a big job. As G. O. C. the Second Military District, the largest in Canada, a command he has held for over a year, he is the competent man, and he has the big job. It means, first, the raising within that district of the number of men the Government wants. It means handling them while they are in that district. It means drilling and fitting them for the trenches. It means the turning into competent, efficient soldiers of as motley a crew as thirty-seven thousand men (and more to come) would naturally be. The G. O. C. is responsible for the well-being of the men, from the time they are in khaki till they leave his district to entrain for Atlantic ports. Their food, their quarters, their clothes, their goings out and comings in, their behaviour during the round of the clock, are all under his jurisdiction and care. That's only one-half of his job. The complementary half is that of making all this raw material into the finished article, which is an army of the size of an army corps, with all the departments, infantry, artillery, Army Service, medical, ordnance, pay, working in unison. Wellington had less than 24,000 men at Waterloo, but here we have a civilian commanding and training a vastly more complicated organization of 37,000. Like Wellington, he, too, has his troubles with the politicians, local and national, who want to use him to hold and get votes for themselves.

How does he do it? His method, position and attitude remind one of nothing so much as that of the general manager of a department store. General Logie sits at a wooden table in a hurriedly improvised room in the Administration Building of the Canadian National Exhibition. The table has four bells, under the edge, at his hand. One is for his personal aide-camp, combination of orderly officer and secretary, who does everything from



A recent snapshot of Brigadier-General Logie

The other three represent the main and major branches, the G.O.C. being the trunk. One calls the Assistant Adjutant General, commonly known as the A.A.G. He is chief, under the General, of a staff which looks after all administrative affairs of the district. He makes the laws. He sees that they are kept. He recommends an officer for promotion; he turns an officer out, supposing he hasn't made good. In short, the administration of the government of the district is in his hands.

Another bell calls the General Staff Officer—initials: G. S. O.—in whose hands, under the General, are all matters pertaining to training of officers and men. Where they shall drill and when, who shall drill them, what kind of drill they shall have, when there shall be a sham fight, when a trek, when rifle

practice—these and a thousand other details comprised in the single word "training," are under the rule of the G. S. O.

The last bell summons the Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General, abbreviated, luckily, to D.A.A. and Q.M.G., who must acquaint the General upon all matters of equipment, clothing, food, quarters and so on.

THESE three bells ring an amazing number of times a day. They are the "communications" by which Headquarters is in touch with the affairs of the army of thirty-seven thousand. The three men they represent must be able, at any moment, to inform the general upon any and every point to do with the number of battalions, between thirty and forty, in his charge. If the G.O.C. wants to know the details in the case of Pte. X....., arrested last night for drunkenness, the bell rings for the A.A.G., who comes and gives the information required. He has had it from the Provost Marshal, to whom, in turn, the Camp Police reported it. If the G.O.C. wants to know the menu of the —th Battalion, the bell goes for the D. A. A., and Q. M. G., who, from information which has come up, step by step to him, can tell the G.O.C. at once whether there is meat for the men's supper or not, and if so, how often. If the G.O.C. wants to know the progress of the —th Battalion at the rifle butts, the button is pressed which brings the G.S.O.,

who, from his staff has learned that the said —th has so many hours a week at the butts.

**T**HE G.O.C. has an arduous time of it. Take a day in his life, and follow it through from start to finish.

9 a.m.—G.O.C. at his desk, reading and answering mail.

10 a.m.—Conference with Headquarters Staff. The A.A.G., the G.S.O., and the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. attend the General to answer questions and discuss affairs of the district.

"How many men has Y... got towards his 1200?" asks the General.

"Seven hundred and twenty-nine, sir," says the A.A.G., or makes a note to supply the information right away.

"Have the men of the —th got their full equipment?" says the General.

"Three-quarters of them, sir," is the reply of the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. "The rest will get it within one week"

"When is the next tactical field day?" This time the query is to the G.S.O.

"Thursday, sir."

The General gets his aide to make a note of the appointment. It may be he wants to drop across the officers who will be out, on that day, mapping out a campaign, imagining the presence of the soldiers, and thus conducting manoeuvres

11 a.m.—Inspection of the —th. The G.O.C., attended by the G.S.O., rides to inspection.

12 a.m.—Appointment with Lieut.-Col. S..... of the —th.

12.30 p.m.—Appointment with Mr. So-and-So, on some personal matter, say discussion of when the bars shall be out of bounds.

Or it may be that at 12 o'clock the G.O.C. has to receive H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and be present at the Governor-General's review of the —th and —th, soon to go overseas.

Or again, there may be a military funeral, and the G.O.C. must be there. He is very punctilious in the discharge of a duty of this kind.

1 p.m.—Lunch.

2 p.m.—(and often before!) Casual inspection of the camp, so that he can see whether the men in the —th are comfortably housed, that their food is good, that their quarters are clean. This information could be secured from the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., but the General wants to pay a surprise visit. Woe betide the people responsible if things are not as they should be.

The General turns to his aide.

"Make a note that the quarters of B. Company are not tidy."

Or: "Remind me about better arrangements for the —th."

3 p.m.—More appointments.

They may last till six or seven. Orderlies come in with drafts of letters to sign, with orders awaiting the G.O.C.'s signature, with a request that the A.A.G. have a minute's conference upon a certain

point. And the G.O.C. may be, and often is, on duty long after most of the men.

Now and then, there is a sham fight or a field day to get in. The G.O.C. wants to be there.

**H**IS days are very full, for while he has no regular and specified duties, he must be all things to all men. The simile of the head of a big department store, or the president of a great manufacturing concern, crops up again. They have no definite tasks. All tasks are theirs. And like them, the G.O.C.'s work is never done. So many odd things may crop up. All questions of military law,



*Brigadier-General Logie consulting with one of his staff officers.*

for instance, go to him for their final judgment. He can commute the sentence passed by a court martial, though, by the by, he cannot increase it. Of course, nine-tenths of the undertaking is the A.A.G.'s, but the final say-so is the G.O.C.'s. All decisions and steps taken by the military police must receive his ultimate O. K. He is, indeed, a sort of final court of appeal. Thus, indirectly, he is accessible to every man in the ranks, in his district.

But not directly. If an officer comes to complain about a certain matter, the General says: "Have you spoken to the A.A.G.?"

"No, sir."

"Then, see him!"

Complaints must get to the G.O.C., if they are big and important enough, but they must come up, through all the channels. Otherwise, of course, the G.O.C. would want a day of innumerable hours.

**T**HEN, too, he has the task of raising the number of men required by Ottawa from his district. He authorizes battalions. If a certain county looks good for so many men, the G.O.C. writes the Minister of Militia, suggesting that a battalion be recruited from there. Or, vice versa: if the Minister of Militia thinks that a certain district could drum up a battalion, he writes to the G.O.C. and asks his opinion. The G.O.C. agrees or demurs, and upon his judgment, nine times out of ten, the raising or not of the new battalion depends. He has reports, every day, of how recruiting is going. The officers commanding each battalion must daily report its strength to headquarters. He is there to put the machinery in motion for getting those recruits.

**O**NE gets an idea of the manner of man this lawyer-turned-soldier is by talking to him, first, and then talking to others, about him, afterwards. I had occasion to see him recently. He was at Exhibition Camp.

Through a maze of rooms, and guarded by half a dozen soldiers, all the way from privates to a lieutenant-colonel, was the office of the General Officer Commanding the Second Military District. I was admitted. For a moment I did not recognize General Logie in the man seated at the desk, minus tunic, with the sleeves of his khaki shirt rolled up, and a briar pipe between his teeth. He was hard at work upon some papers. I looked round the room. That, and the workmanlike appearance of the occupant, the dodging up and down of so many be-khaki'd individuals, the continual knocking at the door, and the "Yessir's" and "Nosir's," the saluting here and saluting there, all brought one thing to my mind. It flashed across me that here was a replica of Headquarters, "Somewhere in France." The atmosphere was there, one of hurry and bustle, and yet of solid, systematic, important work.

General Logie looks business. A pair of keen, bright eyes, reveal the keen intellect behind, and are nevertheless kindly and human. He doesn't say much. He is a determined sort of man: his chin, firm and a trifle pugnacious, tells you that. For the rest, he looks extraordinarily lithe and fit. But for the hair, grey and rather scant, you would not think him a man of fifty years. He has the quickness, the energy, the life, of a much younger man.

He was discussing the *personnel* of the high commands of the Canadian army now on active service.

"A mixed origin," he said musingly, as he turned the leaves of the Militia List. "A— was a real estate man in a big way; B— had a store out there in —; C— was a lawyer down in Montreal who had a whale of a practice. D— was a police magistrate. E— was a

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# The Mutiny of Sergeant Draine

TO the feminine mind that sought to coddle him, his history had begun in the orchard at St.

Julien, where he had gathered within the limits of his burly person a motley collection of fourteen shrapnel wounds, a bullet in his side and a bayonet-poke in his tummy. Sergeant Draine, however, had kept his hard-headedness under all his bandaging; and was of the distinct impression that fifty perfectly good years of history had antedated Ypres. Hence, in the end of things, his mutiny.

Draine's father had delivered soap and flour and the like at the area doors of London's barely-well-to-do; Draine's mother had gone out charring. He himself had emigrated to Canada and had had to do with coal; not as a magnate, but as one who took it about town in carts. Nevertheless, soldiering was in his blood. His mother's brother had gone through the Indian Mutiny, and had come out of it so much the worse for wear that his later industries were limited to sitting in a padded chair and spinning yarns of more or less fabulous exploits for anybody he could get to listen. He was barred out from setting down these exploits as printed history only by the fact that he never had learned to write.

Nevertheless, he did his bit by rousing the military instincts in his little nephew, who delighted to perch on the old man's wooden apology for a knee, and hear all the old stories for the many-dozen time. And, when Kruger began to need discipline, Draine yielded to inheritance and to his uncle's teaching. He left his coal carts and his adoring Molly, and started for South Africa, post haste, in deadly fear lest the need of his services be over before he got there. Three years later, he came home again to Canada, wearing his sergeant's stripes outside his sleeve and the long white decoration of a Boer sniper hidden away within.

It was a far cry from South Africa to Ypres. Molly had died, in the meantime, and Sergeant Draine's mustache, when he washed the coal dust off it, showed grizzled streaks. None the less, he was the first man of his town to be at the recruiting office, when war broke on an astonished world. The recruiting office knew its man and seized upon him gladly; racially regardless of his plethora of negatives and his absence of any aitches whatsoever, it promptly drafted him into the Black Watch.

SERGEANT DRAINE balked a little at his kilts. Six feet two in his socks, he was more than a bit gnarly about the knees, by reason of his fifty years.

"Faith, an' what would my poor little old Molly say to see me in a petticoat?" he lamented. "An' one not more than 'alf a finger long at that? It's not respectable to leave my knees all 'angin' out o' windy. It's worse than bein' a Franciscan father, with 'is big toe pokin' up to pass the time o' day with the noon sun.

By ANNA CHAPIN RAY

Good Lord, Sir! It's not for a servant of the King to begin argyin'; but can't you give me a billet that includes clo'es enough to cover me? Apart from the modesty of it, there's winter comin' on, an' belike my shins will be cold."

In the end, though, he bowed to the arguments of the recruiting officer. The Colonial Black Watch was in its infancy; it needed seasoned men to lead it; men who had been under fire. And, for practical work with the men, the sergeant was by all odds more important than the colonel. And Draine would get used to the kilts in no time.

He took them sorrowfully, though.

"Thanks be that my Molly's safe in glory already," he said piously, the first time he beheld himself in a full-length mirror, afterwards. "She'd kill 'erself with laughin' at the sight of my knee-joints; an' I'd 'ate to be the death of 'er, just as I'm makin' ready to be off."

BY April and Ypres, though, Sergeant Draine could swagger and swing his kilts with the best of them, although his vanity was a little lessened by the chapping of his unaccustomed knees. And then, at Ypres, he suddenly ceased to think about his kilts at all. Crumpled up in an untidy heap in the orchard close by the ruins of the retaken guns, he came to himself to discover that his only interest was in the gathering together of words to fling at the first-aid surgeon who was making tentative exploration of his wounds. It was not until he was packed into the motor ambulance, however, that he delivered himself of his ultimatum. It came pat:

"Next time, so 'elp me," he said thickly. "I'll take 'ell straight. There's small comfort in procrastinatin'; and the pitchfork's the pitchfork, for all you tie the Red Cross round the 'andle. Me for the Devil unadorned! 'E's quicker."

Sergeant Draine had good grit and a sense of humor. More than once in the days that followed, though, he felt his heart, the only sound part of him, by the way, go out in longing for his coal cart and its shaggy, clumsy Molly, name-child of the wife he had loved; for his short black pipe and dubious tobacco; for his evening paper and his more than dubious beer. Not only was the road back to health a long and winding one; but its padded softness made hard pulling. He was smothered by the unaccustomed comforts, he hated the sticky sweetness of his invalid foods; but, most of all, his man's soul shrieked in dumb rebellion at what he termed "the women's patacakin's."

"But this isn't a patch on what you're coming to, Draine," his captain said to him one day. "You'll get your fill of it, once you get home."

"Then I won't go 'ome," Draine said stoutly.

The Captain's face softened. His own wounds were temporary. He was a man of generations; nevertheless, he had

come to count enormously on the erstwhile coal-heaver whose broad humor and whose lurid profanity marked the heart of a child and the courage of a grown-up man.

"I only wish you didn't have to, Draine," he said.

The big man in the narrow bed shut his teeth for a minute. Then:

"You mean?" he asked, through them.

"I'm afraid it's all up with your fighting any more."

The jaws shut once more. When they opened:

"Oh, Lord! Then it's mussed about by the pettin' 'ands of women I'll be, till I can 'ide my 'ead in Molly's skirts in glory. Me for the bayonet an' the coal-box, every time!"

IT was a great many weeks later on that the Missanabie brought Draine and some scores of his damaged comrades up the great river, and landed them safe on their colonial shores. Draine, hobbling with his stout stick and peering anxiously with what remaining sight he had, was the first man down the gangway. The crossing had been long and very stormy, a man's crossing. Draine would have enjoyed it to the uttermost, had not the returning daughter of a Western bishop marked him for her own. Not only was she as full of questions as the Westminster Catechism; but she was an indomitable sailor, immune from the agonies that go with winter seas. She had longed to do her bit as amateur nurse. That denied her by the rigid code of army discipline, she had been taking out her zeal in "being just a little sister to the wounded man," quite undaunted by the fact that the man, knocked out and aching, wished to use a sister chiefly as a verbal safety-valve. Draine had pleased her imagination from the start; he was so big, so plenteously bestrewn with wounds, so warlike in the way he used his knife and fork. She spent long hours in prodding into that part of his past history which had begun a year ago last August; and she offered him her arm when he wished to walk the rolling deck.

Side by side, as they came up the river, Draine and the bishop's daughter watched the lights of the north shore. She talked to him of hope, of patient courage; and indicated that she hoped that they might meet again.

"Not on your life!" Draine whispered to himself, *sotto voce*, the while he squared himself to the good-night salute.

NOR did they. She was still hurriedly wrestling with her front hair when Draine, after peering anxiously over one shoulder, then the other, went hobbling down the gangway, as if Auld Hornie himself were after him. By the time the Bishop's daughter, casually clothed and

not groomed at all, appeared on deck to look for her hero, that hero, safely packed into a motor ambulance, was being rushed away to the detention hospital to await the knotting of official red tape that should lead to his discharge.

Escaping Scylla, Draine was running straight into Charybdis. From the hour of his entering the detention hospital, the thing that he had termed the patacaking assumed a new and virulent phase. After all, there was some logic in it, and more pathos. The little city was full of people—men, some of them, and as brave as Draine himself—who had been denied by circumstance to go out and fight in their country's hour of need. What wonder, then, that nothing in their gift should be too good for the men who had gone out and fought to their own finish? What wonder that some hysteria should mingle in the giving? They meant well, did those welcoming citizens; it was the fault of circumstance that now and then the gift went quite awry.

"For the love of Mike, will you look at that!" Draine said, two hours after the examining surgeon had told him that his discharge, though sure, would be a matter of some days' delay.

HIS companion craned his neck to look. That was a crested envelope. Within was a card, likewise crested, and written in the sprawling hand so dear to polite society. It invited Sergeant Draine to tea, the next afternoon. It suggested that he should come early, as early as half-past four; and it added that his hostess would send her motor down for him and for certain of her other guests. And it took his acceptance quite for granted.

"Who's your friend?" the comrade asked.

"Search me!"

"She's got your name all right. You must know her."

"She's likely married, since I went away," Draine said. "Not that it matters, when it's a case of eatin'. If she's come up to an autymobill an' a rooster on her writin' paper, she's sure to feed us 'igh. Waffles, for a guess, and a bit of boiled 'am, with a layer-cake to top off with." He smacked his lips zestfully.

His comrade nudged him in the undamaged portion of his ribs.

"You old ziboleth!" he told him. "To listen to you, I'd say you had been livin' at the Ritz."

Sergeant Draine shook his head.

"Better'n that," he answered loyally. "My Molly, now in glory, was a wonderful good cook. Praise God, I knew it in 'er lifetime, an' often told 'er so. I didn't need to 'ave my insides tanned out with army rations, to make me realize my luck. The saints in glory should be livin' 'igh, these days, with 'er to cook for 'em."

His friend balked at the growing possibility of emotion. He dragged the talk back to practical detail.

"There'll be singin' later," he informed Draine. "Jones of the 24th was tellin' me. He's been asked often, and they always end up with a merry singsong."

Draine cleared his throat self-consciously.

"I'd thought my singin' days was over.

'Owever, if I must, I must; an' I suppose I can give 'em *It's all up with Little Brother*, as well as the next man."

And give it to them he did, next day, and grandly, although the singsong did not end it up, by any means.

ALTHOUGH it was a longish distance in the motor, it was still earlier than Draine deemed a proper hour for tea, when he hobbled across the threshold. None the less, they were already eating. With the tail of his better eye, he assured himself that the provisions were too casual to be anything but an appetiser for the real feast to come. Then he turned his attention to his hostess, only to find that she was a total stranger. No amount of marriage could change any of his old friends into this stately dame in clinging silk and chiffon, whose inherent haughtiness sought to veil itself behind her effusive words of welcome.

"Same old blitherin' shop!" Draine told himself disgustedly, as he lost all control of his legs within the cushiony depths of his chair. "It's got a little thicker gildin' on the label; but it's the same old stuff we got in the 'ospital." Then, aloud and very gallantly. "Same to you, ma'am. Three lumps, please, unless you could put your smile soakin' in it. I like mine sweet." And then once more he spoke to his inner man. "Don't you worry, Molly darlin'. You and your memory will be the only girl for me. But when they start to feed us, it's the only decent thing to do to pay 'em back in their own coin."

Sandwiches came with the tea, flimsy little affairs that slithered between Draine's teeth and lost themselves in the hollows of his cheeks whence they had to be retrieved by an agile, supple tongue. And cakes followed, cakes no larger than Draine's thumbnail, cakes gaudy of icing and containing unexpected nubbins of nuts that set him strangling in unguarded moments. However, he still was optimistic. This was no meal to justify a written invitation with a rooster on the envelope, and a motor sent to fetch one. He would sit tight and wait for better things to come.

And he did sit tight, although the lights were grilling, the heat stifled him, and the boredom increased as his hostess brought up one pretty, swishy lady after another to lay her posy of flattering adjectives upon his bare brown knees. The process made Draine once more acutely conscious of his petticoats. He tweaked savagely at their inadequate folds, as if beseeching them to perform the proper functions of a steamer rug. The action caught the attention of the swishy lady of the moment.

"It must seem very good to you to hear the old songs again," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Draine assented, with another tweak at his abbreviated raiment. And then his own answer struck him as lacking in enthusiasm. "What songs would those be, ma'am?" he asked politely.

She smiled down at him archly, as she marked the lilt of the piano with a smooth white-kid finger.

"Gin 'a-body  
Meet 'a-body."

she sang, with exaggerated rhythm. And

then she laughed. "Oh, you funny men! How you do hate to show out your real feeling! We all know what it must mean to you to hear your own Scotch songs again."

Her voice was too cajoling. It turned him balky.

"My father was born in sight of London docks, and my mother come from County Clare," he told her stubbornly. "I'm no more Scotch than you are."

SHE gazed at him dubiously. His accent was forbidding. Then her light laugh came again, and, with it, a gesture that called his attention to the folds of a bright tartan blouse between the over-decorated fronts of her silk coat.

"And when I put this on just in your honour!" she rebuked him. "Besides, no man can wear the kilts, and not be Scotch at heart."

But Draine was obdurate. Also logical. "You might as well say a man can't drink Irish whiskey, and not talk the brogue," he retorted, with one of his characteristic bits of repartee.

Her white gloves patted together in soft approval.

"You've scored. Tell me, will you come to dinner at my house, one night next week?"

Draine hesitated, seeking the corners of his mind for polite negatives.

"Of course, you'll come. Shall we say Thursday? I'll send the car for you at seven. After, we'll just sit around the fire and let you tell us things. It's such a treat to listen to some one who really knows." And, with a final swish of satin linings, she was gone.

It was much, much after that, after *It's all up with Little Brother* had been vociferously applauded, that Sergeant Draine found himself sitting alone with his hostess before a dying fire. She was wearily manufacturing sprightly conversation, for Draine had suddenly gone dumb. His mind was swiftly calling the roll of all the possible misadventures that could have overtaken the cook.

"You're waiting for your 'usband, I suppose," he hinted desperately at length. His hostess flinched. Then she rallied.

"My husband has been dead, for several years," she told Draine gently.

"Same 'ere. I've a wife in glory, myself," he answered, with sudden gravity. Then, with renewed hope, he tried a second hint. "Maybe they're sittin' down to their angel cake together, at this very minute, while we're waitin'," he suggested.

Light dawned upon his hostess. Considering the serious nature of the conversation, her laugh struck Draine as frivolous. Then she rang the bell.

"Serve dinner at once," she bade her servant. "Sergeant Draine must be as hungry as I am," she added, with rare tact.

However, Sergeant Draine had a word to say for himself.

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, ma'am," he assured her valiantly. "An' don't 'urry up things on my account. Over in the trenches, it was often a good bit worse than this, an' I've got quite used to tellin' my stummuck to 'ang on a little longer. That's the best of soldierin'; it

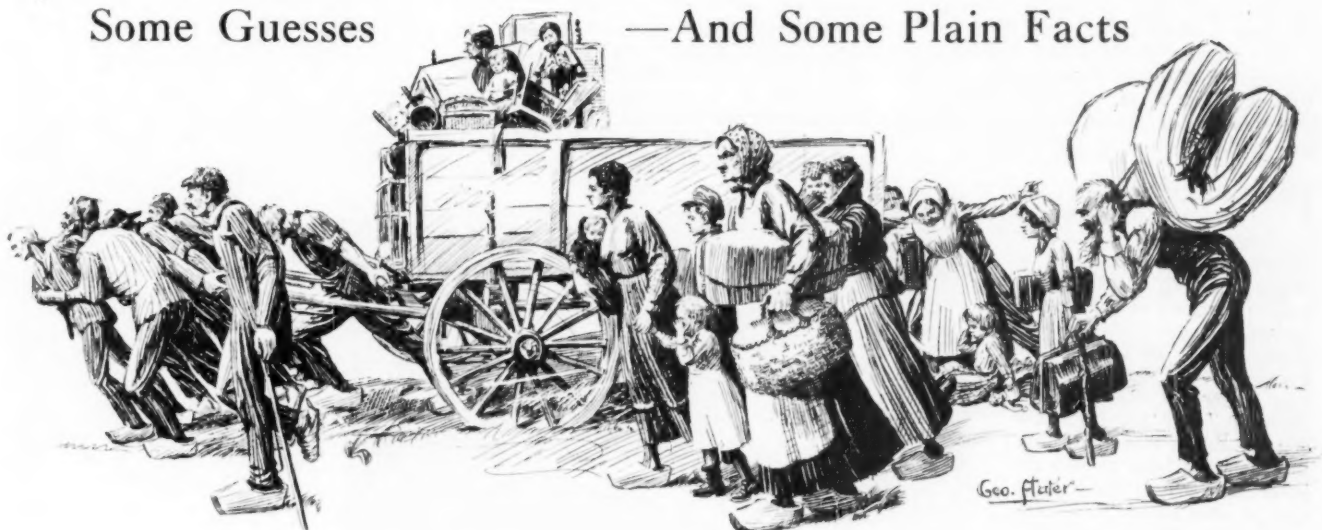
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# Immigration After the War

Some Guesses

—And Some Plain Facts



**T**HE most vital question that occupies the mind of the Canadian business man to-day is the probable course of events in business matters after the war. Linked up with this broader question is the probability, or improbability, of immigration to Canada following the cessation of hostilities. In fact, this question is an integral part of the larger one; for, if the bruised and sorely stricken people of war-wracked Europe seek immediately for new homes in a new world, the effect on business conditions will be very marked. Immigration always carries a certain share of prosperity in its wake.

Accordingly men are giving much thought to this phase of the future and are indulging in speculation as to the probable effect of the war on immigration. Necessarily, much of what is being written and said on the subject partakes of the nature of guesswork. "Guesses, humph!" you say, "one man's guess is as good as another's." But is it? Whose guess would you rather have on the length of the war, Kitchener's or your barber's? Whose guess would you prefer on Bethlehem Steel, Mr. Schwab's or your broker's? Whose would you rather have on the financial outlook, Sir Edmund Walker's or your own? Who is most likely to guess right about immigration, the head of a great transportation company, which owns millions of acres of land, and is vitally interested in immigrants, or the man in the street? Neither guess may hit the bull's eye, but there is a big difference between an inner ring and a complete miss. So let's have no more nonsense about one man's guess being as good as another's. Don't forget that these big business men are professional guessers. Most of us are mere amateurs. If we guess wrong about business prospects, we lose the chance to say "I told you so" and that's all; but a big

By FISHER KING

manufacturer who guesses wrong may be tied up with a huge unsalable stock and a heavy bank debt.

**I**N the first place consider some of the opinions which have been advanced on the subject of immigration:

The men who built the C.P.R. guessed that Western Canada would be a great country and they guessed right.

"After the war is over I believe that Canada will put into operation the biggest national land settlement scheme in the history of the world." That is Lord Shaughnessy's guess, and, as the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway system, he has a good many sources of information to help him in his guessing.

Few institutions have greater need of expert guessing than the banks. They have to guess whether money will be cheap or dear, whether clients will pay or not, whether the public will want its money back in a hurry, and a thousand and one other things. Here is the guess of a great banker on immigration. Sir Edmund Walker expects the discharged soldiers of the Allies to follow their Canadian comrades to the land of opportunity with many others who wish to forget the horrors of Europe. "Should we not," he asks, "despite the overwork incidental to the war, be preparing for a great settlement on the land?"

Some prominent Americans have given us their guesses. For example, the editor of a Wall Street journal, a distinguished financier—and that means among other things a first-class guesser—tells us that, in rapid growth after the war, Canada will divide the honors with Russia. In England, too, some of the very best guessers expect a great emigration after the

war from which Canada will profit. Lord Curzon recently gave it as his opinion that a large proportion of returned soldiers would want to settle on the land, and hoped they might be induced to remain within the Empire.

**T**HESE are some of the best guessers who have entered the competition up to date. But now for the heavy artillery. What about statistics? Don't be alarmed. They can be administered painlessly. But if you are looking for guessers, the super-dreadnought guesser is the statistician. Give him a million people (he is never happy with less) and he will tell you how many of them will die of typhoid next year, how many will commit suicide, how many will contract matrimony, measles, or other minor afflictions. The insurance companies capture a man like this, put him in an armchair, give him ten thousand a year, and call him an actuary. For fortune-telling on a large scale, give me the statistician. Of course, you know the old slur: "There are lies; there are blankety-blank lies; and there are statistics." But the other man said that when the figures proved him wrong. Certainly a man can lie about figures. You probably remember the figures of the man who sold you that lot ten miles out of some Western town. But you still believe in the multiplication table just the same. Statistics don't lie, though, like dynamite, they must be handled with care.

**I** HAPPEN to know one of these heavy-weight guessers called statisticians, so I went to him for some pointers on Canadian immigration. This is what he said:

"There are two distinct theories about Canadian immigration after the war: One, that it will be vastly greater than ever, the other that Europe will be so busy repairing damages that she will have

no surplus of labor for the New World. Which theory carries greater weight?

The most fruitful method of criticism seems to be, first, to examine the sources and motives of Canadian immigration in the past, and next, to inquire what effect the war is likely to have on them.

The sources of Canadian immigration are classified under three heads: 1, the British Isles, 2, the United States, 3, other countries. How will these various sources be affected by the war?

**I**MMIGRATION from the United States is affected by anything which shifts the economic equilibrium. Its origin is purely economic. It consists largely of the migration of farmers from the northern States to the prairie Provinces. The shrewd American farmer of Minnesota or Michigan sells his farm for \$80 an acre or more and buys just as good land across the border for \$20 or less; or he may at once decide to become a Canadian citizen, and apply for a Government grant of 160 acres for himself and as much more for each of his boys over eighteen. This sort of immigration has developed phenomenally in the last fifteen years, to the mutual advantage of Canada and the immigrants. From 26,388 in 1901-2, it increased to a maximum of 139,009 in 1912-13.

It has had its ups and downs; but the general tendency was steadily upward to the fiscal year ended March 31st, 1913, when it reached its maximum (139,009.) To Canada and to the Canadian Northwest in particular, 1913 was a year of disappointment and depression. A considerable falling-off in American immigration reflected the changed conditions. The figures for 1913-14 were 107,530, a decline of nearly twenty-three per cent. from the high-water mark. The figures for the next fiscal year (to March 31st, 1915) are particularly interesting, because they might be expected to reflect the influence of the war. They show a further drop to 59,779, less than half the maximum. But it would be a mistake to attribute all this decrease to the war. The partial failure of the Northwest crops in 1914 and the active opposition to Canadian propaganda in some American States account for a considerable decline. Perhaps even more important was the Canadian embargo on American stock, due to fear of the foot-and-mouth disease. Intending settlers, finding that they could not bring in their stock, stayed at home. No doubt fears of conscription or war taxation have also helped to check this type of immigration.

What effect is the close of the war likely to have on the movement? As the causes are economic, the answer must be

sought in economic conditions. Is the end of the war likely to bring any change to Canada which will nullify the advantage of cheap lands? There will certainly be a heavy war debt, but a country of great natural resources and increasing population may be expected to carry the burden with relative ease. One might point to the United States with its Civil War debt as a parallel. Even before the close of the American Civil War the flow of immigration from Europe had been resumed on a great scale. The figures are



*War may drive the people of Europe to seek homes where they will escape a repetition.*

in 1860—the year before the war—150,000; then a drop to 89,000 in 1861, and 89,000 again in 1862, to rise in 1863—before the end of the war—to 175,000, and in 1864 to 193,000. The war lasted till 1865. After the war the movement developed and only reached its climax in 1873.

In this case at any rate the attraction of free land was more potent than fears of the aftermath of war. In the present instance, the bumper crop of 1915 tends to offset the influence of the war, and it will not be strange if the figures of American immigration begin to climb again, even before the war is over.

**T**HE other important sources of immigration, British and European, are more directly affected by the war. In regard to all the belligerent countries,

certain psychological effects of war are expected to stimulate the migratory tendency. Of the millions of veterans accustomed by war to a rigorous outdoor life, many are likely to settle on the land in preference to returning to offices or shops. To many the war will mean a new beginning. Men have been torn up by the roots, as it were, from their former occupations. After the war, a new start, in Canada or elsewhere, will seem much less formidable than ever before. Heavy taxation—super-taxes on nations already

heavily taxed—painful associations and fears of new wars are other influences likely to impel emigration from Europe. Many movements of this nature have followed modern wars. After the American Civil War large numbers of discharged soldiers, instead of returning to their former callings, helped to settle the vacant lands in the American West. This was not emigration, simply because, by a happy chance, there were huge acres available for settlement without going beyond the borders of the United States.

The Franco-German War of 1870 was followed by a noticeable increase in German emigration to the United States. After the Boer War a similar expansion of British emigration was noted. The close of the Balkan Wars was accompanied by a great development in emigration from South-east Europe to the United States. It is almost certain, then, that the close of the war will lead many soldiers, both in England and on the Continent, to think of emigration. Conceivably this impulse might be checked by other factors. It is urged that there will be such a dearth of labor in Europe, that such a rise in wages will follow as followed the Black Death in fourteenth-century England, that the improvement in the position of labor will keep prospective emigrants at home, that it may even lead to a counter-emigration from the New World to the Old. "Then America may be confronted with a labor vacuum; then we may find difficulty in building railroads, in manning our mills and factories, in harvesting the crops. The war may, and in my opinion will, react upon America in this way." So writes Dr. Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. (American Review of Reviews, November, 1915.)

**P**LAINLY, much will depend on the ability and foresight with which European statesmen undertake the work of reorganizing industry and repairing the losses of war. Much, too, will depend on the length of the war and the resources available for reconstruction at



its close. The dearth of capital may be equal to the dearth of labor. In any case it seems improbable that economic conditions will be more favorable in tax-ridden, war-spent Europe, than in a land untouched by the ravages, if not by the burdens, of war. Even were the economic handicaps equal, restless spirits would still furnish a percentage of immigrants. Life in the open, a fresh start, a new social environment, will prove to many, attractions stronger than good wages at home.

An emigration of another sort is almost certain to follow the close of the war. Numbers of widows and orphans will probably be assisted to leave their homeland by friends or relatives already living abroad. A very large proportion of Russian immigration into the United States is said to be aided in that way. Charitable organizations will bring forward plans for the emigration of widows and orphans, to relieve Europe of its surplus of women and to give the children a better chance than they could get at home. Already the Salvation Army is said to be planning to bring 5,000 widows and 10,000 children from the United Kingdom to Canada. Carefully selected immigration of this sort may possibly be advisable, especially if it tends to supply the need for domestics or for farm labor. Unrestricted, it might easily become a heavy burden. Fortunately, in Canada restrictions on assisted immigration are now in existence, and the Government of the day has ample powers, under the Act of 1910, to check any undesirable immigration.

SO far it has been possible to consider the prospects of a migratory movement from all the belligerent countries without further analysis. All will be affected, though in different degrees, by the foregoing conditions. From the standpoint of Canada, however, a closer examination is necessary. While the migratory motive may affect all the peoples at war, the attractions of Canada will be much weaker in some cases than in others. One might expect, for example, that immigration into Canada from some of our present enemies would be partially checked for some years after the war, if not by law, at least by doubt on the part of the immigrants as to the character of their reception. How far will this affect Canada?

Immigration statistics for the fiscal years 1913 and 1914 show that in these years a little over nine per cent. of our total immigration came from enemy countries. (In 1912-13, 37,462 in a total of 402,432; in 1913-14, 37,316 in a total of 384,878.) Of this influx, the German contribution seems least likely to be renewed after the war. The struggle is bound to leave memories that rankle. Already protests have been raised in Canada against German immigration after the war. Nor is the German, if permitted to emigrate, likely to choose a part of the British Empire as a congenial home in the immediate future. Such German settlements as those in Brazil should prove more inviting. Further, German emigration before the war was slight; and, unless the war results in a radical

change in the German Government, an attempt to escape the war burdens of Germany by emigration on a large scale would be promptly checked. The German source of supply, then, seems likely to be closed to Canada. The volume of German immigration, however, was relatively small (4,998 in 1912-13; 5,603 in 1913-14), not enough to change the general outlook.

THE results of the war on immigration from Austria-Hungary are difficult to predict. The most striking development in American immigration in recent years has been the immense influx from Southern Europe, especially from Austria-Hungary, Russia and Italy. Before the war this stream had begun to flow towards Canada as well. In 1912-13 and 1913-14 Austria-Hungary gave us more than five times as many immigrants as Germany. (26,729 in 1912-13; 29,361 in 1913-14.) The great bulk of these immigrants are Ruthenians from Galicia and Bukowina. Slavs in race and language, they have not found in Austria-Hungary so kind a guardian that they are likely to cherish animosity towards her foes. They will not stay away from Canada on that score. Nor is the Austrian Government likely to succeed in retaining them against their will; in the past, Austria has never displayed anything like the efficient paternalism of the German Government. Moreover, there is the possibility that the war may unite this Slav population to Russia. In that case, better treatment might keep some of these immigrants at home; while to Canada the change would give the question of Ruthenian immigration a new aspect.

The other important element in immigration from Austria-Hungary consists of Austrian Poles. (4,462 in 1912-13; 4,310 in 1913-14.) The political status of Poland is almost certain to be changed by the war. While an autonomous Poland would tend to keep the Poles in their native land, nevertheless the sufferings of war will drive many to migrate; and Poles are not likely to stay away from Canada because of her part in the war. Nor is Canadian feeling likely to exclude the Austrian Poles solely because they were once Austrian. Ruthenians and Poles account for about eighty per cent. of the immigration from Austria-Hungary. Magyars and German-Austrians will be more likely to avoid Canada, but they form a small fraction of the total.

BULGARIAN immigration into Canada was on the increase immediately before the war. In the early months of 1914 the arrivals numbered roughly 4,000. If Canada had economic attractions for Bulgarians in 1914, the war is not likely to alter the relative economic conditions to her disadvantage.

Turkish immigration could disappear without seriously affecting the total. It amounted to 1,119 in 1912-13, and to 625 in 1913-14 (including Armenians.)

Of the immigration from enemy countries, then, Canada seems likely to lose the German element for a time. While before the war this was considered the cream of the immigration from these countries, its volume was not large. The

balance of this immigration is more likely to increase than to diminish—unless through the action of Canada herself.

IMMIGRATION from our present allies had attained considerable proportions before the war. In the year of maximum immigration, 1912-13, out of a total of 402,432, the immigrants from Allied countries numbered 54,186, over 13 per cent. Of this total Russia and Italy supplied 48,000, eight-ninths of the whole. Will this supply be renewed after the war?

Much of the Russian immigration was supplied by subject nationalities, Poles, Finns and Jews. In the years preceding the war there had been a remarkable development of Jewish immigration from Russia (from 1,444 in 1908-09 to 9,622 in 1913-14.)

Russian Poles were likewise arriving in increasing numbers. Hope of improved political conditions after the war has been held out to these subject peoples; but it would require a wonderful change in the outlook at home to compensate for the misery of the war, and to check the impulse to leave Europe behind for ever. The lot of Russian Poland is comparable in wretchedness only to that of Belgium and Serbia. Thousands of Poles and Jews will seek new homes after the war. Many of them will doubtless receive assistance from relatives in Canada. Accordingly one would expect this class of immigration, if unrestricted, to increase rather than to diminish after the war.

Ordinary Russian immigration into Canada has also developed rapidly in recent years (from 3,547 in 1908-09 to 24,485 in 1913-14.) It is conceivable that the opening of new opportunities at home may check this stream. Unquestionably Russia itself has huge vacant areas and great possibilities — paralleled in the northern hemisphere only by Canada. If the war should mean Russia's awakening, improved political and economic conditions may keep many of these Russian peasants within the limits of Russia. Otherwise, Russian immigration promises before many years to tax the assimilative capacity of Canada.

Italian immigration shows the same tendency to increase. The number of Italian arrivals grew from 4,228 in 1908-9 to 24,722 in 1913-14. Part of this influx is balanced by a counter-emigration, difficult to estimate. Many Italians work here a few years and then return with a modest competence to Italy. Moreover, for Italian emigrants the Latin settlements in Argentina and Brazil offer strong rival attractions. This current of immigration, then, may prove less important than the figures suggest.

OF our other allies, both the French and the Belgians would make desirable settlers; but the figures show no great tendency on the part of either people to enter Canada. (1912-13, French arrivals, 2,755; Belgian, 1,826.)

Japanese immigration, which once threatened to become a problem, has been for some years regulated strictly by the Japanese Government. It is now negligible in quantity. Nor does Serbian immigration seem likely to become a factor

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# The Frost Girl: CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued

TWO days later the task was completed. To Allan there came only a grim sort of satisfaction. He had won, won a hard fight against the wilderness and against the efforts of a powerful organization.

But he was losing one victory where he had gained another. In that last month Hertha had never been absent from his thoughts. He caught glimpses of her furl-clad figure in the forest. She sat across the table in his tent while he was busy with maps and notes. The yellow candle-light was the golden head that looked out from the circle of black fox fur.

And, though he remembered her as he had known her in those storm-bound days in her cabin, as he had last seen her that Christmas day in camp, the knowledge of what she had done, of how she had aided Hardisty, never left him. Because he did not want to believe, because his heart would not accept what he knew to be true, his mind was always active in seeking some alleviating reason for her course.

But there were never more than two explanations. Either she was Hardisty's willing, open-eyed confederate, or she was his unsuspecting dupe. Either she had coolly planned to deceive him, had cleverly fooled him in those days in her cabin and on Christmas, or, through her love for the red people of the north, she had become a useful tool of the scheming agent of the National.

One explanation brought mystery, the other compassion. If the first were true, his case was hopeless. If the second solution were correct there was a chance, through the unmasking of the missionary. But in either case there was the possibility, the probability, that Hardisty had won a prior place. He was clever, plausible, had seen much more of her. With a girl who had known so little of men, he would win easily.

Yet, despite the depression, Allan could not entirely escape the elation of the moment. The romance of work, of accomplishment, is too great to be smothered absolutely by anything. Honors may be hollow, empty, mocking, but what a man has achieved with his head and his hands, what has been won by skill and force, through the loyalty and the affection of co-workers, brings its glow of satisfaction. When a man surmounts an obstacle he never again sinks to the former level. No matter what disaster follows, the supremacy of one moment remains.

AND so Allan smiled when he gathered his notes and maps together that last night in camp. It was not the happy, irrepressible smile of the youth who had left Sabawe several months be-

fore, the happy grin of the boy who had won a hard race. It was rather the slight relaxation of features that have grown stiff with responsibility.

He and Hughey, with the best dogs in the outfit, were to start south early the next morning. Nearly a month remained before he was to file the results of the survey in Ottawa, but three hundred and fifty miles lay between him and the railroad, and storms might cause a delay that would ruin everything he had gained. The crew was to follow more leisurely with the heavier equipment and would not reach the railroad until later.

For a time Allan and Hughey made good progress. Alternately running and riding, they travelled six miles an hour while the light lasted. Then a storm came, filling the well-beaten trail, and there followed days of weary, heart-breaking plodding on snowshoes ahead of the dogs. Fifty miles of the trail beaten down by an Indian hunter came as a relief; and then the snowshoes again.

It was the middle of March when they reached their last camping spot above Hertha's trading post. The weary miles behind them had taken their toll, and both men were so tired at the end of the day's work that scant preparations were made.

"There's no chance of Hardisty bothering us now, do you think, Hughey?" asked Allan as he spread his robe after a pipe beside the fire.

"I don't know," replied the woodsman. "He worked hard while he was on the job, and we're getting near the Frost Girl's where he hung out."

"Well, we'll sleep with one eye open," said Allan, and immediately he was dozing, the maps and notes under his head.

BUT men who had worked as Allan and Hughey had worked cannot guard camp at night. They did not hear the low growl of the dogs. They did not hear the animals gulp hungrily at meat that was thrown to quiet them. They did not see a man steal into the camp site. Allan did not feel him slip the bundle from beneath his head.

They did waken in the morning to find the maps and notes gone, while a fresh trail led to the south.

To Allan the blow came with absolute finality. His remark to Hughey the night before had been only half serious. So bold a stroke as this he never had contemplated.

Now, without maps and notes, the winter's work was futile. They could be duplicated, after a return to the slowly-moving crew, but not in time to reach the railroad and get to Ottawa by April first. On top of the hard-won success complete failure had come; and Allan did not recover from the blow.

Hughey failed to be disheartened.

"He left a trail, whoever he was, and we can follow it," he said. "If it's Hardisty he can't have more than a few hours' start and we can catch him. Come on, lad. Get a shorter face on you and think of what you'll do when you catch up with him. The only thing to worry about that I can see is that he'll burn the things."

"They're too valuable to the National people for him to do that unless we corner him," replied Allan dully. "That survey is worth money, and he'll hang on to the maps as long as he can."

With a scanty breakfast they were on their way southward. When daylight came they found that the trail had been freshly broken both ways, leaving a good path for the fugitive's escape.

"He's travelling fast," commented Hughey, "because he's travelling light. One of us has got to run."

Allan did not reply and after a moment Hughey spoke again.

"Drop out, lad, and let me go it alone. I can give them the whip and make three miles more an hour. You keep a-coming and I'll try to have the maps for you."

"You drop out!" replied Allan harshly. "I'm the one to catch him and I'm going to."

HE snapped the long whip over the dogs' backs and they changed from their fast trot to a gallop. On, on, across small lakes, through thick spruce swamps, over low, brushy ridges, they sped, the whip snapping behind them every time they faltered.

At last they struck the river trail, the place where Allan had gone through the ice. And, half an hour later, panting, weary from the long dash, they staggered up the bank to drop to the snow before the long store.

Hertha herself opened the door and, when she saw who had come, her face lighted up with a quick, warm smile. To Allan it was the first bright, pleasant thing in months of loneliness and hardship. The glow of it struck through and for the instant he forgot Hardisty, the survey, suspicions, everything. He only knew that he was again in Hertha's presence, that he loved her. The thought flashed that he would sacrifice it all for her. Why not? He need only report that he had failed, that the opposition had been too strong. Civilization was far away. He could remain here with her always.

Allan was very tired. For months he had been under a physical and mental strain. The great victory he had won with such effort was now lost through so small a thing that it took the heart out of him. Ambition was gone. Temptation had no obstacles. It would be so easy for him to fail MacGregor and remain near Hertha. He even aided temptation. MacGregor had asked the impossible. Why should he kill himself for others?

"Have you finished?" asked Hertha eagerly.



He looked up with a flash of anger. She was mocking him. She knew the maps had been stolen. It was even probable that she had aided Hardisty. For all he knew, they might at that moment be hidden in the store behind her.

"The survey's finished, but there's one piece of work to be done," he answered savagely.

Hertha only stared at him.

"Is Hardisty here?" he demanded.

"He left an hour ago for Sabawe."

Allan looked at the tired dogs. The other's team was undoubtedly fresh, probably Hertha's only splendid animals. He couldn't catch him.

"Why?" asked Hertha.

"You ought to know!" Allan retorted with a laugh. "He stole the maps and notes last night. Now he's bound for the outside with them and the survey's failed. That ought to be good news for you."

**H**ERTHA did not reply. Instead, before Allan had finished speaking, she turned to the door and poured into it a swift volley of Ojibway. As she faced Allan again, Me-mi-je-is ran out and disappeared behind the store.

"It is my fault!" she cried, running to Allan's side. "But I tried so hard. I expected this and I thought I could prevent it. When he came this morning I feared it and I tried to keep him here."

She looked away for a moment and then turned suddenly, resolutely.

"But it's not too late, Allan! It's not too late! You can catch him! My dogs are the best in the country. And you know Me-mi-je-is. Together you can catch him, and then Me-mi-je-is can take you on to the railroad."

"But Hertha!" came the bewildered exclamation. "I thought—I thought—"

"Never mind now. I know. It was hard, Allan, but it was the only way. I knew after you were here that time in the storm that I could never do anything to hinder you again. And Christmas day I saw it all. I saw what Hardisty was, how he had deceived me. I didn't tell you then, because I wasn't sure."

"And I knew that I had been wrong, that I had done you a great injury. It was hard to admit it, even to myself, for all my life I have believed as my father had taught me. And, because I had been wrong, I wanted to make the wrong right, and I knew I could do that best by pretending that I was with him. Oh, I tried to prevent this. But he didn't tell me, and this morning I couldn't keep him."

Allan had drawn back to stare at the girl. Thoughts, understanding, reproaches, flashed into his mind so quickly he was dazed. Then, as the truth disentangled itself from the maze of doubts and fears and contradictory facts, the light flooded back into his face and a quick, glad cry burst from his lips.

"It was you, then, who sent the Indians with the flour and the caribou! You knew what he was planning and you did that to save us. And, Hertha, I doubted you!"

"Hush," she whispered gently. "I knew you would but I knew I could help best that way."



*Her arms reached up and went around his neck. Her face framed in the masses of golden hair was close to his.*

**A**LLAN stared at her for an instant until full comprehension of the part the girl had played came to him. Then, with a quick step forward, a quick hungry motion of his arms, he was close to her, had drawn her to him.

"Hertha! Hertha! Little girl! Little girl!"

She did not resist. Her face, framed in the masses of golden hair, was close to his. Her arms reached up and went around his neck. Deep down in the blue eyes glowed the love flame that flares only once to the zenith.

For a moment Allan crushed her to him. Then, still holding her closely, he bent and kissed the half-parted lips.

Instantly she had forced herself free.

"Not now, dearest," she whispered, again swaying toward him. "When the work is finished."

Her six great dogs dashed around the store and halted the carriage beside them.

"Quick!" cried Hertha, bending over Allan's toboggan. "Get your robe and your food. He has only an hour's start, but it may be a long chase."

She ripped open the lashings and tossed Allan's outfit into the carriage. She handed him his rifle and, as she did so, the Frost Girl returned for an instant.

"Use it first!" she whispered fiercely.

The carriage was ready. Allan took a step toward it and then whirled and drew the girl to him again. She held up her face, slipped her arms about his neck.

"You'll win," she half sobbed. "You must win, for my sake."

The next instant he was in the carriage and, Me-mi-je-is running behind, the team was dashing down the bank to the river trail. The race was on.

## CHAPTER XXI

## THE FIGHT ON SNOWSHOES

THE motorcar may give greater speed, the aeroplane greater exaltation, but nothing equals the thrill of a toboggan drawn by trained dogs. Perhaps it is the romance of the dash through forests and across lakes behind the half-wild beasts. Perhaps it is the zest for the journey which possesses the animals and is wafted back to the driver through the waving husky tails. For of all beasts of burden, none equals the dog in his love for the harness.

Hertha's dogs were magnificent brutes, half wolf—big, rangy, eager, well-conditioned. After the first mad scramble of half a mile they settled into the lope which is tireless, endless. Mile after mile, hour after hour, such dogs can maintain the pace, and the distances they can cover in a day over a good trail are remarkable.

To Allan, as he lay back in the carriage, his eiderdown robe wrapped about him, came the added exhilaration of his parting with Hertha. If it had been a gray world until then, the sun never shone more brightly than as they dashed out on to Lake Kabetogama, the scene of the first struggle. If the toil and worry of the winter, the longing and the heartache, had taxed body and spirit, those few minutes with Hertha at the door of her trading post had recharged him with the strength and hope necessary for the task before him.

Hardisty, he knew, was no ordinarily unscrupulous character. His assumption of the role of missionary to hide his work, his quick grasp of the possibilities of Hertha's love for the red people of her district, the boldness and cleverness of his theft of the entire crew, were indications that the National people had chosen wisely in selecting an agent to combat the survey.

And now, with the maps and notes in his possession, with the consummation of his work at hand, Allan knew that the man would not give up without a struggle. He would expect pursuit, would be ready for any emergency. Undoubtedly he had provided himself with good dogs, perhaps had arranged for a relay that his escape might be the more certain. The man had planned too well through the winter to permit chance of a slip in this last moment.

BUT, though Allan recognized the character of his enemy, though he knew the chances in Hardisty's favor, he felt only confidence as the dogs swept on down the lake. Behind him ran the giant, cat-like Indian whose strength in battle he knew. Between his knees was his rifle, and within him was a hatred for this man that would give him added strength when the encounter came.

That they would catch him he did not doubt. Hertha's dogs were fresh, strong, willing. None in the north country could out-distance them. Me-mi-je seemed tireless, though he occasionally rode for a short distance but without perceptible slackening of the team's pace.

Nor would Hardisty expect pursuit by

such a team as Hertha's. He would count on the winter-worn, hard-driven dogs of the survey.

Nevertheless, the day wore on without a sight of him. Both Allan and the Indian had kept a sharp lookout for signs of his leaving the trail but, so far, there was every evidence that he had not stopped or turned aside.

Then, late in the afternoon, as they topped a low ridge and dashed down to the lake beneath, they saw the fugitive team far out on the ice, appearing only as a fine dark line against the snow. Allan turned to look at his driver, and the Indian smiled back.

"To-night," he said.

Before they had crossed the lake on which they had seen the fugitive, darkness came. It was now the time to overtake and surprise him. If they did, there was hope. If they found only a dog team, entangled in its harness, he had escaped and would destroy the maps. The survey would be a failure.

Into the forest at the end of the lake they dashed, Allan, his rifle ready, peered ahead into the darkness. Me-mi-je is crouching behind, the acute senses of the Indian alert, sniffed as though he might smell the foe.

And it was thus that the blow fell. First a rifle shot from straight ahead. Then the yelp of a dog and the team came to a quick, dragging stop, the dog behind the leader dead in his traces.

There was another shot and Allan saw fire spit from the rifle barrel. His own weapon barked once, twice, several times; and then he threw off the robe and scrambled to his feet. Me-mi-je is had already disappeared.

ALLAN picked up his snowshoes and sprang to one side of the trail. He believed the Indian had deserted him under fire, but he thought only of the man ahead in the darkness. Slipping through the brush, he pressed forward. The snapping and snarling of Hertha's entangled dogs covered the sound of his advance.

The rifle ahead again spit fire. A low growl followed. Then came a quick cry of pain. Allan hurried on, only to stop when he heard brush crashing before him as though someone were running to the left. There was the unmistakable clash of a snowshoe frame against the undergrowth.

The engineer floundered on, but the snow was up to his waist and he made little progress. He stopped, knelt to fasten his own snowshoes on his feet and then plunged ahead. Almost immediately he stepped into the trail of the man he had heard running.

It was easy for Allan to win in the short race. He had the advantage of a half-beaten track and, as he came out into an open bit of muskeg, he saw someone hurrying across the centre.

"Halt!" he commanded, throwing up his rifle.

The man did not stop. Allan pressed the trigger, intending to frighten him. But the hammer snapped on an empty barrel. He pumped the lever; but there were no shells in the magazine.

Instantly he dropped the weapon into the snow and sprang out into the open. The man he pursued was hardly forty feet away, laboring heavily, for his snowshoes sank deeply into the snow. Leaping forward in the other's tracks, Allan rapidly overhauled him and at last, in the centre of the muskeg, the man wheeled. It was Hardisty.

Allan, panting from his exertions, halted quickly. Despite his anger, despite the reckless, precipitate pursuit through the forest, his mind was alert. The success or failure of the winter depended on what happened in the next instant. He knew he must have every advantage for, desperate as he was himself, he faced a man equally desperate.

HERE beneath the stars, alone in the forest, without hope of mercy, a square deal or of life itself should he fail, he was to fight it out for the success of the survey. The labor of months, the concentrated effort of the crew, the assistance of Hertha, all depended upon what would happen when one or the other lifted a snowshoe to begin the attack.

Hardisty undoubtedly recognized as well as the engineer the portentous significance of the moment. But, clever as he had shown himself in the winter's campaign, his mind was not so quick, so alert. Allan, trained to such encounters, accustomed to sizing up his opponent's weaknesses, had an advantage. But it was in his quickness to grasp the unusual nature of the battle that his real superiority lay.

For in a flash, as they stood there, it had come to Allan that absolutely new rules would govern the combat, rules made inexorable by the long unwieldy web attached to the foot of each and by the three feet of loose snow that covered the ground.

The snowshoe is a peculiar institution. One can go forward easily, but even one accustomed to its use must go sideways or backward only with difficulty, if, indeed, he can go backward at all. Hanging loosely from the toes, the long laced frames are unstable, obstinate, deceiving. In three feet of unbroken snow, with the white mass piled a foot high on each shoe, they are difficult things to handle.

All the peculiarities of the snowshoe flashed through Allan's mind in the first second he faced Hardisty. He knew he could rush forward but never retreat. He knew he could not quite reach his adversary to grapple with him and keep his feet. He knew that to go down did not necessarily mean disaster, even though it were impossible to get up, for the other would be little less helpless. Darting in and out was not to be considered. Legs could not be locked. Blows with the knees were impossible.

THE second after he thought of these things Allan rushed. Shuffling forward quickly, he was upon Hardisty. His right arm was drawn back for a swinging blow. It was the typical attitude of the unskilled fighter and Hardisty, cool, confident, smiled as he set himself to meet it.

But Allan suddenly stopped. Then, as

*Continued on page 76.*



# FROM THE NATIONAL VIEWPOINT

Statements on broad national topics are contributed to this new department this month by Hon. W. S. Fielding, former Finance Minister, and Eric Brown, Director of the National Gallery.

## Bearing the Burden

SEVERAL years ago I met in Ottawa an eminent Australian, who had been in Canada at an earlier period and had come to us again. He was warm in his appreciation of Canada's advancement. "It is very gratifying to us all," I said, "to know that the Dominion is making such marked progress and commanding the attention of the world." "Yes," he continued, "all that I have observed; but there is something more that I particularly notice. I find that the world is discovering Canada, and what is even better, Canada is discovering herself. I find among the people new life, new hope, new faith, abounding confidence in the resources and in the future of the Dominion."

My Australian friend's remarks were true enough then. They would be even truer if spoken to-day. The war has set large duties before the Canadian people and they are facing them with courage. Perhaps one of the most notable things is that Canada is readily and cheerfully taking up burdens which a few years ago would have been deemed astounding and impossible. Canadians in late years have been called upon to think in millions. It is not many years since a proposal to increase the general customs duties from 15 to 17½ per cent. created wide-spread alarm; and later a suggestion that a further 2½ per cent. might be added was a rock upon which a great political party was wrecked. When the first trans-continental railway was projected, many good men thought the burden to be created was beyond the strength of the country. When, thirty years later, the second trans-continental line was undertaken, again grave doubts were expressed as to the ability of the Canadian people to bear the additional strain. The net debt of Canada at the time was about \$261,000,000. Critics gravely said that a material increase of the debt, and a consequent increase of the annual expenditure, would be dangerous to the State. In the cases of both these railway projects large increase of expenditure was, of course, necessary. In both cases the required money was provided with but little perceptible effect upon the pockets of individual tax-payers. The country made good progress and the necessary funds were found by Finance Ministers without much real difficulty. Compared with the demands of to-day, the burdens assumed at these two notable stages of Canada's progress were but trifling. The war has called for an increase of public expenditure, running into figures which, if suggested a few years ago as possible in our day, would have been deemed incredible. The total expenditure of the Dominion, on both ordinary and capital accounts, for the year ending March 30th, 1911, was \$122,861,000, and for the year ending March 30th, 1914, just before the outbreak of the war, it was \$186,241,000. For the year ended March 31, 1916, the figures have not been officially declared, but it is safe to

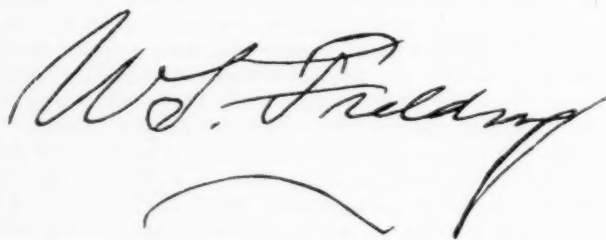
say that the total expenditure will be found to have been close to \$320,000,000. For the year now current, there is every probability that the expenditure will run close to \$400,000,000. As comparisons are often illuminating, it may be interesting to note that the expenditure of the present year will be twelve times greater than that of the year 1878; nine times that of 1896; more than three times that of 1911, and considerably more than double that of so recent a time as 1914, the year before the war. As for the National debt, people who were worried by the outlook when the net debt of Canada was \$261,000,000, serenely face the prospect that if the war continues a few months longer, the debt may exceed a billion dollars.

The growth of expenditure has thus been enormous. The figures are now so large that it is difficult for the ordinary reader to comprehend what they mean. Yet the present burden is being carried by the people with little or no complaint, and the prospect of large future obligations is faced calmly and resolutely. There is some difference of opinion as to the methods employed to raise the increased sums needed. That perhaps was inevitable in our political system. There is some complaint also as to the manner in which a part of the money raised has been expended. That also perhaps was no less inevitable. Even in these respects, however, criticism is restrained and tempered by the disposition of the people to meet courageously all the obligations of the war situation. How far such criticisms are well founded is not a question that need be discussed here. The point to be noted is that, the occasion having called for taxation and expenditure running into figures beyond the dreams of financiers of a few years ago, the people are accepting the burden cheerfully and carrying it with a lightness that to many is surprising. Customs duties running up to more than 40 per cent. are borne with less criticism than followed 17½ per cent. a few years ago. Huge totals of taxation, expenditure and debt are regarded almost with equanimity. Although so many thousands of our most capable men have been withdrawn from the ordinary business of the Dominion and enrolled for military service, the productive work of the country has been carried on with gratifying success. Business affairs, after the first shock of the war, were restored to almost normal conditions. Increased production, reasonable economy and self-denial as respects many luxuries, have enabled our people to respond to calls that not long ago would have seemed far beyond their capacity. Taxation is borne as cheerfully as it ever is; indeed more cheerfully than in ordinary times. The hundred good causes incidental to the prosecution of the war are generously supported by all classes. Men, women and children are anxious to do their part, whether it be in the trenches of Flanders or in the supporting services at home. The people have not only provided the money for the large annual outlay, but have also been able to draw from their

pockets many millions to invest in our government loans, heretofore almost invariably floated abroad. It has indeed been a testing time for Canada in many ways, and in all of them Canada has been found able and willing to meet the new burdens that have come upon her; ready also to bear even larger burdens in the future if they are necessary to the winning of the victory for liberty and humanity.

There is, of course, a sad side of the story—the side which discloses the sacrifice, the sorrow, the mourning for the brave boys who went overseas and will not return. Here also the burden, heavy as it is, is nobly borne. But it is of the financial side of the war conditions that we are treating here. The spirit manifested by the Canadian people has been in all respects admirable and uplifting. Not least on the bright side of the story is the evidence of the cheerfulness with which they have accepted and are carrying responsibilities which a few years ago would have been thought immeasurably beyond their burden-bearing capacity.

As my Australian friend said on the occasion to which I referred at the beginning, Canada has found herself.



### The National Gallery

THE aims and work of the National Gallery of Canada might broadly be summed up in a sentence,—to help forward the cause and understanding of art in the Dominion as much as possible.

In working for the cause of art in Canada the Trustees of the National Gallery have at present three main lines of advance; one is to build up in the National Gallery at Ottawa the best possible collection of the fine arts of all countries; another is to encourage Canadian artists by the purchase of their works of art and the donation of an annual Travelling Scholarship to enable the most promising young artist of the year to visit Europe, while the third is to encourage public interest in art by lending to any art gallery in the country, which has proper facilities for its exhibition, a collection of Canadian works of art which may be retained for one year and then returned or exchanged for another.

These aims were just beginning to be realized when the war began, and in spite of greatly curtailed grants, the Trustees have been able to continue them to an appreciable and valuable extent.

The National Gallery of Ottawa possesses a collection of pictures, prints, and bronzes as well as a collection of casts, not only valuable and representative in themselves but which will form an indispensable nucleus where increased grants and larger premises enable the work of building up a collection of the world's art to be more actively resumed.

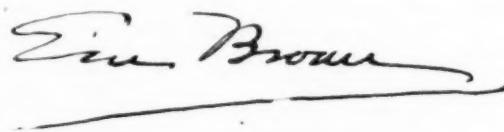
The Trustees have been able to purchase from each exhibition of Canadian art many of the works of art most worthy of notice, and the Travelling Scholarship has been awarded twice albeit on account of the war it has not yet been made use of by the winner.

The loan exhibition work is being also actively continued and exhibitions of from twenty to thirty Cana-

dian and foreign pictures are now installed at Sherbrooke, Quebec, Hamilton, Ontario, and Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The most vital need of the National Gallery of Canada at the present time is new premises. The Parliament Building fire has for the moment robbed the National Gallery of even its existing and altogether inadequate space, and the need is immediate for the National Gallery building which will not only provide space for permanent collections but which will accommodate the periodic visits of the Royal Canadian Academy and the many other interesting exhibitions of art which are continually travelling about the United States, but which are at present debarred from Ottawa on account of lack of room.

There is no lack of talent in Canada, the only dearth is encouragement and appreciation. The fine arts need the encouragement of art galleries where the artist can exhibit his work at very moderate expense, while the drama is equally in need of small theatres, either publicly or privately owned, where the playwright and actor may prove their worth. Art is as necessary to our national well-being as is commerce. Commercial exploitation has been encouraged to the utmost with not altogether happy results, and it is time art had its turn for it is conceivable that its leaven might have a marked effect for good upon our national spirit.



### CURRENT EVENTS IN PARAGRAPH

"See Allison" will probably be a permanent addition to our political vernacular.—*Toronto Globe*.

\* \* \*

Some small towns have only weekly papers, and others have to depend on weekly sewing circles.—*Montreal Herald*.

\* \* \*

On these very windy days the short spring skirt seems to be no impediment to walking, which will be an argument in its favor, no matter from what point it is viewed.—*Vancouver Province*.

\* \* \*

An American contemp announces the fact that the entire American army is now in Mexico, and adds: "And the brave fellows can all get to know each other."—*Winnipeg Telegram*.

\* \* \*

"Well, anyway, the British forces have captured Dublin," says the Springfield Republican, sarcastically. But even that remains to be said of United States troops capturing Villa.—*Hamilton Herald*.

\* \* \*

A New York woman is financing the manufacturing of a newly invented gun that requires no ammunition. This business is doomed to failure before it is tried out. Ammunition makes the war go and affords a handsome profit.—*Vancouver Province*.

\* \* \*

During the first ten months in which Canada was represented on the Western line, out of 30,000 men only 170 of all ranks died from disease, a proportion of less than six to the thousand. This remarkable record is said to be due to preventive medical science.—*Victoria Colonist*.



# In the May-time Spring of France

**H**ILDA SUMMERBY was a new, a vital and a serious experience

for Hector Bradshaw. He thought he knew all there was to know about girls, but this Miss Summerby was different. Under her influence there seemed to unfold before him new thoughts and ideals hitherto strange to him.

His interest in Hilda Summerby did not arise from any lack of other young ladies to amuse and entertain him. There were lots of attractive Toronto girls to drink tea with at the King Edward, and to skate with at the Arena, and to dance with at Columbus Hall, and to go to the theatres with. In fact, unless there was some special-extra inducement like a summer resort nymph or an itinerant siren of the stage, Hector had a regular and elaborate schedule of girls.

On Sunday it was generally Marjorie; on Monday usually it was first-night-loving Mary; Tuesday was an off-night, reserved for Tom and the "gang" for cards; Wednesday it was Kathleen; Thursday was Vonda's day; Friday, Myrtle would come dancing along, and on gay Saturday night, there was always the delectable, fluffy Doris.

Each one of them was pretty and dashing, but none of them was anything more than a butterfly. Soul and intellect they had none. Heart of a kind, perhaps, they had, but a shallow one at best, without any depths for real sympathy or genuine affection.

There had been no debate with Hector whether or not he should go to the war; he never thought of anything else but going. He had no home ties, and no financial responsibilities except to himself. He liked the prospect of the out-door life and the stirring excitement which are attractive by-products of war. All the young men he met at the club were either going or talking of going. As for Marjorie and Mary, and Kathleen and Vonda, and Myrtle and Doris—there would be just as pretty girls in London and Paris and Berlin! Parting with them would not cost him a pang.

He had taken an officer's training course, and qualified as a lieutenant. This was in the comparatively early period of the war, when it was not easy to become attached to an overseas battalion. Hector waited impatiently for an opening, but none came. It might come in a day; or it might not be for months. The sooner the better to please him.

**A**ND then IT happened! This time it was not a colored moth, but a Woman. Something bigger and deeper even than the war came to Hector!

He met Hilda Summerby for the first time at the home of a friend, during a dinner party. She was not his partner, nor did he pay any attention to her at the beginning. During the meal he was engrossed with a daring youngster of a girl, with whom he successfully carried on a furtive but violent flirtation.

By **MAIN JOHNSON**

During the evening, in the drawing room, he happened to sit near Miss Summerby. A wisp of her conversation with some one else floated over to him.

"... luck to-day with the bread and pies!"

Had he heard aright? Did she say she had baked bread and pies that morning? He had never had a single girl among his acquaintances who could bake anything! Not that they disdained to talk about such mundane affairs as food and drink. No! His pocket book knew better even than he did, what regard they had for chops and steaks, and lobsters and walnut marshmallow sundaes, and Waldorf salads. Oh, yes, he was accustomed to hear about things to eat from the girls, but never had he heard of them making any!

And yet, this girl was dressed with smartness and distinction; her voice was pleasant-toned and animated; she quite apparently was up to the minute.

**I**T was on the basis of a new and genuine interest that Hector began to talk to Hilda Summerby. He learned that her parents, with whom she had recently moved to Toronto from a Maritime city, had had their daughter taught domestic science. She had assumed the supervision of the cook and the maids, and occasionally took a hand in the baking herself. Hector was thoroughly aroused by this new phenomenon.

Moment by moment, he discovered that it was not only baking she knew. He found her talking about pictures and books and music, about Brangwyn, for example, and Barrie and Puccini. He had scarcely heard of them, and had not thought of such things since he left school quite a while ago. He had hazy recollections of a painter called Michael Angelo; he knew the name of Shakespeare; and he remembered some musician—was it Beethoven?—but he had never done more than learn about them by rote. But now, here he was, listening to a girl discussing music and books and pictures, not as dead things, as they had done in the schools, but as vital forces, becoming and developing every day. Vaguely he began to feel an unaccustomed sense of bigness and broadness enveloping him.

Suddenly, for the first time in years, he thought of his mother. She, too, had been able to bake bread, and she, too, he began to remember faintly, used to play the piano and look at pictures and read books, to her apparent comfort and delight.

And this girl was something like her—the only girl like her he had ever met. How her eyes flashed as she spoke to him of her enthusiasms!

"I don't know a thing about them," he admitted, with more meekness than he had shown since a child. "But I do wish you'd tell me something more."

"Oh, I'm not an expert," she decreed.

"But I do like people and things that aren't drab. Anything but that. Always and always I'm looking for imagination—and color."

"Have you any books and pictures at your house, and—and any bread?" asked Hector, and, would you believe it, there was an actual note of shyness in his voice.

"Yes, I'll feed you," she said gaily, "if you care to come."

"Just exactly when can I come?" he persisted. "To-morrow night?"

"Wednesday," Hilda corrected.

**N**OW Wednesday, as you will see if you consult the time table, was usually reserved for Kathleen; but this week she was completely neglected. Hector spent the evening with Hilda Summerby, listening to her music, and looking at her books and pictures. Nor had Hilda forgotten the other part of the bargain. The supper she provided for Hector might have shocked the sensibilities of conventional, pernickety critics, who demand always that young ladies should serve young men with nectar and ambrosia, which, being interpreted, means coffee and macaroons. Hilda, however, if unconventional, was at least consistent; SHE served mince pie and bread!

"It's what we were talking about the other night," she explained, "and mince pie, I decided, was the best kind to go with bread. You seemed to be expecting both."

On his way home, Hector agreed with himself that he had never spent as delightful a Wednesday evening in all the time he had known Kathleen.

"I'll have to consider changing my Wednesday schedule," he mused.

More than Wednesday soon began to be changed. Hector began to see less and less of the butterfly group, and more and more of Hilda. He did not stop going to the theatre, for example, but he went with Hilda; and, shared with her, the play, whether Winter Garden review, or Shavian satire, or Shakespearean tragedy, took on an added meaning, as, between them they would link it up with their other artistic interests.

Hector realized that he was growing fonder and still fonder of Hilda, in a way he had never experienced before, but it was not until nearly two months had passed that there flashed upon him, in all its significance, the Truth, his Tragedy of the Universe.

It was one night when he was coming home from Hilda's. He was at an intersection of the streets, in the middle of the roadway. Suddenly he stopped.

"My God," he muttered with a groan "The war—I don't want to go!"

He began to pray aloud, to pray feverishly, that his turn for the front might not come for a month, a year—if possible, never!

HE went home in a half-daze. Early in the morning he was awakened by his man bringing a telegram.

"Militia council," it said, "grants you commission draft reinforcing Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Report Montreal Tuesday. Prepare for France."

This was Sunday morning. He would have to leave Toronto the following evening. For months he had stamped about town, impatient to be gone. Now, his chance had come! His prayer last night had been too late. His chance had come!

In spite of the censored silence of the telegram, he knew that the date of sailing would be immediate. He knew they would go direct to France, and not to England, as would have been the case with any other corps but the Princess Pats. He had been given a post of honor with the crack regiment! He would be in France within three weeks!

And Hilda? What about this girl whom he now knew he loved with an overpowering love, a love arising from the very depths of his deepest self, a love seemingly without a beginning, and certainly without an end? They had never spoken a word about it; he had never realized it until the night before, but he knew she loved him, too. All false modesty left him. She loved him! France in three weeks!

Hilda was surprised and a little bit vexed to hear his voice over the telephone,

calling her before nine o'clock on this Sunday morning.

"Whatever do you want?" she asked, with a sleepy crossness.

"I'm coming right over."

"No, you're not!"

"I'll be there in half an hour."

And the telephone clicked off.

"HILDA," he said, when she met him in the morning-room at half past nine. "I have something to tell you. Ordinarily it would give me the greatest joy in the world, and you, too, I believe. Now it means sorrow as well as joy. We're going to be married to-morrow morning!"

Hilda clutched the handle of the door. "Hector, you're mad!" she whispered hoarsely.

There was no laughter or amusement in her voice, for on Hector's face she saw a look she had never seen before, either in pictures or in life.

"You're mad, I tell you. But—but what do you mean?"

"I mean that I love you and you love me, and I have to go to the war to-morrow night, and we're going to be married in the morning!"

AND they were married in the morning.

In spite of all the expostulations and threats of Hilda's parents.

That day they lived in heaven, a heaven more sacred even than other such heavens, for it was one in which not only Love

dwelt, but also the other greatest thing in the world, Sorrow—Love and Sorrow.

She went with him that night to Montreal, and stayed until Thursday, when he sailed. They would not let her go with him. She might go to England from New York at the end of the week, but Hector—he went straight to France.

IT was at Ypres, in the May-time spring of France, that he was killed.

Before the Red Cross nurses found him, a solitary German private, a graduate of Heidelberg, wandering about and searching for mementoes, found, in a dead Canadian's pocket, the picture of a young woman, and a crumpled piece of paper, evidently part of a letter. The photograph the German added to his trophies. The paper, to give him practice in reading English, which he had not seen very often since he had left the university, he began to translate.

Slowly, word by word.

It was evidently written in a woman's hand.

"Our-love," he read haltingly, "came-late-for-us, but-when-it-did-come, it — drenched-our-very-life-with-its-sweetness. Our-love — appeared-in-the-shadow-of-sadness, under-the-black-storm-of-war. Our-love-has-been-our-sorrow, and-our-sorrow-has-been-our-love."

Fatigued after his unaccustomed mental exercise, the German sat down on the ground and lit his pipe with the paper.

## What Will They Do With It?

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

IN the good old days of chivalry, when a lady received a proposal of marriage, the proper thing for her to do was to blush a rosy blush, and tremulously say: "This is so sudden!" But in these hurried, matter-of-fact times, when so much of the color and romance has gone from life, it is said that young ladies receive proposals without the slightest agitation, and have been known to remark: "Well, I think it is about time!"

The women in the West, to whom the franchise has been extended, have received it in somewhat this fashion, not ungratefully, or ungraciously, but quite as a matter of course. Indeed, to some of them, who have long worked for it, it seemed to be long in coming!

And now the question naturally arises, "What will they do with it?" There are still some who fear that the franchise, for all its innocent looks, is an insidious evil, which will undermine and warp a woman's nature, and cause her to lose all interest in husband, home and children. There are some who say it will make no difference. There are others who look now for the beginning of better things. Every one is more or less interested; some are a bit frightened.

There has been very little spoken opposition. One timid brother did say that just as soon as any woman got a seat in Parliament he would resign his; but this

terrible threat did not stagger the community as much as he had hoped and the woman to whom he made it only said that to her this was another proof of the purifying effect that women would have on politics.

THE vital point seems to be whether or not women will wish to sit in Parliament. If they would only be content to be pound-keepers and draymen, it would not be so bad.

Dr. Anna Shaw was asked one time whether women would like to sit in Parliament and she said that she had no desire to do so, but that, of course, she could not speak for all women. She thought that the women who had stood behind counters, and stooped over wash tubs for so long would be very glad to sit anywhere! Sitting in Parliament does not seem like such a hard job to those of us who have sat in the Ladies' Gallery and observed the ways of members of Parliament. There is such wonderful unanimity among Government members. Such unquestioning faith!

In one of the Governments of the West, there sat for fifteen years an honored member, who never but once in all that time broke the clammy silence of the back

bench except to say "Aye" when told to say "Aye." But on toward the end of his fifteenth year of public service

he gave unmistakable signs of life. A window had been opened behind where he sat and, when the draft blew over him, he sneezed! Shortly after he got up and shut the window thereby putting to shame and silence the scoffers who had said he was dead!

Looking down upon such tranquil scenes as this there are women who have said in their boastful way that they thought they could do as well—with a little practice.

Women have not tried to get into Parliament in the countries where they have the franchise and I venture the prediction that it will be many years before there are women legislators in Canada. And when they are elected it will be by sheer force of merit; for there will be a heavy weight of prejudice against women which only patient years can dispel!

THE first work undertaken by women will be to give help to other women, particularly mothers of families. The women of New Zealand did this; and, as a result of their activity, the infant mortality of that country was reduced from the highest rate in the world to the lowest. The Government of Manitoba at its last session passed an act for the paying



of mothers' pensions, recognizing that the bearing and rearing of children is a service to the state, and should have, if necessary, state recognition. This act provides that a sum of money be paid to mothers of small children, who are left dependent upon their own efforts. The object is to hold families together, instead of letting them be scattered, by the mother having to go out to work. The old way, the stupid way, was to take the children from the mother and put them in a state institution where they were maintained at public expense which far exceeded the miserable wages the mother was able to earn, and also was in excess of what would have been required to keep them in their own homes. The greatest wrong that can be done a child is to deprive him of his mother's love. A hundred excellent institutions cannot give a child the care, the love, the touch of one mother. Even a poor mother is better than a good institution. Who does not know the pitiful, starved, mother-hungry, orphan faces? Children brought up in institutions hungry, orphan faces? Criminal records show that a large percentage of offenders are brought up in institutions.

worked for Government aid for dependent mothers. They gave the scheme a fair trial at their own expense, giving aid to three dependent mothers, who would otherwise have had to go out to work allowing their children to go into institutions or else go to work at a tender age. By their efforts, six children were kept in school who would otherwise have been deprived of an education, six children were given the chance of a happy, healthful development instead of having their childhood shortened, their growth dwarfed, their young hearts saddened by having to shoulder life's responsibilities too soon.

Then, with these three living examples to show that the scheme was feasible, the Mothers' Association made bold to ask for Government aid for all dependent mothers. And at the recent session of the Legislature it was passed. In this connection much credit is due Mrs. John Dick and Mrs. T. R. Deacon, who carried on the campaign with much tact and enthusiasm.

THE great objection urged against state aid for mothers, is that the women who are thus helped will lose their sense of independence, and become, perhaps too frivolous on their twenty-five dollars a month, and take to going to picture shows, forgetting the serious business of life. It was to allay these fears that the women of Winnipeg tried out the experiment; and they say that such has not been the case in the three families that they have helped. They claim that, after the women have fed and clothed their



*Mrs. Nellie McClung, who writes of what women will do now that they are getting the franchise in the West.*

families and themselves on their slender allowance, they are fairly immune from all danger of frivolity. The Mother's Association of Winnipeg has been instrumental in having various women take a real personal interest in the families thus helped. "Family Friend" is the way they describe the relationship.

IT seems a fitting thing that women should use their new political power to make motherhood easier, to rob colonization of its fears and dangers, to give the lonely woman on the outposts of civilization the assurance that she is part of a great sisterhood and is not left alone to struggle with conditions which may prove too hard for her!

When the fire broke out in the Parliament Buildings of Ottawa and the lights went off accidentally, darkness added greatly to the horror and danger. It becomes necessary for some one to reach the switch, but no one could make way through the choking, blinding smoke with any hope of return. So they formed a chain—a human chain, by clasping hands. The man who went first was sustained by the warm handclasp of the man behind him. In this way, the switch was reached in safety and many lives were, no doubt, saved. Women are going to form a chain, a greater sisterhood than the world has ever known.

As it is now, the pioneer woman, who goes bravely out with her husband to make a home for themselves beyond the reach of neighbors, or nurses or doctors, actually takes her life in her hands. Many children have been born in the far

away places where skilled help was impossible to obtain and both mother and child had lived. But again, many a mother and child have died for the lack of proper nursing.

THE attitude of the world has ever been one of great admiration for these women. Indeed, a few years ago there was an agitation to build a monument, or maybe two, to the memory of the pioneer women of the west. Money was subscribed and the plans were in progress. Fortunately, most people have a sense of the fitness of things; and there came a vision of the great absurdity of building a monument to those who are dead and gone while we, through our carelessness and lack of thought, let other women, just as brave and heroic, die before their time. The pioneer women deserve a monument. They are worthy of the highest tribute we can give them, but let it not be a bare pillar of marble, which brings no shelter, or warmth, or comfort to man or beast; in which no little bird can build its nest; no tired dog rest in its shade. The best monument we can build to the pioneer women is to institute a system of rural nursing, which will

bring help and companionship to these women in their hour of need. The men and women who go to the far places and cultivate the land there, make wealth for all of us. Why should Governments hesitate to spend money to make their conditions tolerable, and their lives secure?

ALREADY the women of Alberta are working out some such plan. One woman has offered her own home, and her services for a training school for rural nurses, and several women have asked that special training be given them in nursing, so that they may be able to help the women in the country. This would not seriously interfere with the work of the trained nurse, for only in rare cases are they employed in maternity cases in the far away places. Twenty-five dollars a week is a prohibitive price to many people for skilled nursing. The rural nurse would have to be a combination of house-keeper and nurse, and would take the place of the kind neighbor, and her wages would be about twenty-five or thirty dollars a month.

THERE is another plan applicable to the more populated districts which is being worked out by two of Calgary's progressive women. It is to establish in Alberta a system of nursing as free and accessible as education in the public schools, and to do this by building Provincial hospitals, staffed by trained nurses of the highest qualifications, and maintained by a land tax on the municipalities which they serve. At the town of Lloydminster, situated on the Alberta-Sas-

katchewan boundary, there is such a hospital, and it is on a paying basis. It is maintained by a tax of eleven cents on each acre, and those who require nursing receive it free. It seems quite fitting that the well and strong should help to pay the expenses of those who are sick. It works so satisfactorily in this instance that other municipalities are endeavoring to follow the example.

The whole scheme involves an insignificant outlay of money compared with what the rural population pay for medical care, and inefficient nursing.

Our whole attitude toward the bringing of children into the world has been vague and dreamy. We have left everything to

lane the police come and settle it and the city pays again. The salary of the police officials does not depend on the number of "cases" they attend to and, as a result, the policeman's chief business is to prevent trouble—not to make it. It may not be too ideal, or Utopian to look forward to a day when there will be in every city a Medical Board, whose business it will be to keep people well; whose work will be to teach people to do without them, but who will attend to every case which occurs, as the fireman puts out the fire, or the policeman settles the row.

As it is now many a man, woman, and child, suffers agony, or perhaps becomes a menace to their family, because medical

ONE of the most hopeful signs of the advent of the woman voter is the quiet determination to stay out of party politics. Party lines are not so tightly drawn in the West. Great issues have been decided by the people outside of politics. The temperance fight in Alberta and Manitoba obliterated the lines of party, and when that once happens they can never be quite so strong again. It is no uncommon thing to hear public men say: "I have voted both ways, and will change my politics any time I want to." The women have no intention of forming a woman's party. They see no future for such a movement. But they do see that a great body of intelligent women, who

Above all things, women are anxious to avoid asking for freakish or ill-judged legislation. They want to go slow and sure . . . One of the most hopeful signs is the quiet determination of the woman voter to stay out of party politics . . . The women have no intention of forming a woman's party. They see no future for such a movement. But they do see that a great body of intelligent women . . . may become a powerful influence in forming the policy of a Government or perhaps in making the platform of an Opposition.

all-wise Providence, shirking our own responsibility in that way. If everything went right and the woman was able to battle successfully with unfavorable conditions we joyously said: "God bless her!" But if something went wrong, and she fought a losing battle, we piously said: "Thy will be done—the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away!"

IN this connection it is interesting to notice what the Germans do to conserve their population. Germany has three societies whose work it is to conserve the race: (1) The Re-population Society, (2) The League for the Protection of Motherhood, (3) The League for Infant Protection. Every woman who gives birth to a child is given a six weeks' rest by virtue of Government insurance. The motto of the League for the Protection of Motherhood is "No mother shall bear her child in anxiety or need." Bassermann, speaking in the Reichstag, says: "This is only the first of a series of great wars to sweep over the earth, for which we need to keep our strength of arms and our men capable of fighting."

Germany conserves its population for the purpose of destruction, it seems; to establish a world dominion. We should do equally well with ours, but for a far better, nobler motive. We want to grow a race of men and women whose purpose will be life and growth—not death and destruction.

MORE and more the idea is growing upon us that certain services are best rendered by the state, and not left to depend on the caprice, inclination, or inability of the individual. If a man's house catches on fire, the fire department come and put it out, and the city pays the bill cheerfully. No one complains about the expense of keeping up a fire department. If a row breaks out in a back

aid cannot be afforded. Why should a child suffer from adenoids, which make him stupid and dull in school, and give him a tendency to tubercular trouble, just because his father cannot afford to pay the doctor's fee, or maybe does not know the danger?

The free school clinic is a beginning, and has been so successful it has opened the way for greater reforms along this line.

WOMEN all over the West are thinking along such lines as these. They are interested in the questions of agricultural credit, consolidation of schools, proportional representation, and the abolition of capital punishment. Books are being read eagerly, and meetings are held, where the matters are thoroughly threshed out. Above all things the women are anxious to avoid asking for freakish, or ill-judged legislation. They want to go slow and sure, realizing that as they have waited long, they can always wait a little longer.

study public questions, fairly and honestly, uncontaminated by party hypothesis, not trying to fit their opinion to the platform of any political leader, may become a powerful influence in forming the policy of a Government, or perhaps in making the platform of an opposition. They will cautiously and seriously decide upon what legislation they want and then they will ask for it. If their legislation is fair and reasonable, it will be supported by a large body of the men voters; and governments, who are wise, will give it gladly. It is easy to get legislation when public sentiment demands it. The impact of public opinion is the still small voice of the politician's conscience. Or, if they are not identical, they are at least co-incident. When woman suffrage became popular in the West, many a man suddenly remembered that he had been in favor of it for years!

Most governments are possessed of political sagacity, which is to say the "ability to tell the band wagon from the hearse!"

## Another Baxter Story

Do you remember "The Mad Hatter" which appeared in April MacLean's? It was one of the brightest stories that it has been the good fortune of MacLean's to offer. The author, Arthur Beverly Baxter, has another story just as clever in the August number, "The Traditions of the Honorable Algernon." Be sure not to miss it.



# Promotions—And the Employer

By WILLIAM BYRON

Who Wrote "The Problems of Promotion"

THERE are two sides to this question of promotion: What the employee has to do, and be, to win promotion; and then what the employer should do to help the employees toward broader usefulness and higher remuneration. Which, first of all, brings into consideration the case of Alfred W. Norton.

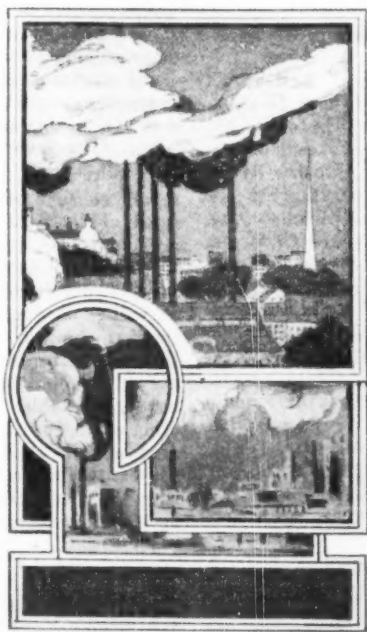
Norton, under another name (his own) is to-day the president of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Canada and keeps up an establishment with a lodge. But Norton's memory (still good on the point, too) often casts back fifteen years to the time when as a drudge rapidly approaching the dull middle-age of hopeless mediocrity he occupied an accountant's position at the same salary he had been drawing for five years—something around seven hundred dollars a year. Norton, in fact, was so steeped in the inertia of self-acknowledged failure that it took a sort of miracle to waken him up; the miracle taking the form of a violent collision between his head and a rough bit of pavement in which his head came off decidedly second best. It happened this way:

On his thirty-second birthday, Norton decided that he was entitled to a raise after his five years of patient and watchful waiting and more or less capable effort. He decided to talk it over with Old Burgess, the head of the firm.

"My boy," said Old Burgess, with the expansive paternalism that he used to cloak his meanness of soul, "nothing would suit me better than to do as you suggest. Your view is perhaps natural, but—er—unreasonable. We have never paid higher than what you are getting to anyone working on the books. Why should we pay you more than the job is worth? We could get plenty of men to work for—ahem—less."

"Then," said Norton, looking sadly out of the office window and visioning a dreary existence that seemed one long eternal balance, "I have no hope of a raise in the future? Am I as high up as I'll ever get?"

"Every job is worth so much salary—and no more," replied Burgess, firmly. Framed and hung up over his roll-top desk these words would have served as his office motto, his golden rule. They summed up his whole policy. If P. T. Barnum had applied to Burgess for the position of ad-



vertising manager, in which position a maximum of \$1,200 a year had been fixed, he would have been offered exactly \$1,200 a year—or perhaps something less to start. So what chance had Norton?

NORTON had none. He knew it, so that night out of sheer desperation, as Sam Weller has it, he rushed out and got drunk. He got so drunk that, when he stumbled out of the last saloon, he zig-zagged across the road in so uncertain

a course that his orbit crossed that of a passing buggy. After a few moments of dazed attention to new constellations, Norton crawled over to the curbing and sat down.

"Are you hurt?" asked an anxious voice from the buggy.

"Nothing—worth mentioning," answered Norton. "Go on. I'm all right. I'm going to sit here awhile."

The funny part of it was that he really was not feeling hurt at all, with the exception of a vague consciousness of a few painful bruises. A hot trickle down one side of his face suggested a cut somewhere; but his mind was clear—and queer. A certain dullness and apathy that had settled down on him for the past few years and had kept his aspirations so well in check that life in the Burgess office had been at least endurable, had lifted. As he sat there on the curbing, this strange new mental exhilaration prompted him to make a decision.

"I've been a fool," he told himself, "a plodding, no-account, down-trodden fool. I've got ability, and yet I've let Old Burgess keep me down to a clerk's work and salary. I haven't had enough gumption to get out and tackle anything bigger than filling up ledgers and I'm so mean in spirit that, when I'm turned down on a raise, I go out and get beastly drunk and let buggies run me down. Now here's where I start all over again!"

NEXT day he went in to Old Burgess and demanded that he be given a chance on the sales end. With the salary matter safely out of the way, Burgess was even more expansive in his paternalism than before.

"My dear boy," he said, "what do you know about selling goods? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I feel it my duty to

tell you that you would be an awful failure if I were foolish enough not to protect you by keeping you where you really belong—at adding up figures instead of creating them. Besides, we—ahem—don't favor our men jumping around from one department to another. It's unsettling."

Norton's lips set grimly. Formerly, such remarks from his benevolent boss would have doused his enthusiasm as effectually as a wet blanket descending on a feeble flicker of flame. But now it only served to harden his determination.

"I can sell," he reiterated. "All I ask is a chance to demonstrate that fact."

BURGESS frowned. He was not accustomed to having his word disputed. He thought of curtly informing Norton that the matter was closed, that what Norton might think of his own ability did not weigh against what he (Burgess) knew. But another thought wedged its foot over the threshold before the door of his mind could slam shut; and, as it was an amusing thought, he delayed his ultimatum for a moment's consideration. With a self-satisfied clucking, he pointed a stubby forefinger at Norton.

"Boy, I'm going to be generous with you and give you this chance," he remarked. "Show me you can sell goods and I'll transfer you. You go sell Frame & Co. a bill of goods and I'll acknowledge that I'm wrong in my estimate of you."

It was a generous proposition. Frame & Co. were big wholesalers who had at one time been heavy purchasers of the hardware specialties that the Burgess plant turned out. But several years before, Burgess had mortally offended Anderson, the head of the purchasing department of Frame & Co., and not since that time had a dollar's worth of Burgess goods been bought. Every Burgess traveller had been tried out on Anderson and had come back sadder and wiser. Besides, the headquarters of Frame & Co. were in another city and it would mean a lay-off to run over to see Anderson; and Norton had more than a suspicion that not only would he go at his own expense, but that the time-keeper would take full cognizance of his absence. So it was with a complete recognition of the generosity of the proposition that he answered:

"Very well. I'll have a try at Frame & Co. I—I'll sell them."

And at this point, the narrative debouches on the field of the regular stereotyped Model I Success story—how the deserving young man tackles the impossible task and lands the big order after all the star men have failed. This type of story has been told so often, that it is with an involuntary apology that we proceed to this part. But the main lines of a Model I Success story must be followed;

for, as a matter of fact, that was exactly what happened. But there are variations.

Norton sought out one of the salesmen who had tried to get back the Frame business and asked for a line on the formidable Anderson.

"He's hard," avowed the salesman, "hard as granite. Tells you when you first go in that he wouldn't buy a cent's worth of Burgess goods if we were the last factory left on earth. Repeats the same pleasant little formula after everything you say. Looks you right in the eye when he says it and kind of smiles—one of those cold, poisonous smiles. A nice man to call on—pleasant and chatty and sociable—not!"

"Got any hobbies?" asked Norton.

"Yes. They tell me he's regularly gone on electricity. He'll talk it at every chance they say. But, of course, he never opened his face on the subject to me—or to any of us Burgess crowd."

"And he hates Old Burgess?"

"Hates Burgess? Say, that Monte Christo chap didn't even have a grouch on compared to how this Anderson feels toward our dear, old, benevolent boss."

NORTON visited the Frame offices on some pretext or other and found that Anderson sat from 8 to 5 in a bare little office with a glass door commanding a view of an ante room containing a magazine-laden table and a few chairs. The magazines, as he had expected, were mostly publications dealing with electricity. This was two weeks after the conversation with Burgess and every spare moment of the fortnight had been spent in an absorbing study of Anderson's hobby. Norton had crammed electrical facts into his head until he felt like a walking power house.

Next day he stepped briskly into the waiting room and planted himself at the table in full view of the grim purchasing agent. Anderson had another visitor but he cast a quick, appraising glance at Norton. The latter picked up the nearest publication and buried himself in its pages. Every time he felt Anderson's gaze come around, he would haul a memorandum pad from his pocket and make some notes. After a few minutes he became certain that he had made an impression. To heighten it he lingered a moment when his turn came before putting the magazine down.

"Got it too?" jerked Anderson. "If you'd rather read that paper than see a purchasing agent you must be—as bad as I am on the subject."

He smiled; and no one would have applied the terms cold or poisonous to his expression.

So Norton talked electricity for ten minutes. He explained the notes he had jotted down and where he expected they would help him in some tinkering experiments he was carrying on. Anderson listened, advised and beamed, thoroughly interested. And then he suddenly snapped the conversation off.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Wasted enough time, both of us. What's your business?"

"I'm trying for a job."

"Sorry. Full up here."

"Let me explain. I'm not asking for a

position with you. I'm to get a position if I can bring back an order from you. I've got to prove that I can sell goods."

"It sounds," said Anderson, "like the kind of proposition Burgess would put to a beginner."

"It was Burgess. I'm one of his bookkeepers."

The visible hardening of Anderson's face put wings on Norton's tongue as he rattled off the whole story. He told of his fruitless years on the books and of his final determination to get into the dynamic end of business—and of Burgess' ultimatum. He had intended to follow this up with an appeal to Anderson to forget his personal prejudice in the face of the special values that he, as Burgess' representative, had to offer. But the purchasing agent snapped him off again.

"I'm going to give you an order," he said. "But there are two points I want to make clear first. One is that I don't want you going back all puffed up with the idea that you've sold me. You haven't. You couldn't. No salesman on earth could. I'm giving you this order because it's going to upset Old Burgess and make him own up he was wrong. He'll be flabbergasted. And second, I don't want you thinking you've got me as a customer. You haven't. I wouldn't buy another cent's worth of Burgess' goods from you or anyone else. Just keep those two points in the back of your mind."

"But," he added, as Norton went out, "I like you well enough. You've got the stuff in you to make a salesman. If you ever want a job come to me and I'll see that they take you on here."

NORTON came back for the job in two days. Burgess had fulfilled his promise of putting him on the sales staff, but had refused to give him anything in the nature of increase or a promise of one. "You'll have to run along on the same as you're getting," he had said. "A green salesman is worth so much. You're getting it now. Of course, you landed Anderson, but that doesn't alter the rule that the job is worth a certain salary to start and no more."

Anderson saw that Norton got a raise to start; not a large one, it is true, but sufficient to put new heart into him and fire him with fresh enthusiasm. He found the conditions with Frame & Co. entirely different from the atmosphere in the Burgess offices. He was under a sales manager who wrote letters of encouragement and praise. He was treated courteously by all the heads of the firm. His suggestions were always considered and sometimes acted upon. And, when his results warranted it, he was raised voluntarily. In such surroundings Norton's nature literally expanded. He became a first-class salesman and doubled his salary in two years. When the sales manager resigned, he was put in to take his place; and finally he drifted out into the world to found a business of his own.

One thing seems reasonably certain. Norton might quite easily to-day be still a bookkeeper in the Burgess office. Scores of men just as capable as Norton, working for employers of the Burgess stamp, never succeed in breaking their bondage.

AND the point of it all is found in the fact that Burgess is fairly typical of a by no means small class of employers. In this age of efficiency the attitude of the penny-wise employer is decidedly the worst feature of business conditions. He checks production, he stunts the growth of promising young material, he sows the seeds of discontent and class strife. He drops the wrench of Salary Limitations into the high-gear wheels of the machinery of Business Advancement.

In a previous article the part of the employee, who seeks promotion, was defined. The qualities that the aspirant must have, or acquire, are above all else Initiative, Judgment and Tact. These three super-qualities must be built into an edifice of Success on the firm foundation of Ability, Honesty and Loyalty; the three last named qualities being necessary for even a partial degree of success, but quite unable, if unaccompanied by the other gifts, to lift a man high in the business world. And now what of the employer: What must he be, and do, to help the men under him to get ahead, to develop their latent abilities and ultimate possibilities?

AS already stated, the Burgesses of business are legion. They are found everywhere. Their only principle in the hiring and holding of help is to get as much out of the men as possible for the least pay. A certain job is worth so much money. They will pay that if necessary, but prefer to keep below the maximum scale if they can brow-beat dependent, fearsome employees into accepting less. They do not figure that the development of the business value of the round-shouldered bookkeeper or the dust-stained man at the machine contains the possibility of gain to them. Theirs only to mould human clay to do mechanically and well stereotyped work at a price that assures the employer of a certain profit. Suppose that it grinds out of the lives of these automatons all hope and ambition and promise? The employer reckons not of budding aspirations and latent talent. He is paying so much for certain work. That's all.

The Burgesses are found in large corporations as well as in small machine shops and two-by-four business offices. There are some big plants where the striving hand finds himself hammering hopelessly against a wicket of indifference. His ideas and desires alike are sternly repressed. If he wants to continue running his lathe at \$2.50 a day, all well and good. If he seeks broader and more remunerative occupation, let him go elsewhere. His ideas for shop economics are not even looked at. If he speeds up his production in a despairing effort to demonstrate the mettle that is in him, they put him on piece work and then cut the scale.

Consider how the Burgess precepts are followed out in many a large office. A young billing clerk shows evidences of ability and push and, when a place on the ledger, say, opens, he is promoted to it. He takes over his new duties with enthusiasm. There is no question from the



very start that he will make good. The office manager, a graduate of the penny-wise school, sees an opportunity to reduce his office costs without hurting the efficiency of his staff. He rubs his hands with glee — figuratively — and approaches the new ledger keeper somewhat in this vein:

"Well, Grey, we are giving you a big chance here. It's up to you to make good now. If you fall down on this job, it will seriously upset the whole system and be a big loss to us. Of course, we feel that you have the ability to do this work and — in time, perhaps, to do it well. In matter of salary, now, we can't, of course, do anything for you yet. We're taking a big risk on you as it is. You're being paid pretty well for a young fellow and we intend to advance you from time to time — as you increase your usefulness."

Grey can do the work as well as the man whose place he is taking, but his salary is to remain \$25 a month less. Grey knows this. He had not expected to get to the other man's salary right at once, but he had been confident that the gap would be partly bridged. The bottom falls out of his enthusiasm.

Of course, he soon gets over it. He decides grimly that he will show them what he can do; he will make them come across. But it takes him perhaps five or six years to reach the salary the other man had when he left and chances for the future do not seem very bright. He has lost hope, more or less, and the edge is off his ambition. He may develop into a drudge, a mediocrity, a near-success unless something jolts him from his moorings, as in the case of Norton.

ON the other hand there are employers who work on the opposite principle. They realize that a developing employee is an asset, that to help a man to broaden himself is to increase their own profits. There are corporations in Canada where the chance to give a deserved increase in pay is welcomed — nay sought for. In these enlightened concerns the great truth has been realized that there is more value to the firm in a well-paid employee than in a poorly-paid one. It has been realized that an earnest, aspirant employee is the greatest asset a business can have; and the companion fact has not been lost sight of — that the only way to keep an employee earnest and aspiring is to give the proper encouragement.

THE head of a certain large Canadian concern does very little else but watch the men under him. He knows them all by name and follows their individual efforts closely. He makes it a rule to chat with them about their work, to offer suggestions and hints. It is not an uncom-



mon sight to see the portly figure of the president bent over the desk of a junior draughtsman or to run across him in the machine shop with a borrowed cap on his grizzled pate. This concern has turned out so many good men — accountants, millwrights, engineers — that there has not been room for them all in the parent plant. You find them in all parts of the country — capable, ambitious fellows, patently alive and boisterously anxious to say a good word for their "old chief."

When a vacancy occurs the matter is always called at once to the attention of the president. "How about young A—?" he asks. "I've been watching him and I think he's just the man to fill in. He's a willing hand and as bright as a dollar."

A— gets the promotion. On taking

over the new duties, he has all the encouragement that the whole organization can give behind him. And he makes good, almost as a matter of course.

Luckily, the tendency is all in this direction. The old policy of repression is giving way before the newer idea of encouragement. The "job worth so much" is not found in up-to-date concerns. A man does not take a position now when he starts with an enlightened company; he accepts a chance. His chance means the opportunity to make good with that company to the limit. They will keep him on making the openings for him as long as he provides the necessary growth and enthusiasm to fill them. It is a matter of mutual benefit. The company is not benevolent. It is farsighted.

In the August issue stories and articles will appear by the following distinguished contributors: *Arthur Stringer*, *Stephen Leacock*, *Robert W. Service*, *Agnes C. Laut*, *Arthur E. McFarlane*, *H. F. Gadsby*, *L. M. Montgomery*, *C. B. Sissons* and *Collier Stevenson*, while *H. M. Tandy*, a new contributor, and *Arthur Beverly Baxter*, who wrote "The Mad Hatter," will present clever pieces of fiction.

# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

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## The Reason for Verdun

*The Germans Hoped to Secure Peace by Discouraging the French*

EVER since the tremendous struggle at Verdun started, the world has been asking itself why the German offensive was launched, what success the general staff expected, why it has been continued in the face of such startling losses and meagre results, and similar questions. Many explanations have been offered, perhaps the most interesting of all being the opinion of Frank H. Simonds, voiced in *The American Review of Reviews*. He says in part:

The German attack upon France, after more than a year and a half of relative calm in the west, the renewal of the attempt to obtain a decision, or at least a really important success, between the Rhine and the sea, was accepted in France as the evidence that Germans were convinced that France was weary of the war, that the failure of the Champagne offensive in September, the continued absence of effective British co-operation, the disappointments and the strain of the war had produced a weariness in the French mind, and that, if Germany could take Verdun and, having taken Verdun, should offer France easy terms of peace—*status quo ante*, perhaps—the French would give over the battle, which had taken so frightful a toll of French manhood, of the youth of the country.

Read the German official and the German semi-official statements, the things printed in German comment or transmitted from Germany by American correspondents and the same note will be detected in all the outgiving. Germany was satisfied that France was ready—not to surrender more territory—perhaps not to pay an indemnity, but to accept peace on terms that left her intact. Germany knew that Great Britain was not yet ready to

render efficient aid to her French ally and she reckoned that France, defeated in a great battle, deprived of a famous fortress, and once more lacking real aid from her British ally, would become disheartened, disgusted with a struggle in which she alone bore the brunt.

Germany knew, also, that Russia, because of the condition of the eastern battlefield, incident to spring thaws, could not lend a hand to France, that, on the contrary, it would be possible to transfer from the east to the west some divisions of veteran and victorious troops, and, for the same reasons, to make similar transfers from the Balkans. In a word, Germany reckoned, quite correctly in the main, that she would be able to repeat in some fashion the situation of the Marne and make one more bid for a decision over France, one more effort to eliminate the French, not this time by a complete disaster, such as defeat in September would have meant.

Quite as plainly, the effect of a victory upon German popular emotion was in the minds of German leaders. Remember that Verdun is to the German far more than a mere fortified town; it is the place at which nearly eleven centuries ago Germany, the Germany of Charlemagne's Empire, was partitioned. All the new German nationalism is based upon the desire and the determination to reconstitute that Germany which was dismembered at Verdun. To take Verdun would be a promise of opening the road to Paris, it would be a shining military success, but far more, it would be a symbol to millions of Germans of the realization of the Teutonic destiny.

Recall, also, that the more recent offensives of Germany have been avowedly efforts to conquer not the world, but peace. The gigantic drive at Russia, the great and marvelously successful attack upon Serbia, the threatened transfer of operations to Suez and Egypt—these were advertised to the German public as the precursors of peace. Each time before an operation it had been advertised

as certain to bring peace speedily. Russia was to be eliminated in a campaign, the promenade to the Golden Horn and beyond was to bring Britain to terms, now Verdun was to conquer the stricken spirit of France, and France, as the Kaiser himself said, was "our chief enemy."

Were the Germans right in reckoning that a swift, successful, and terrible blow would eliminate France? I do not think so. I found no one in France who said or seemed to believe it. But the fact that is interesting now is that the Germans did believe it and that their belief underlay their whole strategy. In a word, the Verdun operation was a political before it was a military operation. It was the effort to break the spirit of France, made by an antagonist who believed the spirit was already weak.

Why did the Germans choose Verdun as their objective? In the minds of most casual readers of history and of war news, Verdun is accepted as the bulwark of France, the gate to Paris, and the chief fortress of that great barrier which from Luxembourg to Switzerland defended the eastern frontier of the Republic. It was, all things considered, the strongest fortified place in Europe when the war came. Why, then, did the Germans elect to fight here?

The reason is simple. The first months of the war utterly eliminated fortresses from the reckoning. The rapid collapse of Liege, Antwerp, Maubeuge demonstrated that the fort had failed to keep pace with the gun. What was illustrated in the west in the early days was finally demonstrated in the east last summer, when the Russian fortresses followed the path of the Belgian and the French. Accordingly the French after the Marne simply abandoned the forts of Verdun as defensive positions. They took the guns out of them; they moved them to new, concealed positions and the forts ceased to have real importance. Verdun was only a point in the long trench line running from the North Sea to Switzerland. The forts, save that they provided protection for reserves, lost all value. They entered into the system of trenches and Verdun was defended by men and



by guns and by ditches, precisely like Rheims or Arras.

In the second place, Verdun was the most difficult place in the French line to supply either with men or munitions. Before the war two railroad lines of first importance met at Verdun—one, a double-track line coming east from Paris in the direction of Metz, the other coming north along the Meuse valley from the Paris-Nancy line. When the Germans took St. Mihiel in September 1914, they cut the latter line. In the retreat from the Marne the Germans halted at Varennes and Montfaucon, and from these towns their heavy artillery commanded the Paris-Verdun line by indirect fire and it ceased to be available.

There was left to the French, then, only one narrow-gauge line coming north from Bar-le-Duc, a light railway, incapable of bearing heavy traffic because of the grades. Practically, then, Verdun was isolated, so far as railroad communication was concerned, and the army defending the Verdun sector was dependent almost entirely upon road transport, upon automobile trucks, or, as the French say, camions. This transport was sufficient as long as Verdun was held by a relatively small force and was only a fraction of the great front, but would it be sufficient when the main attack was directed at this sector and the Germans massed two thousand guns and a quarter of a million men on a narrow front? Could France munition or supply an equal number of men and sufficient guns to meet the storm? The Germans believed not. As I shall try to point out in a moment, the French high command was of the same opinion.

Finally, Verdun was a salient: it was a convex line turned toward the Germans and, the circle being narrow, the Germans were able to concentrate upon the trenches about the town a converging fire and to command the roads leading through the town to the lines beyond. When the French made their great drive in Champagne last September they fought from lines parallel to the Germans. As they advanced their thrust was exactly like the pushing of a fist against a cushion, and as they advanced they were exposed to the converging fire of the Germans from both sides as well as from the front. After they passed the first German trenches they were exposed to flank fire on both sides, as well as to the fire in front. A Moroccan brigade that actually broke through all the German lines was literally exterminated by converging fire after it had passed the last lines.

But as the Germans advanced against Verdun they simply broke down the convex rim of the circle. They merely straightened the line and they were free from all flank fire, and would remain so until after Verdun itself had been passed, because the fronts would not become straight until this point was passed. Attacking, they possessed all the advantages that they had held over the French when the latter attacked in Champagne. No such advantage would come to them if they attacked anywhere else along the line, save at Ypres, where they had attacked just a year ago and failed, after material initial success comparable with that which they realized in the opening days at Verdun. From the military point of view Verdun and Ypres are the two weak points in the Allied line from the sea to Switzerland, because they are salients and they are precisely the points the Germans have selected for their great drives.

But bear in mind, again, these are military facts, not facts of common every-day knowledge, and to the world at large, to the German and French public particularly, Verdun was the great fortress, the gate to Paris, and its fall would have a meaning unlike that which would attach to German success anywhere else. In sum, the point which the whole world outside of the military believed was strongest, was actually the weakest. The forts were empty of guns, railroad communication was practically nil; in point of fact the strength of Verdun was wholly illusory; but the illusion was universally established and promised to give to any German success an importance that could not be exaggerated.

I come now to a point which will probably be long a matter of debate and dispute. I shall undertake to give only the French views as I heard them, merely adding that there was general agreement upon the main fact. When the German attack before Verdun developed to its true proportions, General Joffre and the French high command practically as a unit advocated the abandonment of Verdun. Not only did they advocate this, but precisely as Field-Marshal French issued the orders for the withdrawal from Ypres in the first battle of Flanders, Joffre is believed to have ordered the retreat from Verdun, and to

his orders is attributed the loss of Douaumont, which naturally—but as it turned out, erroneously—convinced the Germans that Verdun was about to fall into their hands.

Joffre's reasons were perfectly plain. To retreat for a few miles, to straighten the line and abolish the salient, was to surrender a city that had no present military value, to give over a point which was difficult to hold—which was, in fact, an invitation to attack and to attack under the most favorable circumstances for the assailant. To give up Verdun, now under the terrific fire of the most extensive artillery concentration the world ever had seen, was to give over a few miles of French territory—that and nothing more. In the present trench war it is only the piercing of the line that counts. In September the French had made an advance of two or three miles in Champagne, in May and June they had scored similarly in Artois, in April of 1915 the Germans had done the same thing about Ypres; but these successes had been without morrow, because the lines behind had held.

To keep Verdun meant to spend many thousand lives, to lose it meant from the military standpoint, just nothing, since the hills south of Verdun were quite as suitable for defensive operations. They were beyond the reach of the German heavy artillery, as it was then in position, and behind these hills the French could concentrate artillery and men in sufficient quantity to meet the German concentration, which would have to be moved forward over several miles to reach the new front. Thus for many days Paris and London believed that Verdun would be evacuated, and Berlin, doubtless knowing the French point of view, steadily insisted upon the approaching fall of the town. Re-read the German statements and official communications and you will find a confidence which is patently not mere manufactured confidence; the Germans believed that they were about to take Verdun because they knew that the French high command did not mean to defend it to the last ditch.

But French high command did not have its way. One hears much in history of the evil consequences of the interference with the soldier for which the politician is responsible. Conceivably, the case of

Verdun may prove one example of the wisdom of the politician and the inferior judgment of the soldier. At all events, the French statesmen, the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, members of the two branches of the Legislature promptly appreciated the political as contrasted with the military aspects of Verdun. They recognized what the effect upon the world would be of a shining German success, of a success that would shine because, whatever the military fact, the civil legend concerning Verdun made of it a Gibraltar.

There was then a sudden crisis, a real crisis in the political life of the Republic. The civilian government said to the military, "Verdun must be defended; it must be defended because of its value, its moral value is incalculable." To this opinion the military mind yielded, mainly, it is said, because General de Castelnau, the second in command, finally came to see the situation as the politicians saw it. As a result, de Castelnau went to Verdun. The man who had saved Nancy undertook at the eleventh hour to save Verdun, and he succeeded. With him he took Pétain, who will always be remembered in French history as the actual defender of Verdun.

At Verdun, soldiers and ambulance-drivers alike told me of the electrical effect of the coming of these two men. For several days the crowds of inhabitants of the villages hastily evacuated as the German advance was pushed and clogged the roads. Men said to one another, "C'est la retraite"—"This means retreat." But suddenly there was an end of retreat; the lines held. The famous Twentieth Corps, the Iron Corps of so many great achievements, arrived. Men, munitions, guns and still more guns arrived. At the end of ten days the immediate peril was over, the first furious drive had failed before Verdun, as the French attacks had failed in Artois and Champagne a year before. Prisoners, positions, guns the Germans had captured. Their local triumph was quite as great as that of the French in the preceding September, but the French had only been compelled to shorten their lines, as the British had been forced to shorten their lines about Ypres after the gas attack in the previous spring.



To the Glory of France—Verdun, 1916.

—Punch.

## Around the South Pole

### *A Description of Antarctica, the Highest Continent in the World*

THE world knows comparatively little of the latest addition to the family of continents—Antarctica. Certainly one of the most interesting of recent contributions on the subject is an article, "The Highest Continent," by Cyrus C. Adams, in the *American Review of Reviews*. The chief point that he makes is the extreme height of this new continent that circles the South Pole. It is interesting to quote:

Shortly before the war, Dr. Meinardus, Professor of Geography at the University of Munster, Germany, published his studies as to the size and approximate elevation of the Antarctic Continent. It has been certain for years that the continent covers a large part of the area within the Antarctic Circle; and Dr. Meinardus concluded that, considering the proportion of the Antarctic area known to be covered by sea, the area of the land surface is approximately 5,460,000 square miles, which is nearly one and a half times the size of Europe and more than one and a half times the size of Australia. This estimate has been generally accepted by geographers as not far from the fact.

Dr. Meinardus' deductions as to the mean height of the continent are even more surprising. From his studies of atmospheric pressures and temperatures and other considerations appreciated by specialists, he concluded that the mean height of the continent is 6,560 feet, with a possible error, one way or the other, of 600 feet.

This conclusion has been introduced into foreign scientific tables and books; and late last year the German geographer Mecking referred to Meinardus' "demonstration of the surprisingly high mean elevation" of the Antarctic Continent. There seems no doubt that later studies will confirm the approximate accuracy of Dr. Meinardus' deductions.

The mean elevation of Europe is only 960 feet above the sea; but if it varied in stature with the great southern continent the average height of Europe would be about that of the hotel which crowns the top of our Mount Washington. Asia was supposed to overtop all the continents, but its average elevation is only about half that of Antarctica; and North America has only a little over a third of its height.

Of course, the thickness of the ice cover plays an important part in the mean altitude, just as it does in Greenland. But all in all, the last continent to join the world group in our knowledge is one of the most impressive and stupendous facts among terrestrial phenomena. The mean height of the land block, as it is called, which was computed by Professor Wagner, in 1894, at 2,300 feet above sea level, will have to be revised on account of the surprising height of the Antarctic Continent.

The only large work of exploration in the Antarctic, since the journeys of Amundsen and Scott to the South Pole, was done by the Australian expedition headed by Sir Douglas Mawson, which sailed from Hobart, Tasmania, in 1911 and returned to Australia in 1913. Mawson's work was along the coast of that part of Antarctica which is south of Australia and is known on our maps as Wilkes Land. Lieutenant Wilkes, of the United States expedition of 1840, sailed along this coast between 95° and 158° E. longitude. He won the distinction of changing the popular conception that the Antarctic was an ocean by proving that it was a continent; and his name should be permanently attached to the whole coast line he revealed.

Some foreigners have tried to wrest this honor from him. Mawson, however, pays high tribute to the work of Wilkes. He found, to be sure, that some of the landfalls reported by Wilkes do not exist, but this is not surprising in a region where both land and sea are covered by ice and snow; and Wilkes skirted this coast in a leaky sail-vessel where terrific gales are frequent even in summer. Mawson testifies that Wilkes' work was of much value and will be remembered as a great achievement.

Mawson's enterprise was rich in geographical results. His headquarters were established on

that part of the coast known as Adelie Land; and he sent his second party, under Frank Wild, further east to about 92° E. longitude, where Wild made his headquarters about 125 miles west of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Land, discovered by German explorers in 1902. Both parties, one at the east and the other at the west end of the Wilkes Land Coast, did the very best of research work on the rugged ice-cap of this eastern edge of the continent.

On Adelie Land, Mawson and some of his men made long sledge journeys up the rising slope of the continent. Though they found at their camp on the coast only gneiss and schists, they discovered coal, shale, and red sandstone further inland; and they found dangers such as Arctic sledge travelers have seldom met, for there were fathomless crevasses in the ice, some of them concealed by roofs of snow. Lieutenant Ninnis, with his dogs and loaded sledge, fell into one of these death traps, and there is no doubt that Ninnis was instantly killed. All the dog food and most of the man food were lost in this catastrophe; and Mr. Mertz died of starvation on the return trip. On this journey, Mawson travelled 311 miles inland, up to and on the lofty continental plateau.

Where Wild and his men made their camp, far to the east, the inland ice-sheet was continually thrusting great avalanches of ice over the sea edge of the continent. Sledging was very slow on account of numerous crevasses. The rocks found along the coasts were all crystalline schists and gneisses, just as Mawson reported more than 1,000 miles to the west. The sledge journeys from the two bases aggregated 3,200 miles. Everywhere near the sea was enormous wealth of bird life, finding food in the sea; and the incessant gales surpassed anything recorded in other parts of the world. Extended observations were made in the various fields of science and the expedition went home with a great store of new material.

When the Antarctic spring arrived in our fall,

last year, Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party, on their ship *Endeavor*, entered Weddell Sea, south of the Atlantic, in the hope to make a good passage through its waters, reach Prince-Regent Luitpold Land, south of the Atlantic Ocean, and start on their journey to the South Pole, then on to Ross Sea, south of the Pacific. Shackleton expected at Ross Island to join the part of his expedition that had been assigned to work in that region. We know nothing more of his fortunes.\* He had a good ship and fine equipment for sledging on the inland ice-cap. Neither Amundsen nor Scott found any special impediment to rapid travelling over the high inland plateau of the continent. But we know nothing of the sledging conditions near Weddell Sea. Strange to say, the Filchner expedition, which discovered Prince-Regent Luitpold Land in 1912, never put foot on the land.

Meanwhile the *Aurora*, the same ship that took Mawson to Wilkes Land and later carried Shackleton's second party to Ross Island, broke from her moorings in a gale and was blown north so badly disabled that, under steam, she could make only two or three miles an hour; but she reached New Zealand in March.

But Shackleton had ordered that a food depot be made for him at the head of Ross Sea, where he and Scott had clambered along Beardmore Glacier to the top of the continent. It is intimated that his order cannot be fulfilled. Will he need these supplies? He is too prudent a man to count overmuch upon them. Was he able to cross Weddell Sea and then the continent? His journey across the continent and then down Beardmore Glacier to Ross Island would not be much longer than the route which Scott followed to the Pole and back, perishing, however, on the last lap. There is reason to believe that Shackleton's journey across the continent and down Beardmore Glacier would be less arduous than the round trip which Scott almost completed; but we can expect no news until a relief party goes to Ross Sea or the *Endeavor* returns to South America.

\*Since the above was written Sir Ernest has arrived at the Falkland Islands, his ship the *Endeavor*, having been crushed in an ice floe in the Weddell Sea.—E.D. M.M.

## How the Army Ruined Germany

### *Reversal of Policies and Strategy of Bismarck Has Made German Defeat Certain*

IN discussing the events which led to the Great War, J. Ellis Barker, in the course of an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, lays the blame on the German army. This conclusion he bases on the well-established fact that the German Foreign Office did not want war. Von Jagow opposed the program of the war party but was overruled at every point. Taking matters a step further, Mr. Barker contends that, not only did the army heads deliberately cause the war but that, by dictating the foreign policy and changing the plans of Bismarck and the elder Moltke, they led Germany into a war which could have no ending but German defeat. It appears that the strategy laid down by Moltke was absolutely reversed. The article reads in part:

If we merely glance at the map, if we compare the present position on the Continent of Europe with that before the outbreak of War, it seems that Might has triumphed over Right, that Germany has succeeded, and more than succeeded, in all she has undertaken. German troops and Austrian troops under German commanders occupy vast Belgian, French, Russian, and Serbian territories which are inhabited by about 30,000,000 people and which in the aggregate are considerably larger than the whole of the United Kingdom. Germany has not only conquered vast districts, she has also saved Austria-Hungary and Turkey from defeat, if not from annihilation. Unconditional surrender has been the price of their salvation. The Austrian Emperor and the Sultan of Turkey are no longer the rulers of their countries. They are mere cyphers. They are German

Viceroy. Owing to the victories of his armies, the German Emperor rules over organically connected territories which form practically a single State under a single Government, and which stretch from Hamburg to Trieste and from Ostend to Baghdad and to the Persian Gulf. William the Second holds sway over more than 170,000,000 people. The wildest dreams of the Pan-Germans might seem to have come true. If, however, we look a little more closely into the position of affairs, it will appear that Germany's real successes are surprisingly small, that they are out of all proportion to her hopes and aims, that her position is one of great insecurity, and that her failures have been even more conspicuous than her successes. I shall show in these pages that, had Germany followed the wise and far-seeing plan of campaign laid down by Moltke, with Bismarck's co-operation, for the eventuality of a war with France and Russia, Great Britain and Italy might have remained neutral and Germany might easily have defeated France and Russia and have acquired the domination of the Continent of Europe in a few months, and possibly in a few weeks, at a comparatively trifling cost in human lives and treasure. I shall show, furthermore, that she failed in this because she allowed the direction of her foreign policy and of the State to be grasped by reckless military adventurers who have mismanaged both her diplomatic and her military campaigns.

Bismarck and Moltke had accustomed Germany to short and decisive wars, prepared by faultless diplomacy and carried out by matchless strategy. The War of 1864 against Denmark lasted only a few days. The War of Prussia against Austria, the Seven Weeks' War, began on the 26th of June, 1866, with the fighting at Hühnerwasser. On the 3rd of July the battle of Königgratz was won. The war had been decided by seven days' fighting. On the 19th of July, 1870, France declared war on Prussia. On the 2nd of August the first encounter took place at Saarbrücken. By the 2nd of September Napoleon the Third and his



entire army had been made prisoners at Sedan, and the remaining two French armies had been severely defeated and had withdrawn into Metz, which was closely invested in exactly a month's fighting. If General Steinmetz had obeyed Moltke's orders, the two French armies would not have succeeded in reaching Metz, but would have found their Sedan in front of that fortress. All Germany looked, and not without reason, for another lightning campaign at the outbreak of the present war.

But although it is universally believed that warfare by a few strokes of lightning-like rapidity was initiated by Moltke, that it is a Prussian invention, this is a mistake. It was first practised by Napoleon the First. The most rapid and the most complete defeat known to military history is his defeat of Prussia in the Jena campaign of 1806. Modern German strategy is based not on that of Frederick the Great, but on that of Napoleon the First. As Prussia had, in 1806, been completely defeated in a great and decisive battle three days after the beginning of hostilities, surprise attack and sudden defeat by a great and decisive battle became the watchword of German strategists.

Diplomacy and strategy, to be successful, must work hand in hand. After the Franco-German War Moltke and Bismarck began to contemplate the contingency of a war with France and Russia combined and to prepare for it. Henceforth the possibility of a war on two fronts became the principal care and pre-occupation of these great men. That pre-occupation dictated Bismarck's foreign policy. To weaken Germany's possible antagonists, the Chancellor strove to keep France occupied with Colonial adventures in Africa and Asia, and he encouraged Russia to advance towards Constantinople and India. By skilful diplomacy he created friction between Russia and Great Britain, between France and Great Britain, between Italy and France, and he brought about the conclusion of the Triple Alliance which, by the adhesion of Turkey and Roumania, became a Quintuple Alliance in disguise. Bismarck thought Germany to be large and strong enough and he wished for peace. That may be seen from his posthumous memoirs and from his numerous speeches, letters, newspaper articles and conversations. The Triple Alliance was a purely defensive, a conservative, instrument.

Bismarck attached the greatest value to Great Britain's good will and support in case of a great war, especially as Italy was likely to follow England's lead. I showed in an article in this Review which attracted much attention at the time that, soon after Bismarck's dismissal, William the Second, by estranging Russia and antagonizing England, reversed Bismarck's policy and thus destroyed the political system which the great Chancellor had created by years of labor, a system which assured Germany's peace and her supremacy in Europe. I showed in it by means of numerous newspaper articles emanating from the Chancellor, which had not previously been published in the English language, that Bismarck not only opposed the Emperor's venturesome policy with all his strength, but that he foretold in the clearest and most emphatic language that the Emperor's incessant and provocative meddling in foreign politics would lead to a great European war; that the war would be brought about by Austria's Balkan policy in which Germany had no interest; that Germany thus would be compelled to follow Austria's lead; that the unnecessary estrangement from England was bound to bring about Italy's desertion in the hour of trial; that Germany's interference in the Far East and her shameful treatment of Japan, whom she had ousted from Port Arthur, might arouse the hostility of that country; that the Emperor's neurotic and exasperating activity and his bluster might bring about the creation of a world-wide combination of Powers hostile to Germany, and that it might lead to the ruin of his country. I shall now show that, incited by military intriguers, William the Second destroyed Moltke's work as recklessly as he destroyed that of Prince Bismarck.

In studying the possibility of a war on two fronts, Moltke attached the greatest value to the integrity of Switzerland, Luxembourg and Belgium, for a twofold reason. These neutral States greatly shorten the frontier which Germany has to defend towards France. Besides they protect, like two huge fortresses, the northern and southern flanks of the German army in the west. The Rhine, the Black Forest, and the Vosges provide a most powerful natural bulwark in the west of Germany. On Moltke's advice the vast natural strength of this position had been very greatly increased by extensive and most powerful fortifications. In Moltke's opinion the western fron-

tier of Germany was, owing to these enormously strong natural and artificial obstacles, the most formidable defensive position in the world.

This vast strength of the western frontier of Germany and the advantage of its being protected on both flanks by neutral States and the special position of Belgium, the violation of which was likely to induce Great Britain to enter the war in defence of that country, was recognized in the leading military circles in Germany.

Taking advantage of the tremendous strength of her western frontier Moltke had prepared the following plan of campaign in case of a war with

round the German flank, if she should try to invade Germany by marching through Belgium and Luxembourg, she would arouse the hostility of Great Britain. The only weak spot in western Germany was the extreme south of Alsace. There a small and comparatively unimportant district is dominated by the fortress of Belfort. That was the only disadvantage of Moltke's scheme, and it was after all only a negligible one. The invasion of southern Alsace could hardly be avoided under any plan of campaign, and indeed this district was invaded by the French at the beginning of this war and is still occupied by them.



—Cape Town Times.

Roumania Cock: "That's rather encouraging to an undecided bird."

France and Russia combined. Germany was, in the beginning of such a war, to limit herself to the defensive on her almost impregnable western frontier with by far the smaller part of her army, while the bulk of her forces was to be employed in the east. According to Moltke's plan Germany was to defeat and destroy with the bulk of her forces, and with the help of her allies, the Russian army, and after Russia's collapse she was to attack France with her whole strength.

That plan of campaign was safe and sound and it had inestimable advantages for Germany. By respecting the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg she was likely to secure to herself the good will, or at least the neutrality, of Great Britain. Besides, if England stood aside, Italy was likely to co-operate against France, or at least to observe a benevolent neutrality even if Germany should be the aggressor. If France, on the other hand, desiring to come to Russia's aid and being unable to break through Germany's immensely strong position in Alsace-Lorraine, should endeavor to get

After Bismarck's dismissal in 1890 Germany's foreign policy was reversed and her military policy was reversed as well. Moltke resigned immediately after the Emperor's accession and died in 1891. His successors apparently intended to change the plan of campaign which that master of sane strategy had evolved with Bismarck's co-operation. The security of the small southern corner of Alsace against an attack from Belfort was made a welcome pretext for demanding a change of plans by those military men who, in case of a great war, wished to strike immediately at France with Germany's full force and desired to begin a war on two fronts by invading France by the easiest route, by way of Belgium. The German press has often served as a mouthpiece not only to the government, but also to powerful political and military intriguers. The danger which threatened western Germany from Belfort was pointed out to the people in newspaper articles calculated to impress them with the seriousness of the position, and was greatly exaggerated.

If the German general staff had intended to carry through the wise and far-seeing plan of campaign devised by Moltke and Bismarck, Germany might, at the beginning of the Russo-Austrian controversy regarding Serbia, have declared, as indeed she did, that it was a purely Austro-Serbian quarrel. She might, in addition, have stated that, in case of a "totally unjustifiable" Russian attack upon Austria, she would of course have to act in accordance with her defensive treaty and come to Austria's aid; that Austria was too weak to resist gigantic Russia single-handed; that Germany's assistance alone could save Austria from destruction. Lastly, the German diplomats might have expressed the hope that France would keep neutral in the quarrel in which France had no concern, that Germany would in no case attack France, but that she would of course defend herself with the strength of despair should France wantonly invade innocent and inoffensive Germany. In addition, the German statesmen might have appealed to England and have asked her to use her influence with France for the sake of peace. Had this been done, British public opinion, though perhaps not condemning France for coming to Russia's aid and attacking Germany, would scarcely have approved of Great Britain's intervention on France's behalf. It seems practically certain that the pacifist section of the Cabinet would have prevailed, that Great Britain would have observed an attitude of neutrality. Meanwhile, the two Central Powers, aided by Turkey and perhaps by Roumania as well, might have rapidly defeated Russia while the French were battering desperately but in vain against the powerful frontier position of Alsace-Lorraine. After Russia's defeat the Germans and Austrians, who possibly would have been reinforced, and would scarcely have been opposed, by the Italians, would have defeated France. A comparatively short campaign would have brought about the downfall of France and Russia, and would have secured to Germany the undisputed predominance on the continent and perhaps the possession of the French colonies as well. A Greater Germany would have been organized, and in ten or twenty years she would probably have become so wealthy and powerful as to be able to challenge successfully Great Britain and the United States for the mastery of the sea and of the world. Thus Germany might have surprised the world with a *fait accompli* as did Bismarck and Moltke half a century ago. The British people would have awakened to their deadly danger only when it was too late.

Why was the diplomatic and strategical plan of campaign devised by Bismarck and Moltke abandoned? Why did the German army invade Belgium, although that step was likely to arouse Great Britain's hostility and bring about Italy's secession? It is easy to surmise the reason. The German Emperor's chief characteristic is his vanity, and the military intrigues surrounding him played successfully on his weakness. They probably promised him the most dazzling military triumph known to history, a victory compared with which those of Napoleon in 1806 and by Moltke in 1866 and 1870 would pale into insignificance.

Before the fatal invasion of Belgium the best informed Germans had warned France not to come to Russia's aid should the Austro-Serbian quarrel lead to war between Russia on the one side and Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other. They had publicly and solemnly warned her that if she kept faith with her ally the German troops would enter Paris in three weeks. They had foretold in the same masterful tone which Napoleon employed towards Frederick William the Third in 1806, that if France stirred she would be crushed in a month. The German supreme command intended to destroy the power of France by a lightning campaign similar to that of 1806, and was firmly convinced that success was certain. There was indeed good reason for this belief. France had assembled the bulk of her troops on her eastern frontier, facing Alsace-Lorraine, anticipating that Germany would attack from the direction of Metz and Strasburg. Germany, on the other hand, had sent to Alsace-Lorraine only sufficient troops to defend that powerful position against a French attack. The few German army corps which had been assembled there were to act on the defensive. They would occupy and detain the French main army. Meanwhile the principal body of the German troops was to rush through Belgium, to overthrow the few French army corps on the Franco-Belgian border, and to march upon Paris. Paris would be reached in about three weeks. Germany's colossal mortars, the existence of which was not suspected, would destroy the forts in a few hours. Paris would fall. Having seized the capital, the Germans would immediately wheel round and at-

tack the French main army in the flank and rear, driving it against the walls of Strasburg and Metz and across the Swiss frontier. It is an interesting link in the chain of evidence that the German Government, after invading Belgium and declaring that that country's resistance to the German invasion was a crime, admonished Switzerland by telegraph "to maintain and defend by all means in its power the neutrality and inviolability of its territory . . . trusting that the Confederation, owing to the unshakable will of the entire Swiss nation, will succeed in repelling any violation of its neutrality." In other words, Germany admonished the Swiss to disarm and intern the French army corps which, attacked in the rear, might be forced to cross into Switzerland. Had the German plan not miscarried, all France might indeed have been conquered in a month. Paris, the greatest fortress in the world, was believed by all Frenchmen to be impregnable. Had Germany, within about a month, taken Paris and destroyed and captured practically the whole of the mobilized French armies, the bewildered French, suddenly deprived of both capital and army, might indeed have given way to despair and have abandoned all hope and all thoughts of resistance and have asked for peace, especially if their capital had been threatened with the fate of Louvain, as was apparently intended. Germany had undoubtedly invaded Belgium hoping, in the manner described, to create for the whole of the French armies a gigantic Sedan, to catch them as in a net, and thus to achieve a victory compared with which that won in 1870-71 would appear trifling.

The daring plan of the German general staff to destroy or capture the whole of the French armies and enter Paris within a month miscarried owing to Belgium's unexpected resistance. Liege blocked Germany's way for about a week. As the German troops entering Belgium had no heavy siege artillery with them, orders were given to take the town

and ports by assault at any cost. The German troops were mown down by the thousand. According to Baron de Beyens 36,000 German soldiers were killed in this desperate but unsuccessful effort. If that figure is correct, and there is no reason to doubt its approximate correctness, the Germans lost before Liege alone a considerably larger number of men than they lost during the whole war of 1870-71, in which only 28,268, were killed in battle and died of wounds.

The invasion of Belgium has not led to the destruction and capture of all the French armies, the seizure of Paris and the surrender of all France, but merely to Great Britain's intervention. The violation of Belgium has brought Germany not gain, but enormous loss. The greatest military triumph the world has seen has not materialized. The German army leaders have made a most fearful miscalculation and a most fearful blunder.

Of all her opponents Germany hates little Belgium probably most. By resisting the onslaught of her mighty opponent, Belgium made Germany's intended surprise attack upon France a failure. The German army leaders, having grossly, and probably fatally, mismanaged the German campaign by disregarding the wise plan for the conduct of a war on two fronts laid down by the elder Moltke in collaboration with Bismarck, have damaged Germany still further by ill-treating the unhappy Belgians, by venting upon them their spirit of baffled rage, by deliberately practising upon them every kind of brutality, inhumanity and extortion. The German army has destroyed not only Germany's hope of victory but Germany's good name as well. The army, not the Emperor, is responsible for the atrocities perpetrated first in Belgium and then elsewhere. The Emperor is essentially a weak man, and, like Napoleon the Third, whom he resembles in many respects, is the tool of the army.

## The Crime of the Church

### *The Unfairness of the Treatment of the Modern Minister*

A SWEEPING indictment of the lack of adequate provision for the old age of ministers is contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* by Joseph H. Odell. The bulk of his article is devoted to a review of the steps which various denominations are taking to provide pension funds and to urging the speedy widening of the scope of this phase of ecclesiastical finance. The facts and figures that he gives are more or less familiar, but his very forceful introduction, in which he paints the unfairness of the lot of the clergyman as well worth reproducing.

Protestantism has always emphasized the pastoral function of the clerical office, not because the church has no genius for conceiving or attempting the exceptional in spiritual strategy, but by reason of its firm belief that the main outlines of human society as they now exist are divinely sanctioned and ordained. Faith in the family unit underlies the Protestant conception of the place and function of the ministry. An order of clerics distinguished by celibacy and voluntary poverty, living in a monastic establishment or moving about from place to place without stake or right in any given community, would be a denial of Protestant principles. The more nearly a clergyman can conform to the social customs of his age, and the more completely he can build himself into the body politic, the more perfectly he realizes the Protestant ideal. To exercise the franchise of citizenship, to have a definite financial part in the fortunes of the state, to be the head of a family with its obligations and privileges, to be a participating factor in the social evolution that is forever remaking humanity, to be the neighbor and friend and guide of all kinds and conditions of men by virtue of kindred experience, to minimize the artificial distinctions between the sacred and the secular—these are the concepts which give form to the Protestant ministry. What they mean can be readily seen: influence by impregnation rather than by impact; inspiration and stimulation for spiritual achievement by co-operation within the social organism, rather than by exterior governance; a concrete and vital model of

the ideal in terms never to be misunderstood, rather than an extramundane theory propounded by one who is not called upon to put it to the test of actuality.

Because this principle of participation has been accepted by the entire body of Protestant laity the conditions upon which Protestant ministers must live their lives are defined with something like finality. Each must fit into his habitat at the stage of social evolution reached by his parish. But his precise place is not set by striking an average; he must adopt the customs and meet the standards of the better class of his parishioners. Even though his salary is no higher than that of the skilled mechanic, he and his family must dress, entertain, and contribute to local philanthropies on the scale of the comparatively rich.

To this as an immediate programme the clergyman has no objection; by instinct and education he appreciates the emblems of refinement; he wishes his children to have a flying start in a competitive age; and, above all, he wants to be a commendable representative of the civilization he is pledged to sustain and advance. The Manse, or Rectory, or Parsonage, is always too large and out of proportion to his income; books are the tools of his trade, and they are not only expensive but they become obsolete more quickly than other tools; clerical clothing cannot be bought readily and cheaply in the custom-made stores during clearance sales; charity, to him, is not a passing luxury but a permanent investment to conserve his capital in character; vacations are almost enforced, and in a high-tension-nerve-brain-and-heart occupation must not be neglected. So he takes his place, smiles, preaches optimism, gives first and last aid to every kind of injury, keeps the honor of his church and his Master beyond reproach, and spends the residue of his strength in devising and practising secret economies.

The present gives him scarcely a care; but the future! It looms dark and bleak before him; extreme penury, possibly starvation, or—charity. He would prefer the former for himself; he has lived so intimately with chivalrous ideals and generous impulses, he has striven so hard to keep his individual independence as an inalienable right, that he would rather die a South Pacific castaway than subsist on doles of pity. But his family! and above all, the honor of his Church. For these he must drain the dregs and comfort his soul with his oft-used pulpit parable of Lazarus and the crumbs.



Provision for disability or old age is altogether out of the question with the average minister.

The cost of living has been rising at the rate of five per cent. a year; the level of clerical salaries has not risen five per cent. in a decade; and the increase, such as it is, has not been a flat advance throughout all the churches; it has been chiefly confined to the wealthier parishes and congregations. Even to save by insurance is almost out of the question, at least in an amount adequate to an old-age annuity. Taken at a comparatively early age, a \$5,000 twenty-year endowment policy would swallow up more than a fifth of the average yearly salary of Protestant clergymen; supposing, however, that it could be managed, the income at five per cent. will bring in only \$5 a week for old-age subsistence. No matter how saintly and devoted he is, or how deeply under obligation earth may be for his vicarious life, the Protestant clergyman can see his heaven only beyond a belt of hell through which he and his loved ones must pass.

What fault there is lies at the door of the wealthier laymen of the churches, particularly the successful business men. Nearly all of them are officers or partners or stockholders in the great corporations of the country. They know

perfectly well that practically every large and well-established industry is providing for the disability and the old age of its employees; they have almost a flawless knowledge of the action recently taken by various states in respect of employers' liability; they acquiesce in the pensions paid by the Government to the personnel of the army and navy. These and other developments of the corporate conscience are now fixed factors of business and citizenship, justified alike by economic justice and humanitarianism. Nearly all of the prominent business men of America have some connection with the church; many of them are conspicuous leaders of Christian enterprise. Industrially they are Dr. Jekyll; ecclesiastically they are Mr. Hyde. What use is there in glossing the matter? They are proud of being just and fair where it is an economic necessity; they are brutally callous where it is a religious grace. The employer who dares not rip a faithful but gray-haired mechanic from his lathe and throw him upon the mercy of the community will tear a faithful but gray-haired preacher from his pulpit and drop him upon the lean cold bosom of charity. Perhaps the horrible anachronism is the last defiance of a defeated feudalism.

agent, William Blake, had been shot dead in 1882. But it was not till four years later that the full violence of the contest was reached. The Plan of Campaign swept the tenants into its organization, but they had little success. Houses were razed, corn-ricks burned by the bailiffs, families cast out in scores. The Clanricarde evictions rang through the press of the world. Lord Clanricarde's conduct was censured by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach during his Chief Secretaryship in 1886, and still more severely by the Lord Chief Baron in 1887. An intimation was given that the police were not to be placed at his disposal whenever there was anything else at which they could be employed. Local leaders like Mr. John Roche, M.P., arose on the popular side.

But neither the agrarian crisis of 1879 nor the pressure of agitation nor the censure of Courts and Ministers moved Lord Clanricarde from his frenzied apostolate of the "rights of property." He obstinately refused to join in the rent-reductions given by poorer owners of neighboring estates, or to restore evicted tenants. He impeded the Matthew Commission on the Evicted Tenants as far as lay in his power. "With respect to the management of this estate," wrote the Commissioners, "we desire to point out that long before the appointment of this Commission it had been the subject of grave censure by high judicial and official authority." The Commission reaffirmed the censure. But not even the Wyndham Act of 1903 altered the creed or the policy of Lord Clanricarde. He came out of his seclusion to speak in the House of Lords against the Evicted Tenants Bill of 1907, and subsequently fought it with success in the law courts. It was, he declared, "a gigantic conspiracy to swindle," founded on the gospel which he had always resisted, that "the man must give way to the many." No longer defended even by his own class, he fought bitterly to the end for the rights of property, and the *jus abutandi* above all.

His private life was strange and secret. He never married, and lived for all his latter years in a flat off Piccadilly. Those who knew a little about him described him as a great collector of pictures, and of cigars which he never smoked; and he was said to be an expert and enthusiastic skater. From 1874, when he buried his father at Portumna, he was never seen on his estate. Only one visit to Ireland is on record during that period, namely, in 1887, when he went to Dublin to give evidence in an action brought against him by a dismissed agent, William Joyce. He allowed the family mansion in Galway, and even the family burial-place, to fall into utter decay.

## Most Hated of Irish Landlords

*A Sketch of the Eccentric Marquis of Clanricarde*

THE disturbances in Ireland have revived interest in Irish conditions, and incidentally attached special interest to the recent death of the Marquis of Clanricarde, the most execrated of absentee landlords. Clanricarde engaged in a feud with his tenants which made him so cordially hated that it was doubtful if he could have set foot on the Emerald Isle. His wholesale evictions of tenants caused stormy debates at Westminster and much bloodshed in Galway. The peculiar feature of it was that Clanricarde acted on a matter of principle. He believed in the inalienable rights of landlords and not all the suffering of starving tenants could make him budge an inch from his legal rights. *The Manchester Guardian* gives a very colorful picture of this grim, much-hated peer.

His splendid and sonorous title has been one of the most romantic and decorative things in Irish politics, and, until one has heard it rolled out in the invective of an Irish member, one has never felt the full livid terror and thunderousness of the Irish agrarian question. The man himself was wrapt in mystery—even in Galway, where his hand was felt, his face was never seen; but a few years ago his dealings with the tenantry became a burning question of politics, and while it was being discussed he appeared suddenly out of nowhere in the House of Lords. In the galleries everybody leaned over to look at him. The lords themselves were more polite, but apparently hardly anybody knew him, and when he spoke or was spoken to by any of his fellow peers everybody was agog with curiosity, and those who were within earshot pretended hard that they were not listening.

Seated by himself, with a wide unoccupied space around him, he looked like a little neglected bird. He seemed to be blinking in the unaccustomed light, and gave one the impression of being very small and shabby and ruffled and lonely, and rather like one's conception of *Sir Pitt Crawley*. The House was very quiet and breathless as Lord Lansdowne told him, in his most frigid tones, that this was the last time the Unionist party would give him any help. When his own business was disposed of he disappeared again, no one knew where, but certainly not to Galway, which was much too hot to hold him.

The old Marquis has held peaceful rule over his 60,000 acres until the year before his death, and had won some distinction in his public career, having been in his day Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Lord Privy Seal under Palmerston. He was regarded by his tenants as a god landlord, and his eldest son, Lord Dunkellin, was especially beloved. In 1872, however, there came a fierce election in County Galway. The old Marquis ord-

ered his tenants to vote for William French, but they broke away from him and, aided by the priests, returned Captain Nolan. This was the beginning of a generation of civil war. Rents were at once put up, and renewal of leases refused as a measure of revenge.

The old Marquis died in 1874, his latter years having been clouded further by a private scandal which contributed to the downfall of Palmerston's Ministry. He was succeeded by his second son, for Lord Dunkellin had died young; and the tenants soon found that the inheritance of strife had not passed into conciliatory hands. Thereafter the history of the Clanricarde estate was that of a thirty years' war, stained with shooting on the one side and merciless eviction on the other. It is impossible to compress the incidents of the struggle into the limits of this notice. The Marquis fought desperately for the last jot and tittle of his legal privileges. His creed was the sacredness of property, and in pursuance of it he evicted, as was found by the Matthew Commission of 1892, no fewer than 238 families. By way of reprisal, his

## The Fatal Spiral

THERE is much about the future that holds the elements of dread for far-seeing business men. There is, for instance, "The Fatal Spiral". Do you know anything about it? Read Agnes C. Laut's article in August MacLean's.

# The Tyrant of the German Army

*A Sketch of Marshal Von Haeseler, Who is Directing the Verdun Attack*

THERE is a certain grim old marshal in the German army who has been brought closely before the eyes of the world by the Verdun offensive. Marshal von Haeseler has, apparently, been a power in the German army for the past quarter of a century but, owing to the fact that he did not favor the initial German plan of a dash through Belgium, he did not figure prominently in the early part of the war. The attack on Verdun is, however, a reversion to the strategy that he favored, and it is said that he has directed the German operations. *Current Opinion* summarizes a great amount of information about him gathered from all sources as follows:—

Among the wonderful old men who have leaped into world-wide renown by leading the German armies, Gottlieb von Haeseler is conceded by the French press to be easily the most wonderful. The operations of the Germans before Verdun, remarks the *Paris Gaulois*, are directed nominally by the Crown Prince, but in reality they are under the control of Marshal von Haeseler. The Germans have made him a legendary personage indeed, and, if the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung's* view is to be accepted at par value, all Frenchmen live in dread of his very name. That to the *Gaulois* is a fresh instance of Teutonic megalomania. The truth to the French paper is that von Haeseler is a roaring farce, a Falstaff in the field. He never in his life gained a battle except in time of peace. Yet the Germans say he is the equal in military genius of the first Napoleon! The idea is as preposterous as the legend that he approaches his hundredth year, the truth being that he is no more than seventy-nine. The *Debats* makes him sixty-eight. The reference books do not agree regarding the date of his birth and there is a story in the *Matin* that he does not himself know when he was born. He was certainly in the war against Denmark back in 1864. An old professional swordsman, therefore, is this venerable and mysterious being who can only give advice. The Crown Prince takes the advice. All agree on that. The German Emperor, however, tells his intimates that von Haeseler ought to be at home with his great-grandchildren. His Majesty does not think the venerable man understands modern war—an impression which the Marshal also cherishes of the Emperor.

The rotund form and finely lined visage of old von Haeseler and the grim severity of his facial expression combine to make him one of the "figures" of militarist Germany. "The old guardian Gottlieb of the Moselle"—this is a literal translation of the phrase that describes him to the fatherland. His treacherous stomach makes him the most abstemious war-horse in the whole empire. For fifty years he has risen every morning at five to drink a glass of milk and swallow two raw eggs. At two in the afternoon he has a small piece of steak and a cup of broth. Highly characteristic was his treatment of Prince Henry of Prussia at manoeuvres some years since. His Highness was entreated to attend a repast at eight in the evening. He had to wait hungry until nine before he got anything to eat. Then the Marshal's guests found in front of each of the party a glass of water and an apple. "This," explained the old Marshal, "is a practical lesson in war conditions. Only absolute necessities can be given. Appetites, like baggage, must be restricted. His Highness alone, having a right to special treatment, may eat two apples and drink two glasses of water." His Highness insisted upon being a Spartan like the rest.

In his capacity of inspector, von Haeseler has for years, says the *Gaulois*, been the terror of the German forces. Did it enter his head to inspect a garrison at Morhange? He boarded a train that did not stop there, asking loudly at the station for a ticket to some town far beyond his destination. Just before getting to Morhange, the train had to halt upon an emergency signal from the old man. He paid the conductor the fine of a hundred marks and rushed off to the barracks. On his return to Berlin he insisted upon repayment of his hundred marks, turning the administration of the railway upside down until he got the money. He is known to think a long time before he spends

a mark. No film could portray his facial expression at the loss of a coin or at the discovery of a lieutenant's extravagance in dress. The Marshal still wears a suit of clothes he bought thirty-eight years ago, a pair of boots he purchased eleven years ago and a hat his father wore in the eighteenth century. At any rate, that is what the European dailies tell us.

Candor is a famous trait in von Haeseler, and Emperor William has as much reason as anyone to be aware of it. The aged Marshal criticized his sovereign's operations severely in the course of one season's manoeuvres, whereupon a deep revenge was planned. The corps commanded by the old man was caught in a field, not far from headquarters. The joy of the staff was immense, for von Haeseler is a thorn in the side of all. At the height of the merriment the Emperor and his suite had to clear a road to permit the passage of a hay wagon. The episode was a feat, and by the rules of the game von Haeseler had captured the whole corps under his sovereign's personal command.

This abstemious old Marshal is accused of experiencing agonies of mind whenever a soldier eats a full meal. Soldiers, according to him, should eat very little. Eating he regards as a bad habit at best. "March a lot, eat a little, shoot all the time." Such is his motto. He made his own corps a model of efficiency in the German army, a band of brethren knowing none of the caste distinctions so common among Prussians yet maintaining an admirable discipline. His personal

ascendancy over all was absolute, a circumstance the more remarkable because of his deformity and his invalidism. Once in the saddle, however, he seems a part of the horse. He has not taken to the automobile for the reason that it can not negotiate by-paths and soft roads. His passion is for horses and that may account for this attitude. Not long before the opening of the stormy concert at Verdun he rode up to the door of his little house in the headquarters town, the Crown Prince at his side. He found to his dismay that he had no lump of sugar in his pocket. The horse began to cavort and to kick. The Marshal apologized to his royal pupil and dashed off to a neighboring confectioner's. "If I hadn't got him that lump of sugar," he explained when he returned, "the horse would have invaded the shop." He recognizes a horse more readily than he recognizes a man. Two of his staff were in a restaurant on one occasion when they should have been on tours of inspection. Seeing the old man outside in the street, these officers disappeared. That evening on parade he reprimanded the culprits severely. He could tell them by their horses, which had been in leash outside. The point of the anecdote is in the fact that the regiment was mounted on a special breed, conforming in size and color to a prescribed standard.

His relentless war on exploiters of the men in the ranks is another of von Haeseler's titles to glory. He saw a trooper lunching on a tiny bit of cheese. "What did you pay for that?" The man in the ranks eyed it in a melancholy manner. "Ten pfennigs." The old man bounded into the shop near by and, putting ten pfennigs down, demanded a piece of cheese. He got one as big as his own fist. "Rather a large piece for the money," said von Haeseler dubiously. "Not at all," said the shop-



—New York Sun.

"Then what am I doing down here?"



keeper, "you may have a larger piece if you are hungry enough." That night a new order was issued from headquarters: "Hereafter a man in the ranks shall receive for ten pfennings a piece of cheese as large as that sold for the same sum this morning to the general in command."

It happened that he wanted to pass a sentry line at night. He stole forward in his usual inspectorial manner only to be seized and pinioned from behind. "Let me pass!" he cried. "I am Count Haeseler." The sentries laughed at him. "You're the fifth man who has tried to make a fool of us with that story to-night," he was told as they turned him back. Von Haeseler went off well pleased with the sentries but infuriated against his officers. His reputation in the army is that of a commander indulgent to the men in the ranks but severe with his staff. Reversing the order often observed among Prussian military magnates, he is considerate to his inferiors, grim with his equals and merciless to his superiors, not excepting the Emperor himself, whose "conceptions" he has openly laughed at in conferences of the general staff. Not many years before the outbreak of the war he ordered elaborate manoeuvres near the town of Sierck. Many lines of trenches had been dug. A blue corps was on the defensive theoretically for a whole week, living on dry bread. Going his rounds, von Haeseler saw a table improvised with a plank and four sticks. Several officers sat around it on boxes, eating sausage. "Do you gentlemen think you are in a lady's boudoir?" roared von Haeseler, riding his steed over the table. "The sixteenth army corps is not a school of domestic manners. It is an institution that teaches trench life." Petrified where they sat,

the officers did not dare to utter even an apology, but when the terrible old man had disappeared over the brow of a hill they relieved their feelings in a single untranslatable word: "Heiligkreuzkannonenbombengranathagelondonnerwetterelementnoch-einmal!"

Between this amazing old man and the heir to the Imperial and Royal throne there has long existed a warm affection. Alone among the marshals, von Haeseler, according to the *Figaro*, took seriously the conception of the Crown Prince that Verdun was the objective. All sorts of stories have appeared in European dailies regarding the fury with which von Haeseler received the determination of the general staff to make the rush through Belgium. The road to Paris, he believes, is through Verdun. On the basis of their common purpose in the west, the old soldier and the young one have formed a firm alliance. Indeed, to the military expert of the *Paris Gaulois* the long drive at Verdun is itself an expression of the soul of von Haeseler. The grimness of the fray, its implacable continuity, its steady hail of projectiles, its stern, unyielding advance, a certain disdain of cost as well as of the enthusiasm of attack, its very mystery—these things manifest the mood of von Haeseler in war. They are the battle pictures of a German artistry, impressing with strong and heavy lines. What a contrast to the Crown Prince, notes our contemporary—the gentle, smiling, boyish, gay Crown Prince! The old man and the young one illustrate the familiar principle of the attraction of opposites. Von Haeseler never, it is said, read a book in his life, except the manual. His favorite relaxation is the society of horses. He has the most amazing collection of oaths.

presented, will set us back fifty years in possibility of true progress. The notion that preparedness is a mere military thing, to be had by superimposing upon the most wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient army and navy establishment in the world a new mass of similar expenditures, is a delusion. If we are so insistent upon preparation for war, and if we are, as we say, still unprepared after spending on such preparations over three billion dollars in the last twenty years, exclusive of pensions, let us at least in our preparation recognize an essential part of its true basis. The power behind military Germany is industrial Germany. The organization of German life is doubtless extreme, but the current preparedness doctrines, however much they may differ on military or naval estimates, agree at least in this: they ignore absolutely every necessity for improving the industrial organization, the economic basis for national unity. Sweat-shops, child-labor, industrial anarchy held in check by martial law, the exploitation of the worker, lack of an intelligent policy in handling the immigrant, industrial accidents crippling and burdening the worker, industrial diseases unregulated and unprevented, the almost total absence of effective labor legislation on the side of inspection and regulation, the exploited tenant farmer, the stupid chaos of liquor legislation, the whole mass of haphazard, slipshod laws which seem to defy all attempts at co-ordination and economy of administration—all these and a hundred others are true problems of preparedness which are to-day ignored.

It is a disciplined democracy which America needs, a democracy disciplined to a capacity for true leadership such as will effectuate a Pan-American federation, as a new world-contribution of democracy toward the foundations of peace. The strident patriots who are expounding crude preparedness propagandas, in principles and purposes identical with all the armed peace propagandas which have proved wrong in a hundred years, ignore all such considerations. If they have their way, there may be an additional reason for ignoring the economic basis of national unity, the plea of poverty: that we can't afford it. The propagandists of preparation seem ready to do anything but improve the quality and character of our democracy. To them it is all a matter of guns, soldiers, submarines, and huzzas for the flag; not the establishment of a democracy supremely worth fighting for.

True preparedness calls, not merely for an external, but for an internal and industrial programme. The national defense orators who today fill the papers with their speeches seem to have in mind only enormous naval and military expenses—a programme which leaves pressing industrial problems as usual to private initiative and to philanthropy. Already, for example, one organization of public-spirited citizens is planning a programme for the alien which ought in its essential features to have been a governmental policy expressed in effective law at least twenty-five years ago.

## Where Preparedness Begins

*An Exposition of the War Situation as Applied to the United States*

IN the course of an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* on "Preparedness and Democratic Discipline," George W. Alger not only deals in a very comprehensive and enlightening way with the real problems of preparedness in the United States, but also plucks any truth along various by-paths into which his discussion carries him. For instance, he gives a fair estimate of German kultur, demonstrating the falsity of the principles on which it is based, but at the same time giving credit for the good results it has had in improving the conditions of life of the poorer classes. He shows, also, the spiritual gains that are accruing to the combatants, applying the lesson to America as follows:—

It is a time in which Americans should consider anxiously their own country. Peace has its dangers no less menacing than war. Even in the midst of war, we can but see certain spiritual gains in the countries which are pouring out their blood and treasure. The development of national consciousness, the establishment in tears and sorrow of the spiritual unity of a great people, is the thing which comes to us from France, reborn in her resolve to make the France of her children free from the menace of militarism. England, with her prosperous and self-satisfied bourgeoisie, her sporting-squire government, her terrible and inexcusable poverty unrelieved except by the silly shifts of Lady Bountifuls and poor rates, her discontented and jealous working classes; England, stale with an unequal and unjust prosperity, is breaking up a caste system and reorganizing and revitalizing a national life. Belgium, devastated and exploited by barbarous invasion, will send down to generations yet unborn the thrill of her King's rejoinder to menacing Germany, that "Belgium is a country and not a road." The national consciousness born of war, the precious by-products of sacrifice, of tears, of common and united effort for victory in arms, is not to be denied, even to Russia. The dreaming Slav sees the beginnings of a new era in Holy Russia. Germany holding a world at bay and waging war with a relentless and deadly efficiency, such as the world never saw, girding her loins for fresh aggression, at once the menace and the marvel of our time, shouts her "Deutschland über Alles," the hymn of a nationalism which threatens civilization itself. The war means, not the destruction of national spirit, but

the creation of newer and perhaps finer diversities, the finding of the common soul of varied peoples, the finding in common sacrifice and effort of the spiritual basis for national life.

Supposing we stop for a moment our everlasting talk about the prospect of being the money market of the world, of being a creditor nation, about opportunities for South American trade and the perpetual ticker talk and the new nabobism of the war-stocks. Suppose we consider the demands which this war makes upon American patriotism. It is only a larger and finer democracy which can produce a moral substitute for war.

On the question of the principles which must govern American preparedness, he says:—

Those who just now are talking almost hysterically about a policy of preparedness are making certain false assumptions. They are advocating a national policy which, if adopted in the one-sided and incomplete way in which it is at present being

## Is Parliamentary Government Doomed?

*Remarkable Theory of Political Changes to Follow the War*

MANY opinions have been expressed as to developments following the war that have been unusual, startling, thought-compelling and sometimes ridiculous. It has remained for W. Foster, writing in *The Edinburgh Review*, to evolve a theory that literally caps the climax. He predicts the abolition, or at least the decline, of parliamentary government. Space does not permit of the full reproduction of his very lengthy argument nor to comment on the accuracy of his observations and the soundness of the conclusions he draws therefrom. A brief recapitulation of the more important parts of the article follows:

When the war is over and the nations are able to draw breath and take stock of their internal affairs, the vast import of the terrible upheaval through which the world has passed will by degrees reveal itself to all. In political, social, economic, and industrial matters, many of the old landmarks and standards will have disappeared or been discarded, and in all these matters reconstruction will have to

be undertaken. In none of these spheres of national life will the gulf between past and present be more strongly marked than in the political. The political change—Revolution or Evolution, whichever it may be termed—will not be confined to the nations which have been actually at war; it will influence the neutrals also. But it will be more especially felt in those nations belligerent or neutral, called Progressive—Great Britain, France, and the United States—and it may be that one of the most far-reaching consequences will be the downfall of the parliamentary system of representative government, as it exists at present.

This statement, so far as it concerns Great Britain, will perhaps appear surprising, possibly absurd, to the great majority, though it is believed that there are not a few to whom the discrediting of the system will come rather as an inevitable than an astounding event. Institutions originally established with the honest intention of benefiting a community, and which have, on the whole, carried out this intention for many generations, are apt to gather around them an atmosphere of reverence, even of sanctity, that forbids men to contemplate their abolition as within the sphere of the possible, and prevents them perceiving that time and changed conditions have insensibly but surely undermined their usefulness and therefore their value. But one of the effects of a worldwide upheaval is to test institutions, and to re-

move from the minds of men the trammels of custom, prejudice, and traditional points of view, forcing them to investigate, with vision thus cleared, in what manner their long-cherished institutions have borne the strain. This investigation, though it may begin with, will not long be confined to the war period. The weaknesses and failures, which at first may have appeared due to the sudden, tremendous catastrophe of a universal war, will be found to have been in existence long before.

Parliamentary representative government is not a law of nature but a means to an end. That end may be stated broadly to be the freedom and prosperity of a people. At a period when the mass of the nation was ignorant and inarticulate, and when communications were slow and difficult, it was convenient to give to each section of the community the right to choose representatives in whom it had confidence to state its grievances and advance its interests, and it was a fair assumption, that if these representatives were assembled together they would, after debate, determine what was for the general good. It is, however, beginning to be perceived by some that the advance of a nation in well-being is brought about by Evolution and not by Election, and that an Act of Parliament crystallizing the state of feeling at the moment, at the best smooths the path of Evolution, and at the worst temporarily obstructs it. As this conviction becomes more widely extended, it will lead to the conclusion that a nation sufficiently advanced in intelligence and knowledge does not need legislators. All it requires is government; it will legislate for itself. By which is meant that the general needs of the country as a whole (not one particular class or section of it) will be perceived and determined by the people collectively, by the formation and organization of public opinion through public meetings and the press. All that would be needful would be a governing body, whose function it would be to put into final shape the nation's will and carry it into execution.

This idea may seem at first sight wild and impracticable. But is it? Let us clear our minds of prejudice and look at one great fact. That fact is that public opinion is the most potent force in the country to-day. In matters of moment, would parliament dare to set itself against any unmistakable expression of public opinion? Is it not the most telling indictment that can be laid against parliament that it ceases to reflect the feeling of the country? But at the present time the parliamentary system is in itself an obstacle to the due expression of public opinion. Never perhaps has that been more strongly shown than during the long and bitter struggle over Home Rule. How often and how truly was it answered, when a general election was advocated as a means of finding out the real wish of the people, that it would be impossible to fight the election on that sole issue! Class interests, local conditions, even the personal element, would lead to the return of many members whose election had turned much more on one of these facts than on the question on which the country was asked to speak authoritatively.

One of the worst of the drawbacks of the present system is that it blurs this great fact, by apparently leaving to the members of the House of Commons, whose election largely depends upon local intrigues, the determination of great matters affecting the whole body politic. What sense of responsibility can the ordinary elector feel for his share in deciding the general policy of his country? He casts his vote in his own constituency for one or other of the two great parties, or, if he be a crank, for that picturesque but generally useless individual, the independent candidate. He has voted for the election of one six-hundred-and-seventieth of the assembly, which, though composed of members elected on almost as many different issues as there are constituencies, will have the power to settle, after interminable debate and party intrigue, the general policy of the entire country. Can the voter charge his conscience with any responsibility for any decisions that may be taken? In short, parliament, by assuming all power, has blinded the people to their own duties, and, while claiming to be the voice of the nation, is but a distracted chorus of varied and dissimilar cries, each of which tries to make itself heard most loudly above the prevailing hubbub. Notwithstanding the various general elections and the prolonged discussions in the House of Commons, would anyone venture to state what is the opinion of the nation as a whole on Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment? A referendum on either of these important

questions would have put the matter beyond doubt years ago.

Surely the time has come when a sharp distinction should be made between the management of purely local concerns and those affecting the whole community. Subject to the common welfare, purely local concerns should be left to the management of those whom they immediately affect. But it is essentially foolish to confide the conduct of national affairs to a body which is merely an agglomeration of representatives of local subdivisions, whose election has frequently been decided by some trumpery local issue. Where the nation as a whole is concerned, it should be entitled and called upon to express its decision as a whole. This is, of course, impossible under the present system of local constituencies, and therefore the collective voice of the people, when it is most deeply important to hear it, is distracted, divided, feeble, and uncertain.

Since the outbreak of the war, there has been much heated discussion about "keeping the people in the dark," "taking the nation into the confidence of the government," and so on. This talk, to be of any value, should have gone on several years ago, when the mass of the people, naturally eager for an improvement in their social condition, and kept entirely ignorant of the imminent danger threatening from without, were absorbed in the parliamentary development of schemes of social reform. Parliament wrangled and fought endlessly over these domestic questions, without devoting more than occasional and perfunctory attention to the defence of the realm. The government gambled on the chance of peace being maintained during its tenure of office. That the government recognized that the European situation was critical is clear from their efforts to come to an understanding with Germany, and it is hard to comprehend their supineness after their conciliatory attempts proved abortive. The attachment of a powerful political party to the watchword (or, more properly, catchword) of Peace, regardless of circumstance, has much to answer for.

When the cessation of hostilities shall afford the people of Great Britain the opportunity to weigh and consider what took place before the war, they will see that their House of Commons, convulsed and torn by prolonged and bitter strife over domestic questions, and overborne by a majority whose blind devotion to these questions rendered them deaf to all warnings from without, received with indifference, even hostility, any suggestions looking to the increase of the military and naval strength of the nation. Will they not also see that this clumsy, inefficient organization, which wrangled for weeks and months in ignoble efforts to gain a party triumph while the very existence of the nation was trembling in the balance, is no longer fit for its duties, and that, notwithstanding the respect due to it for good work in former generations, it has now reached the limit of its usefulness. Nay more, that it has become a source of positive danger? Even its own members were so conscious of the feebleness and triviality of their dispute, that once war was actually declared their pitiful outpouring of talk ceased as if by magic.

Occasionally we read of suggestions, tentatively and timorously put forth, that it is necessary in this crisis to have business men at the head of affairs, and, still more surprising, there has even been expressed a wish for a dictator to see the war through. A dictator in England! Is this proposed successor to Oliver Cromwell to be found in Mr. Lloyd George? To clamor for a dictator now is as foolish as it was before the war to fight over questions of subordinate importance while ignoring the danger that threatened the nation. Had the government then been in the hands of a comparatively small body of men, elected by the whole nation for national purposes and therefore free from the exigencies of the party system, matters would have been on a very different footing in August, 1914, when the light broke in upon an almost unconscious people with blinding force.

When the veil of tradition and prejudice has fallen from the eyes of the British people they will see where the weakness lies. It lies not in the fault of one man or one set of men, but in the incapacity of a system that no longer responds to the circumstances of the national life. The dangerous incapacity of our present parliamentary system has been demonstrated by the events of the past few years. The country was kept in a state of political turmoil from 1909 onwards; in 1914 it was brought to the verge of civil war, with the result that our enemies were stimulated to strike. Meanwhile the primary duty of watching over the safety of the realm was neglected,

so that when the storm burst we were in such a condition of unpreparedness that almost superhuman efforts were needed to remedy the criminal carelessness of the past.

When France comes to her national stocktaking, it seems likely, for the reasons above given, that the parliamentary regime will not incur so grave a condemnation as in Great Britain. Nevertheless Frenchmen will hardly forget the severe parliamentary struggle their government had to face in order to obtain the passage of the bill changing the period of military service from two to three years. The French Chamber suffered the same kind of blindness to outside events that obsessed the House of Commons. The climax was reached in the nonsense poured out about the advisability of a comparatively small regular army, and the *levee en masse*—the arming of every Frenchman with a rifle, and sending him thus equipped into the field if invasion should ever occur. It is to the everlasting credit of the French Ministry of the day and its supporters that they stood firm. They knew what the real state of affairs was, and were not afraid to risk their parliamentary existence in doing their best to be prepared when the hour of trial arrived. What a melancholy contrast is afforded by the action of the British Cabinet! But France will not forget that there was stubborn opposition to the government's proposals, and she will probably show her stern disapproval of the miserable, petty intrigues and party combinations that discredit her present parliamentary regime. The tremendous national crisis that has welded France into one solid whole cannot fail to have its effect on her political life. The French people will demand from their deputies single-minded work for the welfare of the country, and the application of all their energies to the business of remaking the nation instead of unmaking ministries. Further than that one cannot now see. It has yet to be made clear how much this war has done towards arousing a greater sense of personal responsibility and developing a wider field of vision in the French people.

On the last of the three States selected as progressive, the United States, the effects of the struggle must be indirect only. There is, however, in the American character a somewhat unusual combination of qualities, viz., an entire satisfaction with their own national conditions, and an alert, watchful attention to conditions prevailing elsewhere. It has been stated that a prominent American, the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, once said that he took special heed to what was being done socially and politically in England, because, sooner or later, the United States was apt to follow on the same lines. However much truth there may be in this statement, it seems likely that if Great Britain were to broaden her political system in the manner herein suggested, the United States, having largely identical political ideas and instincts, would not remain insensible to the change, more especially as that change would lie in directions in which she is obviously tending. On her the parliamentary system sits loosest, and therefore she would feel the wrench of its loss the least.

In a word, the parliamentary system is looked upon in the United States with indifference, in France with distrust, and in Great Britain with disgust. Why? Because in principle it is obsolete, and in practice mischievous. It is obsolete in principle because changed conditions, the advance of the masses in intelligence, and the lowering of the franchise have centered the power in the people themselves, and they ought to exercise it directly. It is mischievous in practice because it blinds the people to the perception of their own responsibility.

Each widening of the franchise has increased the weakness of parliament. The proceedings of the present House of Commons have made that weakness patent to all. Under the normal working of the party system the House of Commons is a mere machine for registering the decisions of a Cabinet responsible not to the country but to the party that placed it in power. If the Cabinet can keep on good terms with its party followers it can afford to treat the House of Commons as a body with contempt.

The destruction of the individuality and independence of the private member, which are essential to the vitality of any true representative system, and the hollowness and artificiality of debates, which are merely a waste of time, since the conclusion is foregone, alone suffice to prove that the existing parliamentary system has outgrown its capacity for good, and is dangerous to the future welfare of the nation.



## Life in Russia

*Their Unconventional Social Customs and Peculiar Democracy*

THE Russian people have appeared in a new light to the world at large since the start of the war. To replace, partially at least, the picture of a despotic, spy-ridden land, ruled by an iron bureaucracy, have come glimpses of a country of white spaces and a peculiar democracy and of a people devout, honest and simple. In the course of an article, "Holy Russia," John Reed gives in the *Metropolitan Magazine* a view of social conditions in Russia which is original as well, apparently, as sincere and truthful. He says, in part:

Whoever has not traveled on the broad-gauge Russian railways does not know the delights of great cars half as wide again as American cars, berths too long and too ample, ceilings so high that you can stand in the upper berth. The train takes its smooth-rolling, leisurely way drawn by wood-burning locomotives belching sweet-smelling birch smoke and showers of sparks, stopping long at little stations where there are always good restaurants. At every halt boys bring trays of tea glasses through the train, sandwiches, sweet cakes and cigarettes. There are no specified hours for arriving anywhere, no fixed time for eating or sleeping. Often on a journey I have seen the dining-car come on at midnight, and everybody go in and have dinner with interminable conversation, lasting until time for breakfast. One man rents bedclothes from the porter and disrobes in full view of the rest of the company in his compartment; others turn in on the bare mattresses; and the rest sit up drinking eternal *chai* and endlessly arguing. Windows are shut and doors. One stifles in thick cigarette smoke, and there are snores from the upper berths and continuous movement of persons getting up, going to bed, drifting in and out.

In Russia every one talks about his soul. Almost any conversation might have been taken from the pages of a Dostoevsky novel. The Russians get drunk on their talk; voices ring, eyes flash, they are exalted with a passion of self-revelation. In Petrograd I have seen a crowd in a cafe at two o'clock in the morning—of course no liquor was to be had—shouting and singing and pounding on the tables, quite intoxicated with talk.

Outside the windows of the train the amazing country flows by, flat as a table; for hours the ancient forest marches alongside, leagues and leagues of it, untouched by the axe, mysterious and sombre. At the edge of the trees runs a dusty track, along which an occasional heavy cart lumbers, its rough-coated horse surmounted by a great wooden yoke from which dangles a brass bell, the driver a great-shouldered *mujik* with a brutish face overhung with hair. Hours apart are little, thatched towns, mere slashings in the primeval woods, built of untrimmed boards around the wooden church, with its bright-painted cupolas; and the government vodka shop—closed now—easily the most pretentious building in the village. Wooden sidewalks on stilts, unpaved alley-like streets that are sloughs of mud, immense piles of cord-wood to burn in the engine—for all the world like a railroad town in the timber of the great Northwest. Immense women with dazzling teeth and gay-colored kerchiefs around their hair, booted giants of men in peaked caps and dun-colored clothes and whiskers, and priests in long black coats and stovepipe hats with brims. Along the platform tall policemen much in evidence, with their yellow blouses, scarlet revolver cords and swords. Soldiers, of course, everywhere—by the tens of thousands. . . . Then great fields breaking suddenly from the woods and stretching to the far horizon, golden-heavy with wheat with black stumps sticking up in it.

Russians are not patriotic like other races, I think. The Tsar to them is not the head of the government; he is a divinity. The government itself—the Bureaucracy—commands no loyalty from the masses; it is like a separate nation imposed upon the Russian people. As a rule they do not know what their flag looks like, and if they do it is not the symbol of Russia. And the Russian National Hymn is a hymn, a half-mystical great song; but no one feels it necessary to rise and remove his hat when it is played. As a people they have no sympathy with imperialism—they do not wish to make Russia a great country by conquest; in fact, they do not seem to realize that there is



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any world outside of Russia; that is why they fight so badly on an invasion of the enemy's country. But once let the enemy set foot on Russian soil and the *mujiks* turn into savage beasts, as they did in 1812, in 1915. Their farms, their houses, the woods and plains and holy cities are under the heel of the foreigner; that is why they fight so well on defense.

Russians seem to have a Greek feeling for the land, for the wide flat plains, the deep forest, the mighty rivers, the tremendous arch of sky that is over Russia, the churches encrusted with golden jewels where countless generations of their fathers have kissed the ikons; for the tremendous impulses that set whole villages wandering in search of a sacred river, for the cruel hardness of the Northern winter, for the fierce love and the wild gaiety and the dreadful gloom and the myths and legends which are Russia. Once a young officer traveled with us in our compartment; and all day long he gazed out of the window at the dark woods, the vast fields, the little towns, and tears rolled down his cheeks. "Russia is a mighty mother, Russia is a mighty mother," he said over and over again.

Another time it was a middle-aged civilian, with a bullet head shaved close, and wide-staring light-blue eyes that gave him the expression of a mystic.

"We Russians do not know how great we are," he said. "We cannot grasp the idea of so many millions of people to communicate with. We do not realize how much land, how much riches we have. Why, I can tell you of one, Mr. Yousonov of Moscow, who owns more land than he knows, whose estates are greater than the territory of any German king. And no Russian realizes how many races are embraced in this nation; I myself know only thirty-nine."

Yet this vast chaotic agglomeration of barbarian races, brutalized and tyrannized over for centuries, with only the barest means of inter-communication, without consciousness of any one ideal, has developed a profound national unity of feeling and thought, and an original civilization that spreads by its own power. Loose and easy and strong, it invades the life of the far-flung savage tribes of Asia; it crosses the frontiers into Roumania, Galicia, East Prussia—in spite of organized efforts to stop it. Even the English, who usually cling stubbornly to their way of living in all countries and under all conditions, are overpowered by Russia; the English colonies in Moscow and Petrograd are half Russian. And it takes hold of the minds of men because it is the most comfortable, the most liberal way of life. Russian ideas are the most exhilarating, Russian thought the freest, Russian art the most exuberant; Russian food and drink are to me the best; and Russians themselves are perhaps the most interesting human beings that exist.

They have a sense of space and time which fits them. In America we are the possessors of a great empire—but we live as if this were a crowded island like England, where our civilization came from. Our streets are narrow and our cities congested. We live in houses crushed up against one another or in apartments, layer on layer, each family a little shut-in cell, self-centered and narrowly private. Russia is also a great empire; but there the people live as if it were one. In Petrograd some streets are a quarter-mile broad, and there are squares three-quarters of a mile across, and buildings whose facades run on uninterruptedly for half a mile. Houses are always open; people are always visiting each other at all hours of the day and night. Food and tea and conversation flow interminably. Every one acts just as he feels like acting and says just what he wants to. There are no particular times for getting up or going to bed or eating dinner; and there is no conventional way of murdering a man or of making love. To most people a Dostoevsky novel reads like the chronicle of an insane asylum; but that, I think is because the Russians are not restrained by the traditions and conventions that rule the social conduct of the rest of the world.

We saw something of life in a Russian household; samovars perpetually steaming, servants shuffling in and out with fresh water and fresh tea-leaves, laughing and joining in the perpetual clatter of conversation. There came and went an unbroken stream of relatives, friends, comparative strangers. There was always tea, always a long sideboard heaped with *zakouska*, always a hundred little groups telling stories, loudly arguing, laughing uproariously, always little parties of card-players. Meals occurred whenever anybody got hungry—or rather, there was a perpetual meal going on. Some went to bed, others rose after a



long sleep and had breakfast. Day and night it never seemed to stop.

And in Petrograd we knew some people who received callers between eleven o'clock at night and dawn. Then they went to bed and did not get up again until evening. For three years they hadn't seen daylight—except in the white nights of summer.

## The Glorious Battle of Mons

*A Description of the Struggle and Retreat, by Conan Doyle*

PERHAPS the most glorious episode in the war so far, from the British standpoint, has been the Battle of Mons. The slow, grudging retreat of the British held back the sweeping German right, and saved Paris. More important than any victory, the retreat from Mons was the forerunner of the victory at the Marne. The best story of Mons that has yet appeared is from the pen of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in *Everybody's*. He writes:

The bulk of the British Expeditionary Force passed over to France under the cover of darkness on the nights of August 12th and 13th, 1914. The movement, which included the greater part of three army corps and a cavalry division, necessitated the transportation of approximately one hundred thousand men, fifteen thousand horses, and four hundred guns. It is doubtful if so large a host has ever moved by water in so short a time in all the annals of military history.

There was drama in the secrecy and celerity of the affair. Two canvas walls, converging into a funnel, screened the approaches to Southampton Dock. All beyond was darkness and mystery. Down this fatal funnel passed the flower of the youth of Britain, and their folk saw them no more. They had embarked upon the great adventure of the German War. The crowds in the streets saw the last serried files vanish into the darkness of the docks, heard the measured tramp upon the stone quays dying farther away in the silence of the night, until at last all was still, and the great steamers were pushing out into the darkness.

No finer force for technical efficiency, and no body of men more hot-hearted in their keen desire to serve their country, have ever left the shores of Britain. It is a conservative estimate to say that within four months half of their number were either dead or in the hospitals. They were destined for great glory, and for that great loss which is the measure of their glory.

Belated pedestrians, upon the beaches of the southern towns, have recorded their impression of that amazing spectacle. In the clear summer night the wall of transports seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon. Guardian war-ships flanked the mighty column, while swift lights, shooting across the surface of the sea, showed where the torpedo-boats and submarines were nosing and ferreting for any possible enemy. But far away, hundreds of miles to the north, lay the real protection of the flotilla, where the smooth waters of the Heligoland bight were broken by the sudden rise and dip of the blockading periscopes.

This was the first army which set forth to France. Prussian bravery, capacity, and organizing power had a high reputation among us, and yet we awaited the result with every confidence, if the odds of numbers were not overwhelming. It was generally known that during the period of Sir John French's command the training of the troops had greatly progressed, and many of the men, with nearly all the senior officers, had had experience in the arduous campaign of South Africa. They could also claim those advantages which volunteer troops may hope to have over conscripts. At the same time there was no tendency to understate the earnest patriotism of our opponents, and we were well aware that even the numerous Socialists who filled their ranks were persuaded, incredible as it may seem, that the Fatherland was really attacked, and were whole-hearted in its defence.

The crossing was safely effected. It has always been the traditional privilege of the British public

## Don't Live in the Kitchen



Intelligent regard for the health and happiness of the family has led to a closer study of foods and hygiene—and this has made the kitchen a brighter place than it used to be. But you don't want to live in the kitchen. Serve

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the ready-cooked whole wheat food—a food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. Two of these Biscuits with milk or cream make a complete perfect meal, at a cost of five or six cents. The ideal summer food for the home or the country bungalow.

Whenever possible it is best to heat the Biscuit a few moments to restore its crispness; then pour over it milk, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously wholesome when served with berries, sliced bananas or other fruits.



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to grumble at their public servants, and to speak of "muddling through" to victory. No doubt the criticism has often been deserved. But on this occasion the supervising general in command, the British War Office, and the Naval Transport Department all rose to a supreme degree of excellence. The details were meticulously correct. Without the loss of man, horse, or gun, the soldiers who had seen the sun set in Hampshire saw it rise in Picardy or in Normandy.

Boulogne and Havre were the chief ports of disembarkation, but many, including the cavalry, went up the Seine and came ashore at Rouen. The soldiers everywhere received a rapturous welcome from the populace, which they returned by a cheerful sobriety of behavior. The admirable precepts as to wine and women, set forth in Lord Kitchener's parting orders to the Army, seem to have been most scrupulously observed. It is no slight upon the gallantry of France—the very home of gallantry—if it be said that she profited greatly at this strained, over-anxious time by the arrival of these boisterous overseas Allies. The tradition of British solemnity has been forever killed by these jovial invaders. The dusty, poplar-lined roads resounded with their songs, and the quiet Picardy villages reechoed their thunderous assurances as to the state of their hearts.

All France broke into a smile at the sight of them, and it was at a moment when a smile meant much to France.

The general plan of campaign was naturally in the hands of General Joffre, since he was in command of far the greater portion of the Allied Force. It has been admitted in France that the original dispositions might be open to criticism, since a number of the French troops had engaged themselves in Alsace and Lorraine to the weakening of the line of battle in the north, where the fate of Paris was to be decided. It is small profit to a nation to injure its rival ever so grievously in the toe when it is itself in imminent danger of being stabbed to the heart.

A further change in plan had been caused by the intense sympathy felt both by the French and the British for the gallant Belgians, who had done so much and gained so many valuable days for the Allies. It was felt that it would be unchivalrous not to advance and do what was possible to relieve the intolerable pressure which was crushing them.

It was resolved, therefore, to abandon the plan which had been formed, by which the Germans should be led as far as possible from their base, and to attack them at once.

For this purpose the French army changed its whole dispositions, which had been formed on the idea of an attack from the east, and advanced over the Belgian frontier, getting into touch with the enemy at Namur and Charleroi, so as to secure the passages of the Sambre. It was in fulfilling its part as the left of the Allied line that on August 18th and 19th the British troops began to move northward into Belgium.

On the morning of Sunday, August 23rd, all the troops were in position. The Fifth Brigade of Cavalry (Chetwode's) lay out upon the right front at Binche, but the remainder of the cavalry was brought to a point about five miles behind the center of the line, so as to be able to reinforce either flank. The first blood of the land campaign had been drawn upon August 22nd, outside Soignies, when a reconnoitering squadron of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, under Captain Hornby, charged and overthrew a body of the Fourth German Cuirassiers, bringing back some prisoners. The Twentieth Hussars had enjoyed a similar experience. It was a small but happy omen.

The forces which now awaited the German attack numbered about eighty-six thousand men, who may be roughly divided into seventy-six thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve guns.

Sir John French was preparing for an attack upon his right flank. From all his information the enemy was to the north and to the east of him, so that if they set about turning his position it must be from the Charleroi direction. Hence his right wing was laid back at an angle to the rest of his line, and the only cavalry which he kept in advance was thrown out to Binche, in front of this flank. The rest of the cavalry was on the day of battle drawn in behind the center of the army; but as danger began to develop upon the left flank it was sent across in that direction, so that on the morning of the 24th it was at Thulin, at the westward end of the line.

The line of the canal was a most tempting position to defend from Conde to Mons, for it ran as straight as a Roman road across the path of an invader. But it was very different at Mons itself.

Here it formed a most awkward loop. A glance at the diagram will show this formation. It was impossible to leave it undefended, and yet troops who held it were evidently subjected to a flanking artillery fire from each side. The canal here was also crossed by at least three substantial road bridges and one railway bridge. This section of the defence was under the immediate direction of General Smith-Dorrien.

Having reached their ground, the troops, with no realization of immediate danger, proceeded to make shallow trenches. Their hands had not been brought to the front, but the universal singing from one end of the line to the other showed that the men were in excellent spirits. Cheering news had come in from the cavalry, detachments of which, as already stated, had ridden out as far as Soignies, meeting advance patrols of the enemy and coming back with prisoners and trophies. The guns were drawn up in concealed positions within half a mile of the line of battle.

All was now ready, and officers could be seen on every elevation peering northward through their glasses for the first sign of the enemy. It was a broken country, with large patches of woodland and green spaces between. There were numerous slag-heaps from old mines, with here and there a factory, and here and there a private dwelling, but the sappers had endeavored in the short time to clear a field of fire for the infantry.

Thrilling with anticipation, the men waited for their own first entrance upon the stupendous drama. They were already weary and footsore, for they had all done at least two days of forced marching, and the burden of the pack, the rifle, and the hundred and fifty rounds per man was no light one. They lay snugly in their trenches under the warm August sun and waited. It was a Sunday, and more than one have recorded in their letters how, in that hour of tension, their thoughts turned to the old home church and the mellow call of the village bells.

A hovering aeroplane has just slid down with the news that the roads from the north were alive with the advancing Germans, but the estimate of the aviator placed them at two corps and a division of cavalry. This coincided roughly with the accounts brought in by the scouts, and what was more important, with the forecast of General Joffre.

Secure in the belief that he was flanked upon one side by the 5th French army, and on the other by a screen of French cavalry, while his front was approached by a force not appreciably larger than his own, General French had no cause for uneasiness. Had his airmen taken a wider sweep to the north and west, or had the French commander, among his many pressing preoccupations, been able to give an earlier warning to his British colleague, the trenches would, no doubt, have been abandoned before a gray coat had appeared, and the whole army brought swiftly to a position of strategic safety.

Even now, as they waited expectantly for the enemy, a vast steel trap was closing up for their destruction.

Let us take a glance at what was going on over that northern horizon. A day or two earlier, the American, Powell had seen something of the mighty right swing which was to end the combat. Invited to a conference with a German general who was pursuing the national policy of soothing the United States until her own turn should come round, Mr. Powell left Brussels, and chanced to meet Von Kluck's legions upon their western and southerly trek. He described with great force the effect upon his mind of those endless gray columns, all flowing in the same direction, double files of infantry on either side of the road, and endless guns, motor-cars, cavalry, and transport between.

The men, as he describes them, were all in the prime of life, and equipped with everything which years of forethought could devise. He was dazzled and awed by the tremendous procession, its majesty and its self-evident efficiency. It is no wonder, for he was looking at the chosen legions of the most wonderful army that the world had ever seen—an army which represented the last possible word on the material and mechanical side of war.

High in the van a Taube aeroplane pointed the path for the German hordes.

A day or two before, two American correspondents, Mr. Irvin Cobb and Mr. Harding Davis, had seen the same great army as it streamed westward through Louvain and Brussels. They graphically describe how for three consecutive days and the greater part of three nights they poured past, giving the impression of unconquerable energy and efficiency, young, enthusiastic, wonderfully equipped.

"Either we shall go forward or we die. We do not expect to fall back ever. If the generals would let them, the men would run to Paris instead of walking there." So spoke one of the leaders of that huge invading host, the main part of which was now heading straight for the British line.

A second part, unseen and unsuspected, were working round by Tournai to the west, hurrying hard to strike in upon the British flank and rear. The German is a great marcher as well as a great fighter, and the average rate of progress was not less than thirty miles a day.

It was after ten o'clock when scouting cavalry was observed falling back. Then the distant sound of a gun was heard, and a few seconds later a shell burst some hundreds of yards behind the British lines. The British guns one by one roared into action. A cloud of smoke rose along the line of the woods in front from the bursting shrapnel, but nothing could be seen of the German gunners. The defending guns were also well concealed. Here and there, from observation points upon buildings and slag-heaps, the controllers of the batteries were able to indicate targets and register hits unseen by the gunners themselves. The fire grew warmer and warmer as fresh batteries dashed up and unlimbered on either side. The noise was horrible, but no enemy had been seen by the infantry, and little damage done.

But now an ill-omened bird flew over the British lines. Far aloft across the deep blue sky skimmed the dark Taube, curved, turned, and sailed northward again. It had marked the shells bursting beyond the trenches. In an instant, by some devilish contrivance of signal or wireless, it had set the range right. A rain of shells roared and crashed along the lines of the shallow trenches.

The injuries were not yet numerous, but they were inexpressibly ghastly. Men who had hardly seen worse than a cut finger in their lives gazed with horror at the gross mutilation around them. "One dared not look sideways," said one of them. Stretcher-bearers bent and heaved while wet, limp forms were hoisted upward by their comrades. Officers gave short, sharp words of encouragement or advice.

The minutes seemed very long, and still the shells came raining down. The men shoved the five-fold clips down into their magazines and waited with weary patience. A senior officer, peering over the end of a trench, leaned tensely forward and rested his glasses upon the grassy lip along the line of crouching men. Heads were poked up here and there above the line of broken earth. Soon, in spite of the crashing shells overhead, there was a fringe of peering faces.

And there at last, in front of them, was the German enemy. After all these centuries, Briton and Teuton faced each other at last for the test of battle.

A stylist among letter-writers had described that oncoming swarm as gray clouds drifting over green fields. They had deployed under cover while the batteries were preparing their path, and now over an extended front to the northwest of Mons they were breaking out from the woods and coming rapidly onward. The men flinched with their triggers, but no order came to fire. The officers were gazing with professional interest and surprise at the German formations.

Were these the tactics of the army which had claimed to be the most scientific in Europe?

British observers had seen it in peace time, and had conjectured that it was a screen for some elaborate tactics held up for the day of battle. Yet here they were, advancing in what in old Soudan days used to be described as the twenty-acre formation, against the best riflemen in Europe. It was not even a shoulder-to-shoulder column, but a mere crowd shredding out in the front and dense to the rear. There was nothing to the swiftly-weaving lines, the rushes of alternate companies, the twinkle and flicker of a modern attack. It was medieval, and yet it was impressive, also, in its immediate display of numbers and the ponderous insistence of its onward flow.

The men, still fingering their triggers, gazed expectantly at their officers, who measured intently the distance of the approaching swarms. The Germans had already begun to fire in a desultory fashion. Shrapnel was bursting thickly along the head of their column, but they were coming steadily onward. Suddenly a rolling wave of independent firing broke out from the British position. At some portions of the line the enemy were at eight hundred, at others at one thousand yards. The men, happy in having something definite to do, snuggled down earnestly to their work and fired swiftly but deliberately into the approaching mass. Rifles, machine guns, and field-pieces were



all roaring together, while the incessant crash of the shells overhead added to the infernal uproar. Men lost all sense of time as they thrust clip after clip into their rifles.

The German swarms staggered on bravely under the leaden sleet. Then they halted, vacillated, and finally thinned, shredded out, and drifted backward like a gray fog torn by a gale. The woods absorbed them once again, while the rain of shells upon the British trenches became thicker and more deadly.

There was a lull in the infantry attack, and the British, peering from their shelters, surveyed with a grim satisfaction the patches and smudges of gray which showed the effect of their fire. But the rest was not a long one. With fine courage the German battalions reformed under the shelter of the trees, with fresh troops from the rear pushed forward to stiffen the shaken lines.

"Hold your fire!" was the order that ran down the ranks. With the confidence bred of experience, the men waited and still waited, till the very features of the Germans could be distinguished. Then once more the deadly fire rippled down the line, the masses shredded and dissolved, and the fugitives hurried to the woods. Then came the pause under shell-fire, and then once again the emergence of the infantry, the attack, the check, and the recoil. Such were the general characteristics of the action at Mons over a large portion of the British line—that portion which extended along the actual course of the canal.

It is not to be supposed, however, that there was a monotony of attack and defense over the whole of the British position. A large part of the force, including the whole of the First Army Corps, was threatened rather than seriously engaged, while the opposite end of the line was also out of the main track of the storm. It beat most dangerously, as had been foreseen, upon the troops to the immediate west and north of Mons, and especially upon those which defended the impossible peninsula formed by the loop of the canal. It has also been already explained that the German artillery could enfilade the peninsula from each side, making the defense most difficult.

The first rush of German troops came between eleven and twelve o'clock, across the Aubourg Station Bridge. It was so screened up to the moment of the advance that neither the rifles nor the machine guns of the Middlesex could stop it. It is an undoubted fact that this rush was preceded by a great crowd of women and children, through which the leading files of the Germans could hardly be seen.

At the same time, or very shortly afterward, the other two bridges were forced in a similar manner, but the Germans in all three cases, as they reached the farther side, were unable to make any rapid headway against the British fire, though they made the position untenable for the troops in trenches between the bridges.

By the late afternoon of August 23rd the general position was grave, but not critical. The enemy had lost very heavily, while the men in the trenches were in comparison unscathed. Here and there, as we have seen, the Germans had obtained a lodgment in the British position, especially at the salient which had always appeared to be impossible to hold, but, on the other hand, the greater part of the army, including the whole First Corps, had not yet been seriously engaged, and there were reserve brigades in the immediate rear of the fighting line who could be trusted to make good any gap in the ranks before them. The German artillery fire was heavy and well-directed, but the British batteries had held their own.

Such was the position when, about five p.m., a telegram from General Joffre was put into Sir John French's hand, which must have brought a pang to his heart. From it he learned that all his work had been in vain, and that far from contending for victory he would be fortunate if he saved himself from utter defeat.

There were two pieces of information in this fatal message, and each was disastrous. The first announced that instead of two German corps who, he had reason to think, were in front of him, there were four—the third, fourth, seventh, and fourth reserve corps—forming, with the second and fourth cavalry divisions, a force of nearly two hundred thousand men, while the second corps were bringing another forty thousand round his left flank from the direction of Tournai.

The second item was even more serious. Instead of being buttressed up with French troops on either side of him, he learned that the Germans had burst the line of the Sambre, and that the French armies on his right were already in full retreat, while nothing substantial lay upon his left. It was a most perilous position. The British



## The Dish that Belongs to June

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting.

Summer brings flower-decked breakfast tables, and Puffed Grains seem to fit there. Summer brings berries, and Puffed Grains mixed with them make them doubly delightful.

Summer brings dairy suppers. And these airy tit-bits, flaky, toasted and crisp, are the morsels to float in milk.

### Playtime Bonbons Mealtime Foods

These are both foods and confections. Keep a package of them salted, or doused with melted butter, for the children to carry at play.

Use them in place of nut meats, in candy making, on a frosted cake, or as garnish for ice cream.

Almost every hour of the day, from breakfast to bedtime, brings some use for Puffed Grains. People consume, at this time of the year, a million packages weekly.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c

Consider Puffed Grains, above all else, as scientific foods. They are Prof. Anderson's invention. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made digestible. Every atom feeds.

They are not mere tit-bits—not mere palate-pleasers. They are made to

make whole grains wholly digestible. They are made to avoid any tax on the stomach.

Why serve these grains in a lesser form, when everyone prefers them puffed?

## The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

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force lay exposed and unsupported amid converging foes who far outnumbered it in men and guns.

What was the profit of one day of successful defense if the morrow might dawn upon a British Sedan? There was only one course of action, and Sir John decided upon it in the instant, bitter as the decision must have been. The army must be extricated from the battle and fall back until it resumed touch with its Allies.

But it is no easy matter to disengage so large an army which is actually in action and hard-pressed by a numerous and enterprising enemy. The front was extensive, and the lines of retreat were limited. That the operation was carried out in an orderly fashion is a testimony to the skill of the general, the talents of the commanders, and the discipline of the units. If it had been done at once and simultaneously, it would certainly have been the signal for a vigorous German advance and a possible disaster. The positions were therefore held, though no efforts were made to retake those points where the enemy effected a lodgment. There was no possible use in wasting troops in regaining positions which would in no case be held. As dusk fell, a dusk which was lightened by the glare of burning villages, some of the regiments began slowly to draw off to the rear. In the early morning of the

24th the definite order to retire was conveyed to the corps commanders, while immediate measures were taken to withdraw the impedimenta and to clear the roads.

Thus began that retreat in which a small army successfully shook itself clear from the long and close pursuit of a remarkable gallant, mobile, and numerous enemy—a retreat which will surely live in military history as a remarkable example of an army retaining its cohesion and morale in the presence of an overpowering adversary, who could never either cut them off or break in their rear guard.

The action of Mons upon August 23rd, interesting for its own sake, is more so as being the first clash between the British and German armies. Each army had for the first time an opportunity of forming a critical estimate of the other. German officers have admitted with soldierly frankness that the efficiency of the British came to them as a revelation. On the other hand, the British bore away a very clear conviction of the excellence of the German artillery and of the plodding bravery of the German infantry, together with a great reassurance as to their own capacity to hold their own at any reasonable odds.

She did not have barometrical bones, either, as so many old people maintain they have. Her deductions were all based on observation. Once, I recall, she was taking in some clothes from the line at ten o'clock at night—a still, starlit night without a cloud. I saw her shadow hobnobbing about huge and fantastic on the barn wall, thrown from the lantern she carried in her left hand, and went out to ask her why she took the clothes in.

"There wa'n't a cloud in the sky all day," she said, "and to-night the mountain's talkin'."

I listened carefully, and, sure enough, in the silence I could hear, three thousand feet above us, the steady rush of wind through the stunted spruce forest at timber-line. Up there the wind was roaring, then! I thought of Martineau's words, that the noisy hurricane rushes silently through the upper spaces where there is nothing to oppose it—that force by itself is silent. There seemed to me something almost Celtic, too, in this old Yankee woman's imagery. And her prediction proved correct; the next day came a deluge.

In this connection, I wonder how many boys used to do what we lads did twenty-five years ago in eastern Massachusetts. We would lay our ears to the telegraph-poles, and if "the wires were buzzing," as we put it, we felt sure we were in for bad weather. This quaint superstition could not have had an ancient origin, surely, for the telegraph is a nineteenth-century creation. Yet it is equally certain that we did not invent the superstition for ourselves. It was handed down to us from our elders.

Akin to the saying that "open and shet is a sign of wet" is the ancient saw that if you can see enough blue sky to make a pair of Dutchman's breeches it is going to clear up. I have found this saying almost universally familiar to young and old, in various parts of the country. How well I remember, in my childhood, the wide divergencies of opinion which used to develop between me and my parents regarding the exact amount of material required for a Dutchman's nether garments! Standing at the western windows, or on the veranda, I would gaze hopefully at the cloud dome overhead, looking for a rift, and when one appeared I would rush to my mentors with the information. It did no good to look for it in the east, for unless the west cleared my father affirmed that no dependence could be placed even on the bluest sky. Dragging my parents back to the window, I would point to my rift of blue, and triumphantly affirm it would make at least six pairs of breeches, only to be told that I hadn't the most rudimentary knowledge of Dutch fashions. Before I was allowed to venture forth on my fishing-trip or hunting expedition, it seems to me now that acres of blue had to be revealed through the parting cloud-wrack. Never did proverb have a more annoying flexibility of interpretation than that one!

The farmer, the dweller in the open, rises early and looks at once to the sky. Quite aside from any material considerations, indeed, the weather to each of us seems of so much importance as the temper of our companions, and almost as intimate. We look at the thermometer as soon as we descend the stairs, just as we look at it the last thing before going to bed. We gaze at the eastern horizon, at the portent of the sky, and often take our mood therefrom. We step out, perhaps, to see if the "cobwebs" are on the grass, or if there has been a heavy dew (both prophecies to the weather-wise), and in the freshness of the new-waked world we lift our heads to the great dome of the sky—felt only as a dome when the eye can rove the full horizon—and see there the little flecks and streamers of cloud, touched rosy by the sun which has not yet chased the shadows from the world about our feet, riding to meet the dawn. The sun heaves up above the world rim, the shiver of night chill suddenly departs as the long, golden rays stream over the mountains and across the valley to our feet, the birds redouble their song, and looking aloft again, we see the army of little white clouds, like spirits of the night, vanishing mysteriously away as if they melted into the blue.

Such is the dawning of a fair summer day. But there are other mornings when the clouds hang heavier, and low in the heavens, and those of us who are not weather-wise are in doubt, asking the first neighbor we meet, "Well, what's it going to do to-day?" Invariably, then, both questioner and questioned come to a pause, and both lift their faces and study the sky, once more aware of it as something near and intimate. If the sun goes into a cloud soon after rising, or if the day starts fair and rapidly "clouds up," we are told that the rain is certain to arrive, and most of us have come by experience to believe the saying. Connected with

## The Weather and the Sky

*How the Two Are Associated in the Mind and the Legends That Have Grown Up*

THE weather is one of the chief points of interest for members of the human race. It upsets our plans, governs to no small extent our daily habits and, with some people of a temperamental disposition, sways our moods. There is a real and constant interest in the sky for everyone. Legends, superstitions, couplets, have crept into the association of the weather and the sky and a delightfully readable article has been written on the subject by Walter Prichard Eaton in *Harper's Magazine*. He says:

It is surprising what a large number of us never see the sky, never see it intimately, that is to say, if such a word may be applied to our relations with immensity. Dwellers in cities or towns, travelers of illuminated highways, we never hobnob with Orion nor feel the earth ball swinging east below the still procession of the stars. We make our plans for the morrow, when they depend on the weather, not by consulting the heavens, but the newspaper. The sunset means little to us, and the sunrise we never see. A high flotilla of little windclouds on a summer day, a vast Himalaya of cumuli piled against the blue, a scudding cloud-wrack where the moon rides like a golden galleon in a heavy sea, the great downward swoop of the Milky Way, are magnificent handiworks of space we do not know, meaningless and unobserved. Poor bond-slaves to your canyon walls and municipal illumination, we yet walk in our pride and have quaint pity for the plainsman, the sailor ringed by the vast horizon, the Yankee farmer who watches the clouds after sunrise, the action of the mist curtain on the mountainside, to see if he shall cut his hay that morning. Yet those of us who dwell in the open have our pride, too, and our pity for those who do not know how the firmament showeth His handiwork, those to whom the simple question, "Well, what's it going to do to-morrow" is not fraught with profound importance.

The moon is vastly important. Not only was it once supposed that all crops, especially onions and beans, did better when planted in the old of the moon (the beans, otherwise, as I recall, would run to vine), but even in this day of popularized science you will hear farmers say, as they look at the young crescent, "it's goin' to be a dry month," or "It's goin' to be a wet month." In the city you will never see the new moon; some tall building will always hide it. But in the country, as the sunset glow is dying out, as the bird songs are hushed and the night insects have not begun their antiphonal chorus, in "the still time of the world," you will suddenly become aware in the west of that sweetly curved, golden crescent, dropping down, perhaps, into a feathery tree-top, or

hung over quiet water, or poised on the top of a pointed fir. It was "an old Injun sign" that if you can hang your powder-horn on the new moon, it is going to be a dry month. If you can't, it will be a wet one. Doubtless this superstition goes back to some primitive belief that rains come from the moon. If the crescent were tipped up enough to hold the powder-horn on one point, it meant the crescent would hold water, too; otherwise, the water would spill out.

The skipper of the *Hesperus* was wise to another belief about moon signs.

"Last night the moon had a silver ring,  
To-night no moon we see."

Therefore, he argued, they were in for a storm, and events certainly proved him right. It has always been a common belief that a ring around the moon portends bad weather, and it used to be further added that the number of stars visible inside the moon ring indicate the number of days before the storm will come. There is a good deal of sense to this belief, of course, for the ring means thick atmosphere, and the thicker it is, the fewer stars will be visible inside it (or, for that matter, anywhere else). The moon ring is still used by country weather prophets as a basis of prediction, and in this past winter I have several times seen it prove a reliable prognosticator of snow. However, I believe the scientists now say that if the storm comes, it is merely a coincidence.

When the moon is riding high and small through a driving cloud-wrack, the farmer, on his way in from his last trip to the barn, pauses to contemplate it, and is aware of the curious alternation of moonlight and shadow over the landscape, almost like slow lightning flashes indefinitely prolonged. The distant fields, the timbered mountainside, come into dim view, and then slowly they are obliterated again as a dark cloud sweeps across the moon, and the world seems to shiver. Then the farmer says to himself,

"Open and shet,  
Is a sign of wet,"

and looks perhaps, to see if the spout is adjusted over the rain-barrel, or thinks of the hay he had to leave out in the field. Or is it only in the morning that this sign holds? Opinions differ in different sections.

Whether "open and shet" is a sign of wet depends, of course, on the quality of the clouds and the direction of the wind, whether by night or morning, and to read these more intricate signs aright was the province once of the weather prophets. That they could tell so unerringly, as many of them often did, whether the clouds were "wind clouds," or were shredded off from some storm that would not advance farther, whether they threatened actual precipitation, or whether changes of temperature were due which would alter the meteorological conditions, was truly a remarkable proof of their powers of observation and deduction. I once knew an old woman who lived under the shadow of the White Mountains, and whose instinct for weather changes was almost uncanny.



this bit of weather-lore, of course, is the familiar rhyme:

Rainbow in the morning,  
Sailors take warning;  
Rainbow at night,  
Sailors' delight;  
Rainbow at noon,  
Rain very soon.

Another early-morning sign to look for is the action of the cattle. If they lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture, they are supposed to feel rheumatic weariness in their bones, like the old folks, due to an approaching storm. However, this superstition about the cattle is not confined alone to their early morning actions. If at any time of the day the cows are seen lying down, some one is sure to say, "It's going to rain." But the true weather prophets know that only in the first hours of the day is the sign significant.

Parenthetically, we might suggest that a delightful essay is yet to be written on "Bones as Barometers." Almost every family has at least one member who feels the coming of bad weather "in his bones," the fact that rheumatism is now known to be a muscular complaint having no effect on the hallowed phraseology. And in my boyhood there was not a village so small but it boasted a veteran whose honorable bullet-wound throbbed at the approach of a storm.

During the day there are a thousand signs to observe, if you are wise in weather-lore, quite too numerous to mention here. There is, for instance, the whirlwind, a little spiral of dust and dry leaves which so often springs up mysteriously and goes waltzing across a road or field. If it revolves from right to left, the weather will continue fair, but if it revolves the other way, rain will soon follow. Then, too, if you see the sheep feeding more eagerly than usual, look out for rain, or if the frogs are jumping with unwonted liveliness in the meadows. If the chimney-swallows flock high and dart about excitedly, watch for thunder-showers or high wind, while if the barn-swallows fly very low, rain is coming. If it is already raining, watch the chickens. If they stay under cover, the storm will not last long. If, however, they go out into the yard or runway, in spite of the wetting, the storm may be expected to continue for some time. Evidently the theory here is that they say to themselves: "Oh, what's the use. It's going to last all day!"—and plunge out into the rain.

The heavens, too, must be constantly observed. Select a single cloud for observation, and if it grows larger, that is a bad sign. If it diminishes, fair weather may be expected. On the other hand it is very suspicious if the sky is absolutely cloudless all day. Perhaps there is a hint of Puritan pessimism in this belief; nothing so perfect can long endure in this vale of tears! Again, watch the direction the clouds are taking, or keep an eye on the vane, and, if the wind is backing around into the fair-weather quarter, don't let it deceive you. It has to go around into the west by the full route before fair weather can be hoped for.

I love—and only too well, I fear—to sit in my garden summer-house, forgetful of the task before me, and gaze out on a summer day over the beds where the bees are busy in the blue veronica and the goldfinches are swaying in the cosmos, to the doming hardwoods on the hill beyond, which throw their leafy outlines against the lower slopes of vast mountain ranges, mighty Himalayas robed in eternal snow, but with no terror in their billowy ravines—the ethereal heights of the cumuli. A great, snowy, pink-tipped cumulus cloud above a doming green hill, rising into the blue of the summer sky, the hum of bees, the scent of flowers, and far off, perhaps, the sweet shrill of children at play—who for such a picture would not neglect his work? Who, indeed, but would let even his imagination grow languid, and if Hamlet were to say, "It is very like a camel," would reply, "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed," and when he said "Or like a whale?" would answer quite as cheerfully, "Very like a whale." After all, camel or whale or Mount Everest—what does it matter? It is a great white cloud on a summer day!

But it is when we leave the city abruptly, where we have scarcely been aware of moon or stars, sunsets or sunrises, and go into camp, perhaps, on the shore of some forest lake, or on the shoulder of a mountain, that we become most startlingly aware of the importance of the weather and the beauty and imminence of the sky. What camper, rising in the night to poke a dying fire, or waking on the ground with unaccustomed aches, has not looked up in sudden astonishment to the vault of stars, amazed at their number, and aware, too, with a strange, new sensitiveness, that they are shedding a perceptible radiance around him which he had

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never detected on his electrically illumined pavements? What camper on the mountainside, as he turned over on his back and looked up, nothing in his field of vision but the spire of stunted spruce and the great garden of the stars, has failed to sense with something akin to awe the eastward swing of the earth ball, a sense so sharp sometimes that all the stars seem the torches of a great procession marching by the other way, far aloft in

the midnight? It is at such moments that the little cares and perplexities and ambitions of our human life seem most to fall away, to shrink into insignificance, and we feel new springs of power pouring in from the silent places; or, at the very least, we wonder if, after all, the life which is lived close to the earth and the sky does not hold something we have lost in our hurry, our herding, our unrest.

lars as evidence of my good faith. He further stipulated that the rifles should be shown in lots of twenty-five thousand, each lot to be paid for when inspected. His conditions were so absurd that my buyer went back to Canada disgusted.

Out of curiosity I wrote to Washington about the rifles. They had been represented to me as United States rifles, sold at the close of the Spanish-American War, and in tip-top condition. I inquired if there were three hundred thousand such rifles in this country for sale.

The reply was that several thousand obsolete rifles, relegated to the junk-heap by the government some time after the war with Spain, had been hawked about the country for years. They would be about as serviceable in modern warfare as pop-guns. For a time, my informant added, the same deadly weapons could have been purchased in some of the big department stores at a dollar apiece. It was possible, he went on to say, that some one had corralled several thousand of them.

As I figured it out now, somebody probably did have a few thousand shooting-irons of some sort which he hoped, with luck, to wish on one of the warring nations; but I never set eyes on them, and the woman in the case went down to her death on the Lusitania. She was still in the munitions game, bound for Europe.

I come now to my dealings with the close friend of the Russian grand duke. The Muscovite prince, it seems, had a host of friends in this country, as the newspapers would say, but the man of whom I am going to tell was closest of all. He was an American, he said, but he had spent many years in Russia, and he shared with the grand duke an authority delegated to them, and to them alone—that of making changes in the standard Russian army rifle, should circumstances warrant it.

He had only just arrived in this country, he informed me, having made the trip on a British man-of-war. To have crossed the ocean otherwise, he explained, would have been highly dangerous for a man of his position, for spies were following him constantly. The warship was waiting outside the three-mile limit with steam up, ready to take him back as soon as his labors were done. In these labors he said that I as a comparatively unknown broker, could be of great service to him.

He had come to America to place an order for five million rifles, at twenty-six dollars each; five billion cartridges, at thirty-six dollars a thousand; and twenty million three-inch high explosive shells, at seventeen dollars and a quarter each. The total amount in money would be six hundred and fifty-five million dollars, for which the Russian government was prepared to pay twenty-five per cent. in cash, the remainder in "irrevocable credit."

As my commission would be two per cent. of the gross, I was, to say the least, interested. The man came to me well recommended. Among other letters, he had one from the wife of one of the most prominent manufacturers in the country. He explained that he displayed these domestic letters, and not his more formal credentials, because it would be unwise to carry official documents about with him.

It struck me as peculiar that he should have elected to do business through me rather than through one of the great banking-houses, but stranger things have happened in war-time. It seemed quite reasonable to accept his statement that he wished to remain in obscurity.

He was past middle age, nearer sixty than fifty. I should say, well dressed and well spoken. His hearing was bad. In one ear, I noticed, he was almost deaf—a fact not at all pertinent to the narrative, except that he said it was due to concussion from heavy gun-fire in front of Warsaw, where he had been with the grand duke while the defenses of the city were under bombardment of the Germans.

Warsaw had not yet fallen, and he said it never would fall if he could obtain the rifles and ammunition that Russia so sorely needed. Speed was his watchword. To get speed he was willing not only to alter specifications where necessary, but to waive manufacturers' performance bonds. He could do this, he said, by special arrangement with the Czar and the grand duke.

I got into touch with a dozen manufacturers in and about New York, and that afternoon, in a motor-car which I had engaged, the man from Russia and I set out. We went first to a factory in Brooklyn, where the president of the concern received us with marked cordiality and ill-concealed elation.

My companion's first words convinced both me and the manufacturer that he knew what he was talking about. Entering the first department of

## Placing War Orders in America

*Confessions of a War Broker Gives Insight Into Conditions That Existed*

THE war has brought to the United States a huge new industry—war munitions. In the first stages the placing of contracts in the States was carried out in mysterious roundabout ways. Brokers sprang up by the thousands, options were bought and traded, fakirs were legion and many very curious complications arose. Some stories of these "shoe-string broker" days are told by Frank B. Elser in *Munseys* in the course of an article, "The Confessions of a War Broker." A few of the most interesting of his anecdotes are appended.

We all talked in millions, and—I might as well say it—we all told lies. That was part of the game. All of us were imposed upon at times. Men seeking to get rich overnight are more credulous than you would imagine. We all fell for relatives of a Russian grand duke, and for the close friend of a cousin of Lord Kitchener, and for the nephew of a member of the British cabinet, all of whom, traveling *incognito*, had come here secretly to place tremendous orders for munitions.

I trailed around one whole day with a man whom I now believe to have been a lunatic. I dickered secretly with people who had this and that to sell, and in at least one instance I received a round-about offer of stuff that I myself had offered to Bill Jones, who had told John Smith, who had told some one else, who had got in touch with me. Once, through a series of intermediaries, I made an appointment to meet a man who wanted to buy blankets for the Russian army, and was confronted by my own partner.

I ran the whole gamut from rifles to aeroplanes, from shoes to barbed wire, and though many times I nearly put something over, I never quite succeeded in doing so. My failure was largely due to the fact that by the time we had become familiar with our new calling, the belligerent governments had become familiar with theirs. By this I mean that they realized that the buying of munitions had to be more strictly systematized and done through designated channels.

It was in the days before the game had become standardized that the free-lance broker flourished—or, to be more exact, existed in large numbers. For a time hundreds—thousands, counting noses as the crowd came and went—made their headquarters at the hotel I have in mind. They have since thinned out considerably; but the crowd as I knew it, during the height of the munitions craze, always will be to me the strangest, the most interesting and at times and in spots the most pathetic, yet withal the most optimistic gathering that ever assembled under a roof. That roof, incidentally, was usually the ceiling of the hotel bar.

When the first panicky demands for munitions and supplies of all sorts began to reach this country from Europe, it seemed as if every hibernating promoter, every near-inventor, and every dreamer of dreams that had never come true packed his lean kit, and, if he could scrape together the car-fare, came to New York to get rich overnight. Not a few, I suspect, reached the city by means which excluded not only the Pullman, but the plain daycoach as well. They came from innumerable obscure boarding-houses over the length and breadth of the land, and augmenting an army of kindred spirits who had mobilized in the city, they swept down and took possession like a swarm of invading locusts. Four hotels were included in their stamping-grounds, but one was their headquarters, and it was there that I hung out.

And the yarns that were told! There was a psychology to it all that I have never been able to fathom. In one breath I have heard well-dressed men state in all seriousness that they had just

closed a deal netting them a hundred thousand dollars in cash and five thousand dollars in "irrevocable credit"; in the next I have heard them ask for a two-dollar loan.

I have heard men with less than that sum in their pockets say:

"Hey, boy! Bring me a fifty-cent cigar!"

There was among the war brokers a sort of a camaraderie, but this was in conflict with an ever-present feeling of professional jealousy and suspicion which militated against us all.

A broker in Paris, London, or Petrograd, seeking materials here would communicate with fifty agencies in New York, each of which, in turn, would notify fifty individual brokers. Each of these men acted as if he were the sole agent in the transaction, with the result that if five hundred thousand rifles were wanted, the number, through the duplication of orders, sprang into millions. Brokers stepped on one another's feet, crossed and recrossed one another's trail; mined, sapped, and undermined to such an extent that usually the whole thing, so far as their profits were concerned, blew up.

I had dealings in this way, and by direct cable, with mysterious men in London, Paris, Petrograd, Rome, and Madrid. On more than one occasion I know I was double-crossed. The man in Madrid, for instance, inquired about coal. When I told him where it could be procured, he went and procured it, leaving me to whistle for my commission.

On several occasions, acting for persons abroad who said they could sell a certain article provided I could get it, I got manufacturers in line, obtained prices that were satisfactory, and stood to clean up nicely, when my friend abroad demanded a commission that was prohibitive. He argued that I could tack on ten per cent. of the gross price for him; his government would stand for it.

As a matter of fact, I knew that his government wouldn't stand for it. Moreover, I found the American manufacturer pretty honest. In one case in which I was involved a Russian patriot wanted us to tack on, for his personal benefit, an additional seventeen per cent. When the manufacturer with whom I was dealing heard of it, he was so indignant that he washed his hands of the whole affair; and again I lost.

I lined up a big guncotton order for a man in Paris only to have him side-track me in the proceedings and close the deal with the manufacturer direct.

I got into touch with the head of the Renault Commission in Ottawa, and was well on the way toward placing a contract for ten thousand horses, when the horsedealers with whom I was negotiating decided that I was an unnecessary party to the proceedings. They went to Canada themselves, and left me in the cold. Whether they sold their horses I don't know. I hope not.

I advanced one man two hundred and fifty dollars to make a trip west to obtain horses for which he showed me a written contract with the French government. I never saw him again. The contract, as I learned later, was a forgery.

It took me several months to realize that there was only a limited amount of munitions in the United States, and that these when exhausted, would have to be replaced by manufacturers who would work through channels in which the shoe-string brokers did not swim.

Early in the game I had three hundred thousand rifles offered me. I lined up a buyer for those guns—a representative of the British government, who came expressly down from Canada to see them, and who was prepared to pay cash. Then I couldn't find the guns.

After seeing five men, each of whom said he was the principal, I was finally referred to a woman. She, in turn, referred me to a man, who told me that I could have the rifles for thirty dollars each. The original price had been twenty-six. I could have them at thirty dollars, he said, provided I would deposit in a trust company a million dol-



the plant, he swept it with a glance that was unmistakably critical and professional. He asked leading questions of the foreman and of the workmen, further attesting his knowledge. In order better to inspect the machinery, he removed his frock coat and asked for a workman's jumper. In this he finished his rounds.

Back in the president's private office, he peeled off the jumper and stood rather impressively in his shirt-sleeves.

"You have here," he said, "one of the best-equipped little plants I ever inspected. It is my great pleasure to award to you, in the name of the Czar, a contract for a trial order of one million rifles. My friend here"—referring to me—"will go over the details with you to-morrow."

We left to visit three other plants. At each, with slight variations, the same performance was enacted. Contracts for three million rifles were tentatively placed.

When we reached our hotel, about dusk, my friend from Russia was somewhat weary after his exertions, and I was a trifle dazed at the despatch with which he had worked. I had read that the grand duke was a wonder at accomplishing things, but he had nothing on his representative.

We paused in the hotel corridor after I had paid a sixteen-dollar motor bill.

"I am not stopping here," the man from Russia confided. "For me it would not be safe. But to-morrow we shall meet here again—let us say at eleven o'clock. Our first day has been most successful."

With that he said good-night. I went into a writing-room and figured, on the back of an envelope, what I stood to make on the day's transactions. It came to five hundred and sixty thousand dollars, less sixteen dollars for the taxicab.

I went into the bar and ordered something. Then, as was and is the custom of the crowd, I told of my day's pickings, withholding the name of the buyer and the factories we had visited.

"That," said a broker near me, whom I knew very well, "sounds like the grand duke's friend."

I admitted that it was none other.

"Um-m!" said my friend, and finished his drink.

"What's the large idea?" I asked. "Is he a crook?"

My friend solemnly tapped his forehead.

"Absolutely no circulation above the hatband," he said. "Crazy."

"You're crazy yourself," said I, "and I'll prove it at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. He'll be back here then."

"That's what he told me," said my friend. "Did he inform you that to finance his transactions he proposed to take over the National City Bank?"

I admitted that he had not.

"Well, he did me," said my friend.

The man from Russia did not show up the next day, nor the next, nor the next. I do not know now whether I spent the day on a tour of inspection with a lunatic. However, I have my suspicions.

He may have been a practical joker winning, or paying, a bet. He may have been a writer of fiction, testing the plausibility of certain situations. Or it may be that he has run afoul of those spies; or that he received a hurry call from the grand duke and sailed away on the British man-of-war. This last explanation sounds reasonable, for a day or two after I saw him Warsaw fell to the Germans.

## The Man From Athabasca

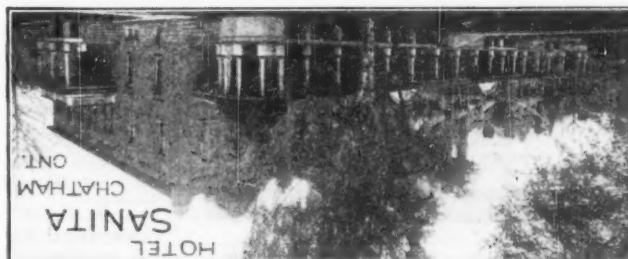
Perhaps the best in the stirring series of war poems that Robert W. Service is writing at the front for MacLean's Magazine, appears in the August issue—"The Man From Athabasca."

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## Health and Success

An Interesting Explanation of the  
Precepts of a Clever Salesman

IN planning what they must do to achieve success men frequently overlook one of the most important of all considerations—health. Without the physical health and power to carry out the dictates of the will, a man can neither get far nor score a permanent success. The puny body of Pascal limited the achievements of his wonderful mind. If Napoleon had not possessed an iron physique his career would have ended before he became Emperor. Heroic efforts of will and mind lead inevitably to break down, if they are not accompanied by zealous care of the body.

An interesting contribution on this phase of "preparedness" appears in *The American Magazine* from the pen of Fred C. Kelly. He writes in part:

In the first place, the best selling point for an article is to get it associated in the mind of the customer with success. Everything, even remotely connected with the article, that suggests success is a point which weighs in favor of the sale. If the salesman looks prosperous, the customer unconsciously or subconsciously receives the impression that this prosperity grew out of the excellence of the article he is selling. The salesman should carry into a store an impression of success, prosperity, and harmony. He should look as if things are "breaking well" for him, as the saying is. Now the idea of complete harmony cannot be conveyed, as I look at it, without health. A sallow complexion suggests that something is not just as it should be. An unhealthy man is more likely to get sympathy than admiration. Sometimes he even excites a feeling almost like contempt.

So I make it a point to be fairly agilitier with good health and vigor and success and content and general harmony. If a man asks me about my business or family or health or what not, I make it a point to drive home the impression that everything is perfectly lovely.

I hit on this idea of looking hale and hearty and healthy in a peculiar way. Some years ago I was obliged to spend the night in the same hotel room with a customer who had come from another town. This man was a bit of a health crank and took exercises every night before retiring. I decided to do just as he did, to sort of put him at his ease. He got the impression that I, also, had long been addicted to a few vigorous calisthenics just before crawling into bed. The more enthusiastically he talked about his gymnastics the more heartily I agreed with him. It is always well to agree with a customer in so far as possible, particularly on his own hobbies.

"I've been told," I said to him, as we went through some of his exercises together, "that there are thousands of persons living in enlightened communities who go to bed without a minute of systematic exercise."

"Well," they'll regret it someday," declared my customer. "By the way, let's see some of your stunts."

And I had to go through a lot of motions that I hadn't thought of since I was a boy about ten years old attending gymnasium. The next morning, to cap the climax, my customer woke me up with the startling tidings:

"I've got your cold bath all ready for you."

I dared not renege, and, grave indeed though it was, I had to immerse myself in a tub of liquid icicles and act as if I enjoyed it. It was the first cold bath I had ever taken since I got old enough to decide things for myself.

Well, I got what my friend called "a dandy reaction," that is, after the first shock was over the blood gave a warm, pink, tingling glow to all parts of my body. I tried exercise and a cold bath for a week. Then one morning a customer who had never before paid much attention to me, remarked:

"Say! You're looking mighty hale and prosperous lately. What's the idea?"

"I am prosperous," I told him, smilingly; I've got something the people want."

That man has been my steady customer ever since. And, better still, he had given me a big idea. I've kept an eye on my complexion and my general health and appearance ever since. I am not one of those cold bath liars who will tell you that they fairly revel in their icy morning plunge. I hate mine. But I do it because I think it helps me to look healthy and wealthy and wise. It's purely a means to an end.

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## Shaking the Mailed Fist at Uncle Sam

*Some Incidents Which Explain American Distrust of Germany*

**A** PART from racial sympathies, dating back beyond the causes and events of the war, there are reasons for the friendliness of the bulk of the American people for the allied cause and the general antipathy shown toward Germany. It can be traced to certain fairly recent occasions when the Kaiser shook his mailed fist in the face of Uncle Sam. James Middleton tells of these diplomatic crises in a very interesting article in *World's Work*. He says:

Even so great an admirer and well wisher of Germany as Andrew D. White, who returned to Berlin as Ambassador in 1897, admits that unfriendliness widely prevailed. "On my settling down to the business of the Embassy," he writes, contrasting 1897 with 1879, "it appeared that the changes in public sentiment since my former stay as minister, eighteen years before, were great indeed. At that time German feeling was decidedly friendly to the United States. But all this was now changed." And, speaking of the German press, "there were in all Germany but two newspapers of real importance friendly to the United States. . . . All the others were more or less hostile, and some bitterly so. The one which I read every morning was of the worst. During the Spanish War it was especially virulent, being full of statements and arguments to show that corruption was the main characteristic of our government, cowardice of our army and navy, and hypocrisy of our people. Very edifying were quasi-philosophical articles; and one of these, showing the superiority of the Spanish women to their American sisters, especially as regards education, was a work of genius. . . . The doings of every scapegrace in an American university, of every silly woman in Chicago, of every blackguard in New York, of every snob at Newport, of every desperado in the Rocky Mountains, of every club loafer everywhere, were served up as typical examples of American life. The municipal governments of our country, especially that of New York, were an exhaustless quarry from which specimens of every kind of scoundrelism were drawn and used in building up an ideal structure of American life: corruption, lawlessness, and barbarism being its most salient features. Nor was this confined to the more ignorant. Men who stood high in the universities, men of the greatest amiability, who in the former days had been the warmest friends to America, had now become our bitterest opponents, and some of their expressions seemed to point to eventual war."

An incident at Hong Kong, in the early part of 1898, intensified this ill-feeling. At that time, Germany aspired to play a great part in Eastern affairs, in pursuit of which ambition the Kaiser had sent his brother, Prince Henry, with a considerable fleet. The Kaiser had sped his brother farewell in one of his characteristically flamboyant speeches, instructing him to display Germany's "mailed fist" in the Orient. At that time Spanish-American relations were rapidly verging towards war; one result seemed inevitably the destruction of Spain as a colonial power and Germany, as well as other continental powers, unfavorably regarded the prospect that her colonies might fall to the United States. Doubtless, part of the duties of this new German squadron was to make "observations," and to stand ready to act in the Philippine situation, should the imperial policy decide on drastic action. The German officers showed their sympathy with Spain and their contempt of the United States in all possible ways.

These insults culminated at a dinner which Prince Henry gave to the officers of the foreign warships, which was attended by Admiral Dewey and other Americans. Following the usual custom, Prince Henry, rising, proposed toast to the nations whose representatives were his guests. Diplomatic etiquette stipulated that these nations should be mentioned in alphabetical order, the French names being used. The first toast was, therefore, proposed to Germany (*Allemagne*). Next came England (*Angleterre*), followed by Spain (*Espagne*). Since the French name for the United States is *Etats-Unis*, the toast to this nation should have followed that of *Espagne*. Ignoring this, Prince Henry next proposed France. Few men are so punctilious on diplomatic etiquette



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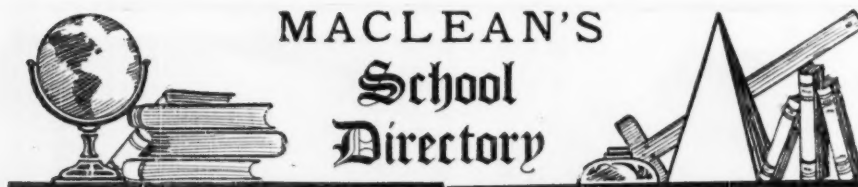
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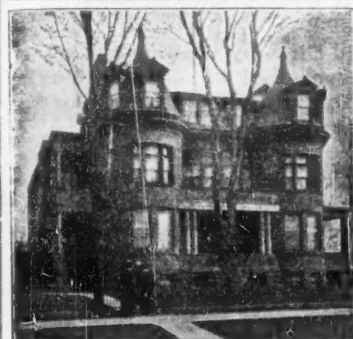
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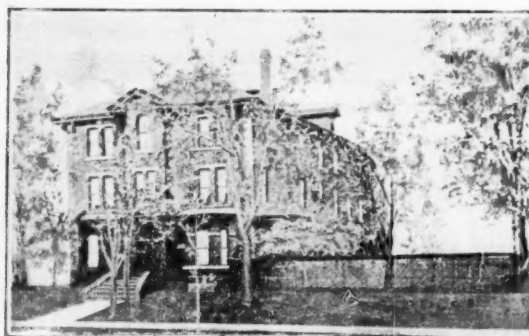
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as Admiral Dewey, and, at this affront, he rose, with officers, and quietly left the table.

Naturally the incident produced a sensation both in Germany and America. Prince Henry sent an officer to apologize, but Admiral Dewey, again the soul of punctiliousness, refused to accept an apology sent second-hand. His Royal Highness had personally insulted the United States; the same gentleman must personally offer the *amende honorable*. Then Prince Henry made a ceremonial call and apologized. He explained the incident as due to a temporary mental aberration. Although he was using the French names for the other countries, he said, his mind persistently "connoted" the United States under its familiar German appellation, *Vereinigte-Staaten*. The blunder was such a gross one, such an inconceivable violation of international decency, that only a mental twist of this kind could possibly have accounted for it.

The extracts from Mr. White's autobiography indicate the state of German feeling during the Spanish War. France and Russia were not over-friendly; but Austria and Germany actually attempted to interfere. In this campaign Austria took the lead. The Queen Regent of Spain was an Austrian archduchess, a niece of Emperor Francis Joseph and greatly beloved by him. Dynastic influence not only persuaded the Emperor to champion Spain against the United States, but the spectacle of an ancient monarchy going to pieces at the blow of a parvenu Republic was also disconcerting to the Central Empires.

In those fatal early weeks in April, 1898, preceding the war, Spain was frantically rushing from one capital to another, imploring assistance against the United States. About the busiest man in Washington were Van Hengelmüller, the Austrian Ambassador, and Von Holleben, who represented the Kaiser. Americans did not understand then, and do not understand now, the peril which then overshadowed them. We thought that our real enemy was Spain; our real enemy, however, was an European coalition against us. Had Austria and Germany had their way, the whole of Europe, backed by its fleets and armies, would have forbidden us from going to war with Spain.

The programme fell to the ground for one reason—England energetically refused to join the conspiracy. Sir Julian Pauncefote was then English Ambassador, and also the dean of diplomatic corps. On April 6th, acting as dean, he received the Ambassadors of France, Austria, Germany, and Italy, presiding over a meeting big with significance for the United States. The full details of that meeting have never been published. Enough is known, however, to justify the statement that the Ambassadors discussed presenting to President McKinley a note protesting against American intervention in the affairs of Cuba as unjustified and declaring that such intervention would not be regarded with indifference by the Great European powers. But Sir Julian Pauncefote, acting under instructions received from Lord Salisbury, absolutely refused to join in any such protest. With the world's greatest naval power taking the side of the United States, and with the general impression that such co-operation might take more than a diplomatic form, the carefully laid plans to coerce this country fell to pieces. Instead of this, the diplomats drew up a harmless note for presentation to Mr. McKinley. "The undersigned," it read, "representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia, duly authorized in that behalf, address, in the names of their respective governments, a pressing appeal to the feelings of humanity and moderation of the President and of the American people in their existing difficulties with Spain. They earnestly hope that further negotiations will lead to an agreement, which, while securing the maintenance of peace, will afford all necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in Cuba. The powers do not doubt that the humanitarian and purely disinterested character of this representation will be fully recognized and appreciated by the American nation."

Before participating in even this pious expression, Sir Julian Pauncefote called on President McKinley and asked if he had any objection to it. The President having given his consent, the diplomatic representatives, in full regalia, led by Pauncefote as dean—the farce must have caused him infinite amusement, especially when he realized how different this "protest" was from the one originally planned—called at the White House and presented this formidable document. President McKinley, also with a straight face, received the gentlemen, took the paper, and thanked them for their good intentions. "The Government of the United States," he said, "appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the powers named;



and, for its part, is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavors to fulfil a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable."

A newspaper humorist summed up this momentous performance as follows:

"Said the six Ambassadors: 'We hope for humanity's sake that you will not go to war.' Said Mr. McKinley in reply: 'We hope if we do go to war you will understand that it is for humanity's sake.' And the incident was closed."

Afterward, when Germany adopted a policy of conciliation toward the United States instead of the mailed fist, she attempted to explain away her part in this international episode. Unfortunately, the Kaiser's official acts, after war began, are things that Americans can never forget. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, in his recently published "Life of John Hay," quotes the Kaiser as having said: "If I had only had a fleet, I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scuff of the neck." The behavior of his fleet at Manila, though it did not actually succeed in doing anything so violent as this, constantly demonstrated its ambition to go to extremes. Only Admiral Dewey's sagacity, energy and sense of his nation's dignity prevented trouble. Since Admiral Dewey and Secretary Long have told the whole story, the facts are no longer in dispute.

Just what purpose the Kaiser had in his Manila performance no one knows; possibly, as already said, a plan of conquest inspired his behavior; as matters turned out, however, the episode has merely passed into history as another illustration of German swagger and bad manners. Indeed, this is the final diagnosis passed upon Admiral von Diederich, the German commander at Manila, by Captain Chichester, the senior English officer. "Diederich has no sea manners," said this English tar. Another current story represents Chichester as sitting in his cabin, apparently deeply immersed in a large red book, when Diederich came in to pay a friendly call.

"What's that book you are reading?" he asked.

That's a book on naval etiquette," replied the Englishman.

"Indeed!" replied the German. "I didn't know that such a book existed."

"Let me present you with it," said Captain Chichester, handing it to him. "You really ought to read it."

Now Admiral Dewey's hobby, next to seamanship, is international law. The Navy regards him as one of its greatest experts on that subject. When, after defeating the Spanish squadron at Manila, he established the blockade, the American Admiral understood all the niceties of his situation. His first difficulties with the Germans arose over their failure to understand the merits of this blockade. According to law, the blockading admiral controls the harbor; even warships can enter or leave only with his permission, and they occupy such anchorages as he assigns them. It is the custom, when such a blockade is established, for neutral powers to send one or two ships for "observations"—mainly to assure themselves that a really "effective" blockade exists. France, Japan, and England sent such vessels to Manila. In entering the harbor their commanders obeyed the usual rules, and accepted the anchorages Dewey allotted to them.

But, one fine day, into Manila Bay came the German cruiser *Irene*, steamed grandly past Dewey's flagship, the *Olympia*, and anchored in a place selected by herself. Dewey, believing that this violation of sea manners was merely caused by ignorance, ignored it. One morning at three o'clock, another ship bearing the German flag was picked up by a searchlight. It was rapidly approaching the *Olympia*. There were Spanish gunboats then secreted about the Philippines; this vessel might easily be one of these carrying a German flag and attempting to get near enough to the *Olympia* to launch a torpedo. Admiral Dewey ordered a warning shot fired over its bows. Still the German paid no attention, and another shot was fired—this one coming so close that the water, splashing where it hit, fell in a shower on the intruder's deck. Then the *Cormoran*—for it was another German observer—promptly came to.

By the time Vice-Admiral von Diederich arrived, Germany had a squadron of five vessels at Manila. Germany's naval forces, indeed, had greater strength in the Philippines than had those of the United States. This large fleet in itself constituted an unfriendly act. England, which had infinitely greater interests in the Islands, at no time had more than three. When Dewey paid his call of ceremony on Von Diederich, he alluded to the size of the German squadron.



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"I am here by order of the Kaiser, sir," replied Vice-Admiral von Diederich, in his most Germanic manner.

The German Admiral and his staff constantly visited the Spanish officials at Manila, with whom they maintained the friendliest relations. At this time the Americans had not yet captured the city; they were blockading it, awaiting the arrival of American troops before engaging in a general assault. Dewey's position, with a heavier German squadron on the ground and the knowledge that Camara's fleet had left Cadiz for the Philippines, was, therefore, not over comfortable. And Von Diederich was constantly making trouble. His vessels sailed across the Bay, passing in and out the American lines, paying not the slightest regard to the blockade. Finally the Germans committed a breach that resulted in a crisis. A German cruiser landed a boatload of supplies for the besieged Spanish forces in Manila—a violation of neutrality that amounted almost to an act of war. Dewey called his flag lieutenant and instructed him to take his compliments to Admiral von Diederich, and informed him "of this extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse." And then he added:

"Say to Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight, he can have it now!"

At this the German Admiral disavowed the action of his subordinates, saying that they had no authority to provision the Spanish garrison.

The Philippine insurrectionists, who were then co-operating with the United States, were preparing to make an attack on the Isla Grande in Subig Bay. They desisted when the German cruiser *Irene* threatened to shell them. At this Dewey sent the *Raleigh* and the *Concord*, their decks cleared for action, with instructions to drive off the *Irene* and take the Spanish position. When the American ships entered the Bay at a furious speed, the *Irene* put on full steam and departed.

But Germany's most offensive act took place on the day reinforcements, new ships, and supplies having arrived from America, that Dewey started his bombardment of Manila. As Dewey's squadron started to take up its position before the batteries

at Cavite, the German squadron followed its rear. When Dewey stopped the Germans also stopped. No one even to-day knows what these manœuvres meant, opinion dividing as to whether Von Diederich meant to be merely insulting or whether it was his plan to fire on the American ships—to open war for the German capture of the Philippines. Had he pursued the latter plan Dewey's position, placed between the Cavite batteries and the German squadron, would have been exceedingly uncomfortable.

Now followed an episode that will long be remembered in our navy. The three British ships came along and took up a position between the American and the German squadrons. Von Diederich could not fire without hitting the English men-of-war. If Von Diederich had ever intended to open hostilities, this little action chilled his ardor; soon after, three of his vessels disappeared in the night and Manila knew them no more.

All these things explain the suspicion and even unfriendliness with which Americans have since regarded Germany. Since then, the Kaiser has sought to gain their friendship: he sent over his brother, Prince Henry—the same man who had insulted Admiral Dewey at Manila in 1898—to make a visit in the interest of better German-American feeling. The Americans turned out in large numbers to see the Prince; German-Americans raised their "hoops" wherever he appeared; Herman Ridder entertained him at an elaborate newspaper dinner, and the German societies held a huge *Fackelzug*—torchlight parade—in his honor. His Royal Highness behaved commendably in democratic fashion, showed himself a master in American slang, using with skill and appropriateness such phrases as "It's a cinch," "Not on your life," "Hustle" and "Get busy." Looking back on this visit now, it seems that it was made more as a demonstration in the interests of German-Americans, as an attempt to promote Pan-Germanism in the United States, than as a sincere tribute to the nation. But neither Prince Henry, nor exchange professors, nor Germanic museums, nor gift horses like statues of Frederick the Great have destroyed the memories of the Spanish War.

are the fruits of liberty as Britain has understood it and practised it.

II. Britain stands for the principle of nationality. She has always given her sympathy to the efforts of a people restless under a foreign dominion to deliver themselves from the stranger and to be ruled by a Government of their own. The efforts of Greece from 1820 till her liberation from the Turks, the efforts of Italy to shake off the hated yoke of Austria and attain national unity under an Italian King, found their warmest support in England. English Liberals gave their sympathy to national movements in Hungary and Poland. They gave that sympathy also to the German movement for national unity from 1848 to 1870, for in those days that movement was led by German Liberals of lofty aims who did not desire, as the recent rulers of Germany have desired, to make their national strength a menace to the peace and security of their neighbors.

In India, England has long ceased to absorb into her dominions the native States, and has been seeking only to guide the rulers of those States into the paths of just and humane administration, while leaving their internal affairs to their own native Governments. Representative institutions like those of England herself cannot be extended to the numerous races that compose the Indian population, because they are not yet fit for such institutions. A firm and impartial hand is, indeed, needed to keep the peace among them. But the British Government in India regards, and has long regarded, its power as a trust to be used for the benefit of the people, and in recent years efforts have been made to associate the people more and more with the work of the higher branches of administration and legislation.

Native judges sit beside European judges in the highest courts, while the vast mass of local administration is conducted by native officials and native judges. No tribute or revenue of any kind is drawn by England from India or from any of those colonies which the Home Government controls. The happy results of this policy have been seen in the steady increase of the confidence and goodwill of the native rulers and aristocracy of India to the British Government, so that when the present war broke out all those rulers at once offered military aid. Large Indian forces gladly came to fight, and fought most gallantly beside the British forces in France.

III. England stands for the maintenance of treaty obligations and of those rights of the smaller nations which rest upon such obligations. The circumstances of the present war, which saw Belgium suddenly attacked by a power that had itself solemnly guaranteed the neutrality of Belgian territory, summoned England to stand up for the defense of those rights and obligations.

Both these principles—the observance of treaties and the rights of the smaller neutral States—have been raised in the sharpest form by the unprovoked invasion of Belgium only two days after the German Minister at Brussels had lulled the uneasiness of the Belgian Government by his pacific assurances. Such conduct was a threat to every neutral nation. That which befell Belgium might have befallen Switzerland or Holland had Germany decided that it was to her interests to attack either of them for the sake of securing a passage for her armies. England was obliged to come to Belgium's support and fulfill the obligations she had herself contracted to defend the neutrality of the country unrighteously attacked. It would be superfluous to say, if the German Government had not endeavored to deceive its own subjects and other nations by a gross misrepresentation of the facts, that England never had the least intention of entering Belgium, except to protect it should its territory be violated.

IV. England stands for the regulation of the methods of warfare in the interests of humanity, and especially for the exemption of noncombatants from the sufferings and horrors which war brings. Here is another issue raised by the present crisis, another conflict of opposing principles. In the ancient world, and among semi-civilized peoples in more recent times, noncombatant civilians as well as the fighting forces had to bear those sufferings. The men were killed, combatants and noncombatants alike; the women and children, if spared, were reduced to slavery. That is what the Turkish Government—I say "the Government" because some good Moslems disapprove—have been doing during the last few months in Asia Minor and Armenia, on a far larger scale than even the massacres perpetrated by Abdul Hamid in 1895-6. They are slaughtering the men, they are enslaving some of the women by selling them in open market or seizing them for the harem, and driving the rest,

## The War Attitude of Britain

*A Summary by Viscount Bryce of British Ideals and Aims*

**A**N extremely able summary of the war attitude of Great Britain is contributed by Viscount Bryce, former Ambassador to the United States, to the *New York Times*. It is worth reprinting as it outlines clearly the viewpoint of the nation and the objectives of our civilization. He says:

There is a familiar expression which we use in England to sum up the position and aims of a nation. It is "What does the nation 'stand for'?" What are the principles and the interests which prescribe its course? What are the ends, over and above its own welfare, which it seeks to promote? What is the nature of the mission with which it feels itself charged? What are the ideals which it would like to see prevailing throughout the world?

There are five of these principles or aims or ideals which I will here set forth, because they stand out conspicuously in the present crisis, though they are all more or less parts of the settled policy of Britain.

1. The first of these five is liberty. England and Switzerland have been the two modern countries in which liberty first took tangible form in laws and institutions. Holland followed, and the three peoples of the Scandinavian North, kindred to us in blood, have followed likewise.

In England liberty appeared from early days in a recognition of the right of the citizen to be protected against arbitrary power and to bear his share in the work of governing his own community. It is from Great Britain that other European countries whose political condition had, from the end of the Middle Ages down to the end of the eighteenth century, been unfavorable to freedom, drew, in that and the following century, their examples of a Government which could be united and efficient and yet popular, strong to defend itself against attack, and yet respectful of the rights of its own members.

The British Constitution has been the model whence most of the countries that have within recent times adopted constitutional Government have drawn their institutions. Britain has herself during the last eighty years made her constitution more and more truly popular. It is now as democratic as that of any other European country, and in their dealings with other countries the British people have shown a constant sympathy with freedom. They showed it early in the nineteenth century to Spanish constitutional reformers and to Greek insurgents against Turkish tyranny. They showed it to Switzerland when they foiled (in 1847) the attempt of Metternich to interfere with her independence. They have shown it markedly within recent years. Britain has given free Governments to all those of her colonies in which there is a population of European origin capable of using them, and this has confirmed the attachment to herself of those colonies.

There had long been troubles and controversies connected with the state of Ireland, for, although she was fully represented in the British Parliament, the majority of the population expressed a desire, which excited much opposition, to have autonomous institutions granted to them. It had been found hard to find an acceptable solution of this question, chiefly because a considerable element in the Irish population did not wish for those institutions. But the question was settled in 1914 by the passing of an act giving to Ireland (subject to certain safeguards and provisions not yet settled in detail) a local Parliament as a satisfaction to national sentiment and to the desire of a majority for that kind of autonomy which they had asked for through their representatives in Parliament.

What has been the result? Ireland, on whose disaffection to the United Kingdom the German Government had been counting, has shown herself when the war broke out to be thoroughly loyal. Protestants and Roman Catholics view with one another in volunteering into the new armies which have been raised during the last twelve months. Some of the most powerful speeches made in defense of the war have come from the leaders of the Irish Nationalists. Some of the finest deeds of valor have been done by Irish regiments. These





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with the children, out into deserts to perish from hunger. . . .

In the war of 1870-71 the German troops behaved better in France than an invading force had usually behaved in similar circumstances. Now, however, in the present war the German military and naval commanders have taken a long step backward toward barbarism. Innocent non-combatants have been slaughtered by thousands in Belgium and in France, and the only excuse offered (for the facts of the slaughter are practically admitted) is that German troops have sometimes been fired at by civilians.

Now it is true that any civilian who takes up arms without observing the rules prescribed for civilian resistance is liable to be shot. The rules of war permit that. But it is contrary to the rules of war, as well as to common justice and humanity, to kill a civilian who has not himself sought to harm an invading force. The fact that some other civilian belonging to the same town may have fired on the invaders does not justify the killing of an innocent person. To seize innocent inhabitants, call them "hostages" for the good behavior of their town, and shoot them if the invaders are molested by persons whose actions these so-called "hostages" cannot control, is murder and nothing else. Yet that is what the German commanders have done upon a great scale.

German air war has been conducted with equal inhumanity. Bombs are being dropped upon undefended towns and quiet country villages, in places where there are no troops, no war factories, no stores of ammunition. Hardly a combatant has suffered, and the women and children killed have been far more numerous than the male non-combatants. . . .

The same retrogression toward barbarism is seen in the German conduct of war at sea. It had long been the rule and practice of civilized nations that when a merchant vessel is destroyed by a ship of war because it is impossible to carry the merchant vessel into the port of the captor, the crew and the passenger of the vessel should be taken off and their lives saved before the vessel is sunk.

Common humanity prescribes this, but the German submarines have been sinking unarmed merchant vessels and drowning their passengers and crews without giving them even the opportunity to surrender. They did this in the case of the Lusitania, drowning 1,100 innocent non-combatants, many of them citizens of neutral States, and they have since repeatedly perpetrated the same crime. The same thing was done quite recently (apparently by Austria) in the case of the Italian passenger ship Ancona. This is not war, but murder.

These facts raise an issue in which the interests of all mankind are involved. The German Government claims the right to kill the innocent because that suits its military interests. England denies this right, as all countries ought to deny it. . . .

V. England stands for a pacific as opposed to a military type of civilization. Her regular army has always been small in proportion to her population, and very small in comparison with the armies of great Continental nations. Although she recognizes that there are some countries in which universal service may be necessary, and times at which it may be necessary in any country, she has preferred to leave her people free to follow their civil pursuits, and had raised her army by voluntary enlistment. . . .

It may be asked why, if this is so, does England maintain so large a navy. The question deserves an answer. Her navy is maintained for three reasons. The first is, that as her army has been very small she is obliged to protect herself by a strong home fleet from any risk of invasion. She has never forgotten the lessons of the Napoleonic wars, when it was the navy that saved her from the fate which befell so many European countries at Napoleon's hands. Were she not to keep up this first line of defense at sea, a huge army and a huge military expenditure in time of peace would be inevitable.

The second reason is that as England does not produce nearly enough food to support her population, she must draw supplies from other countries, and would be in danger of starvation if in wartime she lost the command of the sea. It is therefore, vital to her existence that she should be able to secure the unimpeded import of articles of food. And the third reason is that England is responsible for the defence of the coasts and the commerce of her colonies and other foreign possessions, such as India. These do not maintain a naval force sufficient for their defense, and the mother country is therefore compelled to have a

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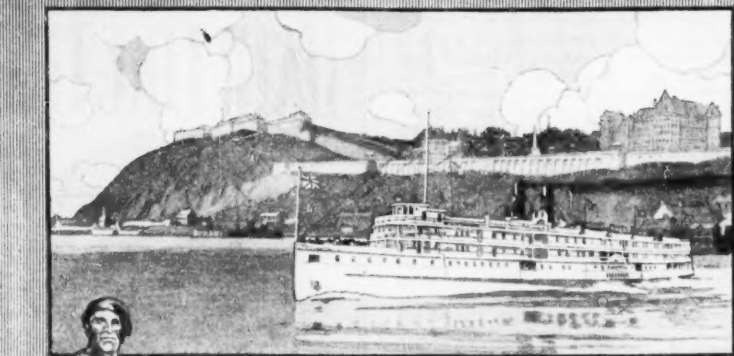
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fleet sufficient to guarantee their safety and protect their shipping.

No other great State has such far-reaching liabilities, and, therefore, no other needs a navy so large as Britain must maintain. In this policy there is no warlike or aggressive spirit, no menace to other countries. It is a measure purely of defense, costly and burdensome, but borne because her own safety and that of her colonies absolutely require it.

Neither has Britain used her naval strength to inflict harm on other countries. In time of peace she has not tried to use it to injure the commerce of her chief industrial competitors. She did nothing to retard the rapid growth of the mercantile marines of Germany and Norway, both of which have been immensely developed in recent years. The freedom of the seas has, in times of peace, never been infringed by her. In times of war she doubtless exercises those rights of maritime blockade, search, and capture which her naval strength enables her to exert. But rights of blockade and capture have always been exerted by every naval power in war time.

Let me add a few words of a more personal kind to explain the sentiments of those Englishmen who have in time past known and admired the achievements of the German people in literature, learning, and science, who had desired peace with them, who had been the constant advocates of friendship between the two nations. Such Englishmen, who do not cease to be lovers of peace because this war, felt to be righteous, commands their hearty support, are now just as determined as any others to carry on the war to victory. Why? Because to them this war presents itself as a conflict of principles.

On the one side there is the doctrine that the end of the State is power, that might makes right, that the State is above morality, that war is necessary and even desirable as a factor in progress, that the rights of small States must give way to the interests of great States, that the State may disregard all obligations whether undertaken by treaties or prescribed by the common sentiment of mankind, and that what is called military necessity justifies every kind of harshness and cruelty in war.

On the other side there is the doctrine that the end of the State is justice, the doctrine that the State is, like the individual, subject to a moral law and bound in honor to observe its promises, that nations owe duties to one another and to mankind at large, that they have all more to gain by peace than by strife, that national hatreds are deadly things, condemned by philosophy and by Christianity. In the victory of one or the other of these principles the future of mankind seems to us to be at stake.

Those Englishmen whose views I am seeking to express, recognizing the allegiance we all owe to humanity at large, and believing that progress is achieved more by co-operation than by strife, are, however, hoping for something more than the victory of their own country. They desire to see the world relieved from the burden of armaments and from that constant terror of war which has been darkening its sky for so many generations.

They ask whether it may not be possible, after the war has come to an end, to form among the nations an effective League of Peace, embracing smaller as well as larger peoples—under whose aegis disputes might be amicably settled and the power of the league invoked to prevent any one State from disturbing the general tranquility. The obstacles in the way of creating such a league are many and obvious, but whatever else may come out of the war, we in England hope that one result of it will be the creation of some machinery calculated to avert the recurrence of so awful a calamity as that from which mankind is now suffering.

### A NEW AUTHOR

In the August issue appears a short story of the Canadian West by H. M. Tandy, a new author to MacLean readers. "A Fourth for Bridge" is bright, witty, full of human interest.

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## Behind the Bolted Door?

*Continued from page 22.*

Writing on Maddalina's walls? The thing had the flavor of the purely theatrical. And what should she write on them? And why? And if she had written anything, would it not have been found by McGloyne and his men in the first half hour after the murder? But the Doctor's instructions were explicit, and they must be followed.

At the last moment, however, Willings tried to keep D. Hope from going with him.

"In last night's work, in that chase after Jimmy," he said, "you've been through enough for awhile, at any rate."

"And wasn't I of some use last night?"

"You were all the use in the world. If any woman ever showed more pluck and brains—"

"Very well. Then maybe I'll be able to help again to-day."

Yet even then, he still tried to put her off.

"But, tell me," he asked, "do you realize what it'll mean to you to return to those Fisher rooms?"

"I know. But it'll only be to Maddalina's. I know I'm good for that."

And they went together.

At those ninth-floor exits from the Casa Grande elevators Central Office men and uniformed patrolmen now barred the way in every direction. But the Commissioner had "fixed it." The doors were opened to them. And one Lieutenant Hooley, McGloyne's right-hand man, came heavily and glowering out to pass them through.

"The Commissioner is bail that you leave things exactly like you found them. Does that go?"

"Certainly."

"Well an' good, then. But you've sure got your nerve with you, young feller. You've sure got your nerve!"

AS has been said, Maddalina's two rooms—or three, with her bath—were at the extreme end of the upper floor of the servants' wing. And a first glance showed that Mrs. Fisher had provided the girl with quarters little less dainty than her own—rugs and matting of a soft-piled stone-blue, furniture all of light wicker and cheerful chintz, and walls rough-washed in restful old ivory. To associate such walls and such surroundings with what had been done, seemingly with Maddalina's guilty knowledge, at the swimming-pool seemed impossible. Again, too, it was hardly less absurd to conceive of her as writing on those walls.

But they were there to look. And, taking hold of themselves, they set to work to do it thoroughly. They began with the sitting-room. First they examined the exposed surfaces. Then they moved out the furniture, piece by piece, and looked behind it; and, before they put it into place again, they looked for anything that might have been written on the back of the furniture. They did that even in the case of the pictures.

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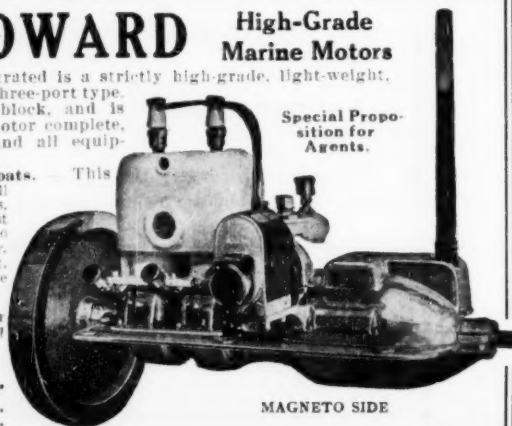
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MAGNETO SIDE

Then they took the second room, the bedroom. So far they had scarcely spoken. Those Fisher rooms were rooms in which, for months, no one would wish to talk aloud. And they did not speak at all.

From the bedroom Willings went on into the bathroom. And he even moved a little copper kettle and gas ring so that he could kneel and from end to end, go over the outside of the bath.

Meanwhile D. Hope was at work in Maddalina's empty clothes closet.

"Have you any matches?" she asked at length. "The outside light doesn't reach to the back."

"That makes it pretty certain, doesn't it?" he asked, "that no one has been doing any writing there."

But he brought out his matches, and they finished examining the clothes-closet together.

MADDALINA had evidently used the lighter part of it as a place to black her shoes. Everywhere upon the floor there were greasy smears of polish. And other smears and finger-marks soiled the walls as high as the woodwork of the hat shelf. But nowhere was there any writing.

"Where else?"

They returned to the sitting-room. From its windows they could look into the snowy court. And for a moment they stood there, looking out side by side.

Neither of them believed in their quest. But they intended to carry it to its end.

"Would you know her writing if you saw it?" Willings whispered.

"Why, I've never seen any of it. I've hardly seen *her*, you know. Don't you remember how I used to tell you we both had the same 'Thursday off'? But maybe"—and her shoulders drew together in a little shivering start—"maybe we've been wrong to take it for granted that it's *her* writing we're looking for at all."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"According to the Doctor, it must have been either in these rooms or Jimmy's—and we know now it wasn't in his—that that Mrs. Deremeaux, somewhere across the court there, heard her 'argument.'"

It was so. In all probability they were at that moment standing where that person had stood who had kept crying out, "See! See!" and "No, no, no!"

"Ah!"

THEY both turned convulsively, and saw that some one stood behind them now.

But it was no unearthly shape of fear. It was Professor Fisher.

It was Professor Fisher. And yet, after their first moment of recovery, both felt something in the look and attitude of the man that was almost as unnerving as an actual apparition might have been.

He was dressed wholly in black, save for an incongruous white evening tie. His face was cavernously and cadaverously pallid. His eyes glared at them with the set fixity of the demented, or the drugged. And he was gesticulating crazily.

"I'll call one of the policemen," whispered D. Hope. And skirting the wall, she began to move around Fisher toward the door.





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He paid no attention to her. He looked only at Willings.

"What are you toing here?"

"I'm here—I'm here for Dr. Laneham."

"You lie! You lie! I know what you are here for!" And next moment he was whipping out a pistol.

The thing was so sudden that Willings could only stand staring at him.

"You haf killed my wife"—he continued to come straight on—"and now—now—"

The time was short. It was a moment for action, not thinking. And it was D. Hope who acted.

She acted, too, with a swift directness which for an instant left nothing to Willings himself. With one rush, much like that of Jimmy the night before, she fairly leaped upon the man, but from behind. With her right hand she caught Fisher's pistol hand. Her left she clapped across his forehead. She got her knee into his back. And by the time Willings reached him, she was bringing him crashingly down.

THE pistol, a poor silver and mother-of-pearl affair, went clattering over the floor. Willings kicked it to the other end of the room, and took charge of the rest of the situation himself.

A minute later, roused by the noise, half a dozen police officers came tumbling in to help him.

"It's all right," he said. "It's all right. Thanks to Miss Hope, here, there's no harm done. But I think you'd better get the Professor back to his quarters."

And, still breathing hard, they were alone again.

At least they were alone till Sergeant Hooley, already mentioned, came back to Willings for a final word. It was entirely unabashed.

"Well, he pretty near got you, didn't he?" he asked. "And the question is, are you findin' it? Are you findin' it? There's some swell big spots o' candle grease on the floor over there. You might look anunder them."

And then he took himself off again.

Willings turned and looked at D. Hope. "I can't stand much more," she said, misunderstanding him. "I think we might almost as well go now."

But next moment she saw that he was hurrying back to the bedroom.

She followed him puzzledly.

He had entered the clothes-closet, and there he was lighting another match.

"There's more candle grease here, too," he said. "Maybe I was wrong when I said we needn't look for writing."

"But we did look."

Yet already he was giving her his answer. He was holding a second match to the unpainted wooden support of the hat shelf, and to the biggest smear of shoe polish left on it. Only now, examined more closely, that particular smear wasn't shoe polish but the smudge made by a wet thumb blurring out something in lead pencil!

"Let me look at it from the side." And he laid his cheek against the wood. "Good enough. It's sunk right in. Wash off the wood, and we can read it all."

And they did. The graphite itself had


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been smudged out. But almost every letter and figure remained, sunk in the soft pine as if by a stylus. And, burning match after match, they could spell out and copy down three several addresses:

654 south river street,  
1106 twelfth street,  
489 eristie street.

But it was several hours before they could tell their story. When they returned to 390, they learned that the Doctor had come home and gone again. Not till mid-afternoon did he come in a second time. Only then could they make their report at last.

"I thought so," he said, as once more he re-read those three addresses. "And I think we're safe in saying that we'll find Maddalina at one of them."

## CHAPTER IX

### A FIRST VISIT TO CHRISTIE STREET

"BUT why," repeated Willings, "why should those addresses have been there at all?"

"The answer is perfectly simple," the Doctor answered. "A mere matter of racial psychoanalysis. But, if you don't mind, that, too, is something we'll leave till later."

"And I think I know that Christie street address," said D. Hope.

"I, too," said Willings. "At least I know the block it's in. And it's a mighty bad one—what the police call a bomb block. Dynamite in almost constant use as the knife itself."

"That's the place!" D. Hope took it up again. "And, Doctor, if those other addresses are like that, how can you hope to get her out of any of them without going directly to the police for help?"

"Why, I don't know"—he considered it a moment—"but I've been thinking there may be something for us in the way in which an ambulance orderly can go anywhere, and do anything. It seems to me that the right young gentlemen in white ducks and uniform caps could go in, tell the proper story, and carry the lady off as a small-pox or diphtheria suspect, without a suspicion from the worst bomb block

"Yes, but," the girl persisted, "how are you going to find her?"

"Yes, that's where the trouble is going to be. Those big tenement rookeries are like whole towns in themselves. And we've got to be quick. It all depends on that. Or by the time we've located her, she may have flown again."

Meanwhile Willings had gone back to their experience with Professor Fisher.

"In a sense," he asked, "doesn't his case come first of all?"

"No question." And Laneham looked at them troubledly. "In fact, if I had had any idea whatever that I was asking you two to take that chance—"

"Won't they—won't they have to do something with him for awhile?" asked D. Hope.

"Oh, I think not. No, I think I can give you my professional word that he won't be like that again, now—not after today."

"You mean," said Willings, his voice falling, "that it's the funeral?"

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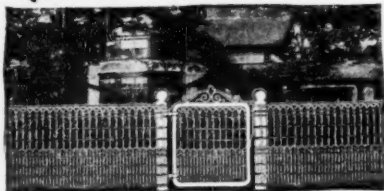
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"That would be one explanation. It's this afternoon, you know. He was up at Greenwich early this morning. Indeed, I don't know why he should have come back. But no doubt, when he came upon you, he'd just been getting ready to go up there again—" He broke off. "Well, we'll forget about it. Or better, we'll go out for an hour in the car, and get a little fresh air, and try to devise the easiest means of locating Maddalina."

But it was not till they were on their way back that D. Hope really joined in the talk again.

"Doctor," she said then, "when we've found her, and have to get her out, wouldn't nurses be almost as good as ambulance orderlies?"

"Why, yes, in a way."

"Then will you let me run back to Hudson street for awhile—perhaps to stay for dinner?"

He looked at her wonderingly. "You're not thinking of swearing in any of the Hudson street nurses to assist us?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

And he took her down in the car.

She had not been sure that she would stay for dinner. And, a few minutes before dinner was called at 390, Willings 'phoned the Settlement to make sure. She was no longer there. And he and the Doctor prepared to wait for her.

They waited for more than half an hour. Then Laneham had Jacobs take word to the butler's pantry. And they dined, a little uncomfortably, without her.

After dinner Laneham himself called up Hudson street. But Hudson street had not seen or heard from her again. And the Doctor, partly to fill in the time, went back to Maddalina. He called Jimmy down again, to tell them what he could tell about her.

He could tell very little. It seemed to be a point of pride with him, indeed, how little he knew about the girl.

"H'all I can say," he said, "is that I could see plain she was a bad one from the first. But Mrs. Fisher, Gord rest 'er, wouldn't be warned. She knowed that Maddalina 'ad 'ad 'er run-in with the police. A matter of being mixed up in some kidnapping business, she'd 'eard it was. But she wouldn't be warned. And the girl didn't come to her from no regular Prison Gate, either. Mrs. Fisher had gave 'er 'er chance on some private recommend."

For the rest Jimmy knew neither Maddalina's friends—to his knowledge none had ever visited her—nor her correspondents, nor where she went on her days off.

"H'all I can tell you personal," he said, "is that she's a she-devil of she-devils for temper. An' she's as strong as h'any man!"

By then it was nine o'clock. And D. Hope was still away. Half-past nine came, and then ten.

THEY called up the Settlement again—to learn that Miss Hope had herself 'phoned back to it about an hour before; and she had left a message for the Doctor and Willings, if they should inquire for one. They were not to worry, even if she did not return that night!

Laneham pushed away the instrument, and they sat looking at each other.



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"A bit out of character, isn't it?" the Doctor asked.

"So much out of character," said Willings, "that I'm going down there at once to learn who saw her last!"

And in another half hour he was in Hudson street.

But he came back knowing as little as he had before. Laneham, too, had been out, and was just entering the door. In silence they mounted the stairs together.

In the library they could hear Mrs. Neilson talking to some one, a stranger. And, once inside, they saw it was a woman in a nurse's uniform. But, because she herself was not speaking, they did not really recognize her till she had turned to meet them.

"D. Hope!" For she it was.

"My dear girl! Where have you been?"

"You—you said that a nurse"—her voice still seemed very uncertain—"would be as good as an orderly, when we found her. And when I got down there—to the Settlement—and saw Miss Stewart—in her uniform—and remembered the things she'd had to do—I couldn't see why a nurse, if she went about it right, wouldn't be the one to find Maddalina." For a moment her voice failed her again. "I—I had a feeling that she was in that house on Christie street—and it would be only a matter of going from one room to another—and pretending a little. And she was there—she is there—on the fourth floor—back. And I think we can get her, any time!"

## CHAPTER X

MADDALINA AND "IL MALOCCHIO"

"OH, we won't be able to do anything now, of course, until to-morrow," said the Doctor; "and if we're to make a thorough job of it, it'll probably be to-morrow evening before we're ready to go ahead."

But early in the morning he set to work to make his initial preparations.

They consisted, apparently, in making several small and wholly enigmatic purchases—a gas tube and ring, a little copper kettle that might well have been a replica of the one in Maddalina's bathroom; and a big blue bank envelope!

"But these are only details," he said, "and they won't enter into it till later. The one thing that counts is that we're going to kidnap Maddalina. If she's been in that line of business herself, that should be perfectly in order. And there's nothing better suited for such a purpose than, item one, a good up-to-date ambulance."

He went into explanations. It appeared, too, that he had already arranged for the said ambulance through his friend Dr. Schumacher of Riverside Private Hospital. And he had obtained an Italian orderly from the Ospitale Garibaldi to serve as interpreter. He himself knew some Italian, but a good deal might be needed.

Did he want D. Hope? Yes, since she had already been able to make an identification without being identified herself, he would be very glad to have her come along with the proper precautions and do it again. As for Willings, as Madda-

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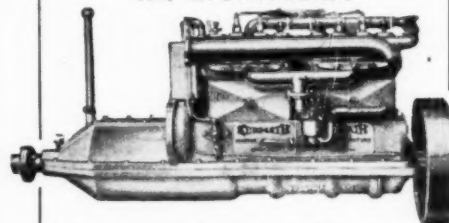
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lina didn't know him at all, in the proper white ducks he should make an excellent orderly. And again the Doctor, though he had now provided automatics all round, assured them that there needn't be any danger.

ABOVE all, he showed he was determined that this, his own party, should do the thing alone. He would ask the Commissioner to post two plainclothesmen somewhere within call in Christie street. And when he, himself, was quite finished with Maddalina, he might 'phone to McGloyne to come and get her. But, for the first hour after the capture, he wanted a chance to deal with the young woman without any outside witnesses whatsoever.

Clearly he had confidence enough. And he assured them that they really were taking no risks whatever.

"Because," he said, "we're going to do only what is being done in Little Italy every day; what Maddalina and her friends have grown accustomed to from their first hours in this country. When cases of diphtheria, or 'typhoid Mary's' are reported from Christie street, certain gentlemen in white ducks and a nurse or two in blue arrive, they get at once to business, and in general those diphtheria cases and 'Typhoid Mary's' first know that they are wanted only when they find themselves on the stretchers. No health officers ever stop to explain down there. They just say 'Come!'"

And, about eight that night, as they got under way, he was adding some final remarks from the orderly's "bench" inside the ambulance itself.

"I've explained a little to Virgilio," he said—Virgilio was the orderly from the Ospitale Garibaldi—"but, once more, no explanations in Christie street! We're after a lady who is reported, say, to be suffering from pellagra. Maddalina herself may feel that we're making a mistake, and may cut up a little. But after all why should she—or her friends—worry more than is called for? She'll tell herself that at any rate we're not the police; and the mistake will be discovered at the hospital. Very likely she'll be in the car, here, two minutes after we've told her to put her hat on."

And fifteen minutes later they were in Christie street.

NUMBER 489 was the typical Italian tenement. Flight after flight, they climbed its foul and narrow stairs, till they were on the fourth floor. Then they felt their way down an unlit narrow hallway to the "fourth floor back."

There came out to them a smell of garlic and *minestra*, and a clucking gabble of Sicilian.

"That's the door, over there," breathed D. Hope.

"All right," said the Doctor. "Remember, too, all you need do is nod your head. After that, you keep out of it."

And Virgilio gave the orderly's peremptory double knock.

Instantly the gabble fell dumb. And then in an old crone's voice came a halting "*Che vuole?*—What do you want?"

For answer Virgilio merely drove his

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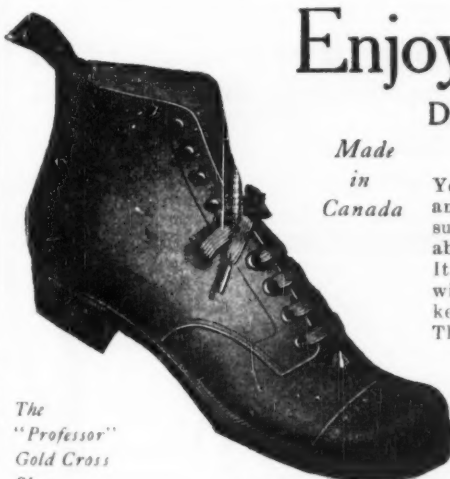
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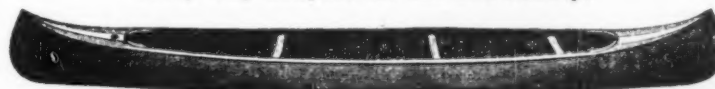
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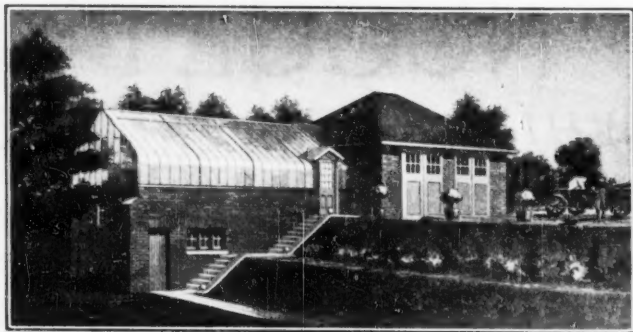


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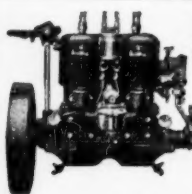
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heavy official toe against the door, and shook the knob.

"Open nom' de dio, open!"

And it was opened.

They were looking into a middle room, half bed-, half dirty living-room. And the old woman with two thickset, and very ili-favored, gentlemen were all backing furiously to the further wall.

Then seeing the hospital uniforms, all three snarled their relief.

"Nessuno!" they cried. "Nessuno—no one is seek here. You have meesteck!"

But the Doctor had already pushed on into the next room. It was another bedroom. And like little animals two very dirty children had jumped to the high bed in a big-eyed, frightened clump.

Laneham went straight on over to them, and, taking hold of them in turn, he pulled down their chins between thumb and finger and examined their throats.

"All well, all well," the old woman kept nervously parroting. "Bene, molto bene!"

"Yes, yes." And then, going on, the Doctor reached the door that led to the kitchen.

THE girl within it must have had her eye at the keyhole. In an instant, as the door swung back, she must also have recognized D. Hope. For, barely had D. Hope recognized her when, spitting her rage and fury, Maddalina—for she it was—seized a huge Italian table knife and sprang forward.

"Look out!" cried the Doctor. And they all fell back through the door together.

Which, obviously, was exactly what Maddalina had reckoned on. For, with another leap, she had flung herself to the window, had jerked it open, and was dropping down the rear-court fire escape.

Next moment, too, Virgilio, hot with battle, was following her.

And at first the Doctor was for following in his turn. But the fire escape was slippery with sleet and ice, and Willings pulled him back again.

"We can make it from below," he said, "through the lower hall." And he stayed only to catch D. Hope by the hand. She let him, and they flew down the stairway side by side.

Once at the bottom, though, he rushed her to the door.

"Now you just beat it out to the car!" he ordered her, and waved to the ambulance chauffeur.

Then again, and on the run, he turned to follow Laneham.

By then the Doctor was in the yard. And Maddalina and her pursuer had wholly disappeared. But there was no need of asking where. Almost at the foot of the fire escape there opened a narrow cellar-way. Already other tenants from 489 were pouring into it as if into a hopper. In his turn, too, the Doctor was plunging after them. And, tripping and stumbling, Willings dropped down after him. He had just reached the bottom when he felt some one catching at his coat. He turned and knew, rather than saw, that D. Hope had stayed with him after all!

"Lord! And what did you do it for?"



he asked her. "What did you do it for?"

"There's no more reason why I should stay behind—than you."

And there was nothing for it now. Gripping hands again, once more they started on together.

SO far they were in a long, irregular woodhouse. Here and there a lantern hung. And endless bundles of limey kindlings were piled high on either side. But soon they were in the cellar beyond. And in it, surrounded by bins of potatoes and crates of beets and cabbages, Maddalina stood at bay.

It was their first real chance to get a look at her. And she was handsome enough, with the lithe and vivid swiftness of a gipsy. But it was not a moment now when any one would think of that. When first surprised she had spat like a cat. And now, as she swayed blazingly to and fro, wild-animal gutterings seemed to choke her throat. She seemed on the point of throwing down her knife, and striking at that Garibaldi orderly with her teeth and claws.

"Via! Via!" she cried, with grindings of her teeth: "Keep off! Keep off!"

Yet this, too, was gradually becoming evident: whatever accomplices she had had at the Casa Grande, none of them was with her now. Even the two men who had been in the same rooms up above did not seem really to know her. They, and fifty more, had followed fast. "Che cosa? What is the matter?" they kept shouting. Apparently they were prepared to offer help if needed. But in the meantime, with a sort of sporting spirit they were merely widening the circle to give her knife-hand room.

Again Virgilio tried to close.

"Let her be!" the Doctor commanded him. "Let her be!"

"But no! But no!" Being a man, and an orderly of the Ospitale Garibaldi, Virgilio could not conceive of that. "She has a *maladia*!" he harangued the crowd. "The city has commanded that we take her to the *ambulanza*!"

(To be continued.)

## A Lawyer Commanding an Army

Continued from page 24

newspaperman. Guess he preferred the pen to the sword. F— was a manufacturer who made a big success of his business. G—, well, G— was by way of being a historian, chiefly, I think. And so on." Then: "Not a professional soldier among them," he finished.

"Were many of these men experienced?" I asked. "I mean, had many of them seen service?"

(They were all brigadier-generals or major-generals.)

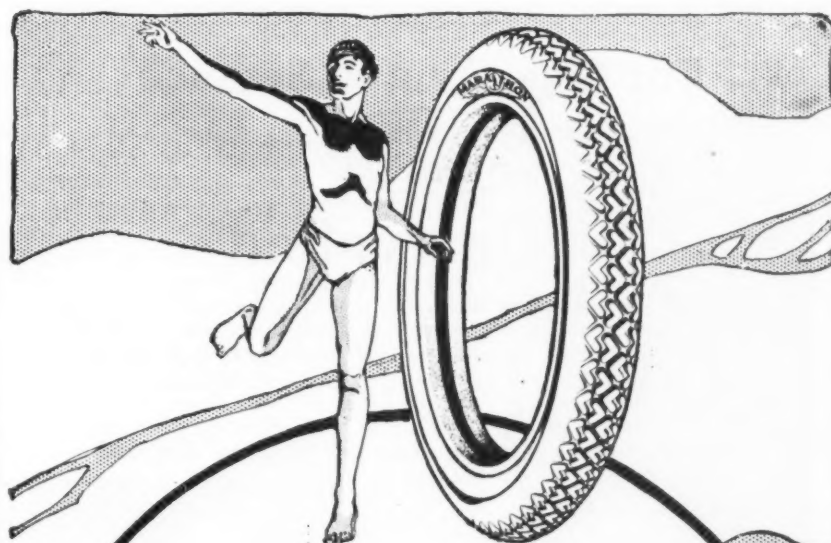
"No, very few of them. Most of them were like me, civilian turned soldier."

"But they'd had experience?"

"Militia, peacetime experience, yes," was the reply. "But only that."

"Yet these are the men who have done things?" I said.

"Decidedly," was the quick reply. The



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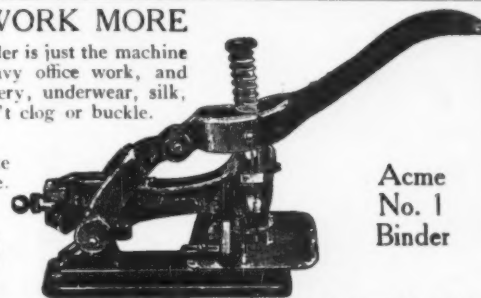
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General enthused. "Take M—. He's been a crackerjack man with the men in France. Took to fighting as a duck takes to water. Cool, fearless, his men would follow him anywhere, and that's the best of all tests. He's won distinction all along the line. There isn't a better man in the whole forces. Yet M— was a lawyer, who indulged a taste for soldiering when he got tired of his office in the summer. He didn't know a thing about real fighting. He was a civilian. But he's a soldier now."

"And he's typical of the rest," he continued. "Y— was a newspaperman, when he was anything. It's the same with him. He's made a great success."

**T**HE conversation came round to another point, the motive for joining, and what it cost these civilians-turned-soldiers.

"These men must have given up things," I said. "It must have meant sacrifice, of businesses and so on, and financial loss, for them to accept command and go to the front?"

"It has," he said gravely. "In some cases the sacrifice has been great. Without a word some of these men—just as others holding lesser commands and the thousands of men in the ranks, too—have dropped their businesses, left them to take care of themselves, and gone overseas. Financial loss? I should say so."

"Might I ask what has occurred in your case?"

"My senior partner has a commission. So have I. And the third man, for the present, is holding down what are left of the clients. We'll have to build up again when we come back."

Then he came down to dollars and cents, and showed the loss. But that's another story, as Kipling would say—and not for publication.

"But many have done much more," added General Logie.

## The Frost Girl

*Continued from page 32*

quickly, he leaped forward again, this time with both feet, his snowshoes coming down on top of the others. Instantly his arms were in action. Not unskilled, amateurish blows, as Hardisty expected, but short, hard, well-distanced punches.

The other fought, too, but the second leap had caught him off his guard. Instinctively he started to step backward, only to find himself firmly rooted to the spot by Allan's weight. The blows shot in more savagely. He wrenched with his legs in an effort to retreat, lost his balance and threw up his hands to save himself.

It was exactly as Allan had planned it in that quick second's comprehension of what the battle must be, of what the winning tactics must be. As Hardisty's guard flew up, Allan's two arms pumped one almost with the other. His left hand was buried to the wrist just above Hardisty's belt. His right sought higher for

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its mark and caught the tilted chin of a reeling victim.

ALLAN had known that Hardisty did not have the maps with him when he faced him in the muskeg. It was too large a bundle to escape notice. If they had been destroyed, they were back on the trail.

Quickly he removed the webs from the feet of the unconscious victim of the battle on snowshoes. Without them he could not go far. As a further precaution he bound the man's hands behind him with his big bandana handkerchief and then darted back across the muskeg.

He had beaten Hardisty, but he did not know yet that he had won.

It was less than two hundred yards to the trail where the National agent had made his stand and Allan soon reached the spot. He found the smouldering coals of a campfire back in the brush and a swaying figure sitting in the snow beside it. As he stopped he caught the odor of burning paper and, with a cry, went down on his knees before the fire.

Across the coals and ashes, smoking and glowing, lay the bundle which contained the maps and notes. With one motion Allan swept it off and into the snow, completely burying it. Then nervously, impatiently, fearfully, he built up the fire until he had a flame by which he could see. The bundle was brought out, the charred wrappings removed.

At once the stiff papers unrolled and lay white before him. Only the edges were burned and blackened. They were not tidy maps and notes, hardly the sort that one would expect to file with the Government at Ottawa. But they were maps and notes nevertheless. And they meant that he had won.

## CHAPTER XXII

### ALLAN WINS A JOB

FOUR days later Allan, Me-mi-je-is and their prisoner arrived in Sabawe. Hardisty was turned over to the local constable to be held for the provincial police, Allan caught the east-bound passenger train, and the Indian returned to the MacLure post.

Even in the Pullman Allan guarded his papers. They meant too much now for him to risk another theft. He realized, too, that it was only chance, and Hertha's help, that had permitted him to regain them. Hardisty, believing himself safe for another twelve hours, had stopped to boil tea and give his dogs a rest. The stolen bundle evidently had been in his carriage and he had been bending over the campfire when the sound of Allan's dog-bells came to him.

First he had grasped the rifle and fired down the trail at the dark shadows he saw approaching. Then, from the side, Me-mi-je-is had attacked him without warning. The great form of the Indian had shot out from the snow beside him. He had fired and then struck with his clubbed rifle. Still the Indian came on, and, casting the maps on to the fire, Hardisty had retreated. He knew too well what it meant to permit the Indian to fasten his hands on him.

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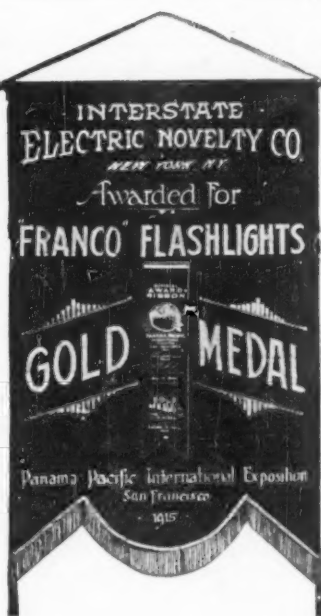
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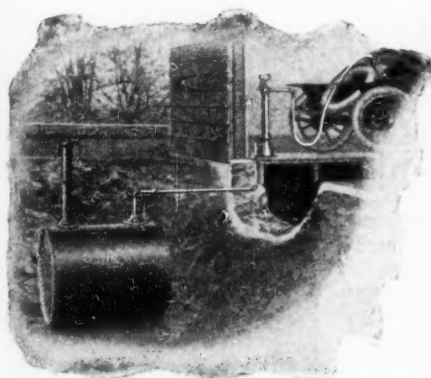
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All this Allan learned from signs the next morning and from the brief description given by Me-mi-je-is when the latter had recovered from the effects of the blow Hardisty had struck with his clubbed rifle.

Allan did not go home for a shave, a bath, clean clothes and a piece of apple pie upon his arrival in Toronto. Still in his moccasins, his blackened, frayed trousers and soiled canvas parka, his face bearded, his precious bundle gripped beneath one arm, he went at once from the station to MacGregor's offices. The railroad president was waiting for him and he smiled grimly as the young engineer entered and laid the maps and notes on the big, flat desk.

"Now I suppose it's up to me," he smiled, anticipating, he believed, the first comment Allan would make.

BUT Allan did not even smile. He dropped into a chair and looked across at MacGregor. The president, in turn, studied him with interest. The impetuous, frank, irreverent youth, who had left him there only a few months ago, had not returned. Instead, he saw the steady, unlaughing eyes, the firm mouth, the set shoulders of a fighting, conquering man.

"The job's done," Allan said suddenly. "I think you'll find everything all right."

"I'm sure of it," replied the president. "Anyone who would put a survey through against the odds you have wouldn't make a sloppy job of it."

"Do you remember," asked the other irrelevantly, "what you said when I left about being in a mood to do something for me if I got back in time?"

MacGregor stiffened slightly, then nodded.

"Well, here's what I want. I want to be in charge of construction, supervising engineer if you use contractors, and I want to have power to run things my way."

"Isn't that a big request?"

"It won't interfere with the work any. And that's not all. When the road's built I want to be superintendent of that division."

The president stared at him in astonishment. Again he studied the eyes, the mouth, glanced at the shoulders. But when he spoke his tone was low:

"What is your idea?"

"This," and the young man leaned tensely across the desk. "We're going into a new country, an untouched country, a district in which there have been few white men. Only Indians live there now, the sort of Indians who were there before Columbus came. Perhaps you know of the rotten deal the Indian has received every time the white man has opened up a new country. The west is full of it. I'd like to see this road go through without all the evils that have generally accompanied such work. I want to see the people who really own that country now get a square deal."

MacGregor only nodded.

"And I want to be superintendent so that I can see that they continue to get a square deal. I led the railroad into that country, and, in a way, I'm responsible for what happens. It won't cost the road



anything to be decent, to do the right thing by them. I know it's unusual, a big railroad caring anything about a few savages that happen to be in the way. But the fact remains that they are there, that they are happy, contented, prosperous now, and that they won't be unless they're looked after properly."

"Do you want us to give them work, and build schools for them, and houses, and pass out pensions?"

"No," replied Allan hotly. "All we have to do is to see that the rotten scum that generally tags along with a line is kept out, that these people are made to feel that the white man is not necessarily a robber and a cheat, that whisky isn't smuggled in to them, and that they get the benefits of the good, not the evil, of civilization. It is a terrifying thing to think that we can determine the future of the inhabitants of a country."

MacGregor looked out of the window over the lights of the city. Allan, fearful in the austere presence, waited impatiently. But when the president turned to him it was with a new light in the stern eyes.

"Son," he said gently, "I've waited a long time for you. I'd about given up hope of finding an engineer with a vision, an engineer who could see something besides tangents and curves and fills and cuts, who could see what his work meant to the country. I'm not interested in your Indians, but you go up there this spring and take hold. I'll be back of you."

IT was the last of May when Allan reached the foot of Lake Kabetogama. For a week he had waited impatiently at Sabawe while the ice went out. Then, with only Old Hughey, he had begun his journey northward.

It was nearly sunset when they shot through the swift water at the beginning of the river and the canoe leaped ahead on the last mile of the journey. Canoes sometimes seem to know.

Allan, eager, impatient, paddled with all his strength. Another bend and the familiar buildings in the big clearing would be before him. Another half mile and the door would be open. Hertha would look out, his arms would stretch out to her. For a month he had pictured that return, every thing about it. For a month he had known what he would say, what Hertha would reply.

But she was walking from her cabin to the store when the canoe shot around the bend up stream, and she knew him instantly.

"You won!" she cried when she could see Allan's face.

"We won!" he called back as Hughey turned the canoe so that it pointed upstream and came to a halt beside her. "We had a week to spare at Ottawa."

As he scrambled ashore his arms swept out and around her. Desperately, almost fearfully, she clung to him. She lifted her face, but Allan, in his eagerness, did not see the tears in her eyes. To the man it was the supreme moment, that to which he had looked forward through the toil of the winter and the impatient waiting of the spring. To the girl the moment was equally supreme, but her joy was the greater for there was the added exultation of renunciation.



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Unreservedly, absolutely, she was giving herself to this man who represented that which she had fought since her father's death. She glorified in his success because it was his, and her pleasure was the greater because of the rapture of complete submission.

For years she had been ready to battle with the coming of civilization. The previous fall and in the early winter she had fought with all her might against the man to whom she now clung. She had fought for herself, her ideals, for her beliefs, for the savage people who were dependent upon her. And now, because of the love that was hers, she was glad that he had won.

That night after supper, as they sat on the steps of Hertha's cabin, Allan told of his interview with MacGregor, of his new work, of what he hoped to accomplish, of his power for good in the coming of the railroad. Silently the girl listened while he outlined the newer, greater task. When he stopped she turned quickly, her face more radiant than he had ever seen it.

"It is not the end for me!" she cried. "I had believed that it was the end of my work here, of my Indians, everything. But Allan, it is just the beginning, the beginning of something bigger, better, more far-reaching. I can see it now, what we will do, you and I."

FOR two days they planned the work before them, Allan describing the road and its equipment and his own duties and authority, Hertha quickly grasping the possibilities of each as it would help that in which her interest lay.

Eager, enthusiastically, she discussed even the smaller details. Often she surprised him by the quickness with which she comprehended the opportunity of broadening so greatly the little field in which she and her father had spent their lives. Once when he told of the private car the superintendent would have, she asked:

"And I can use it sometimes?"

"Any time, dearest."

"Then, when an Indian, or a white man, too," and she smiled, "is sick, I could care for him in it?"

Suddenly Allan realized for the first time what a truly glorious woman he had found up there in the wilderness. He had known from the first her beauty, her abundant vitality, her loyalty, the keenness of her mind. Now he saw that he had something more than a sweetheart or wife. It was not a question of her helping him, of his helping her. Instead, they were to work together, side by side, with a common purpose, a common ambition, a common zeal.

And as suddenly he knew what she had done for him, what he had become since he had seen her. His attitude toward life, his conception of what he lived for, all that was changed, and changed through her.

"You can make a hospital of the car if you wish," he answered. "And there'll be a company doctor to help you."

The last night, before their departure for the outside, for they were to be married before the construction work began

*Continued on page 82.*





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## Educating A Business Man

By RICHARD DAWSON

**T**HE little town of Rockfield had watched with much interest the building of the new factory. It had always been the ambition of the principal citizens of the town to get some good industry to settle there, and from the day that John Anderson had come before the local council of the town, and had told them that if they would assist him in getting a suitable site for his buildings, and give him certain concessions in regard to taxation, he would decide to put up his new factory for the manufacture of agricultural implements in the town. It was then that the city fathers saw the possibility of their long delayed ambition being realized, and the few preliminaries were soon put under way with the result that the Anderson Thresher Company had started their buildings.

The aldermen of the town congratulated themselves on securing such a good industry, which would give local employment to so many citizens and all the storekeepers were satisfied that their customers would pay their accounts more promptly now that they were going to have steady employment. They were sure that this industry would succeed, because it was not agriculture that was going to be carried on more extensively, after the war, in Canada, and they felt they could not have secured a better industry. But while everyone was pleased, they knew nothing of the difficulties that John Anderson was having, and the amount of judgment it required to properly equip a modern factory.

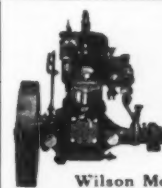
Everything had gone fairly well so far with Anderson; he had always been successful in his enterprises, and he had employed one of the best architects from the city to make his plans, and everything was most satisfactory and had gone along smoothly, until he had come to the heating of the buildings. The specification for the heating called for the various rooms to be heated to 65 degrees with finishing rooms at 80 degrees, and Anderson had received tenders from four of the best steamfitters in the city to do this work, but he was much perplexed with the result; there was such a large difference between the highest and lowest that he was quite at a loss to know which to accept.

Business man as he was, he could not understand the difference. He referred the matter to his superintendent, Walsh, who was acting as overseer on the building operations, and was much surprised when Walsh said that they could not be figuring on the same thing or there would not be so much difference; and then it occurred to Anderson that none of the tenderers had said what they would do for the money. Nothing was said as to the amount or size of the heating apparatus that they would instal in the buildings. It was true the specifications called for certain temperatures, but was it not possible for one contractor to have a different idea of what was necessary for

another, which would just account for the difference in the estimates.

The trouble was, Anderson did not know what was necessary himself, and he did not feel that Walsh could help him either. "I wish, Walsh, I could lay down in black and white just what amount of heating surface and size of pipes, etc., are necessary to get the result I want, and then I would have them all figuring on the same basis, and I would then be able to judge between these tenders. I wonder who I could get to straighten me out in this matter?" "I tell you, Mr. Anderson, the people you want to get a hold of are Darling Brothers, Limited, of Montreal, with branch offices in all the principal cities in Canada. They are experts on heating and I understand this is just in their line. They are Engineers and Manufacturers of the Webster Vacuum System Appliances, and are in a position to make plans and specifications for you for the contractors to figure from, and all they supply are certain steam appliances, which are used in connection with their special system, which system I believe is the best in the country. If you use them in this way you will get all the contractors to figure on a definite thing, and there will be some real competition. I understand the best architects confer with Darling Brothers in connection with the heating of many of their buildings, and they are admitted by experts to be the leaders in this line." "Well, I will certainly look into this proposition, Walsh, as really I was quite worried about this matter."

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## The Frost Girl

Continued from page 80

that summer, Hertha stopped suddenly in the midst of her eager planning.

"But the post here!" she exclaimed. "What will become of it?"

"I was thinking of that," said Allan. "You can't run it. Why not let Hughey? He's getting too old for much more hard work, and he'll run it as you want him to. It would just suit him, a place to settle down, the country he loves, and easy time for his old age."

"Yes," Hertha hesitated, "but not all the time."

"Not all the time?"

"No, I thought, dear, that I might come back each winter for a few days at Christmas. Hughey could go away then."

"Christmas! Why do you want to spend Christmas here alone?"

"Not alone, silly. We mustn't forget everything but the railroad and the Indians in our plans. There's still you and I, and wouldn't you like to come back here every Christmas, just with me, and sit by the big stove while the blizzard is tearing across the clearing, and think of that first time you were here in the storm, and of our first Christmas together, up there in the survey camp?"

THE END

## Immigration After the War

Continued from page 29

in Canadian life. Portuguese immigration is nil.

Immigration from neutrals (apart from the United States), may almost be left out of the reckoning. In 1912-13 arrivals from these countries numbered a little less than 7 per cent. of the total. Of these the Scandinavians formed an important element. Some 5,000 came in 1912-13; as many more in 1913-14; nearly half in each case from Sweden. The revival of this very desirable form of immigration after the war will depend on relative economic conditions. It is probable that cheap land will still attract Scandinavian immigrants.

The Chinese, in spite of a heavy poll-tax, continued to come in up to 1914. (7,445 in 1912-13; 5,512 in 1913-14; 1,258 in 1914-15.) No great anxiety has been expressed about the decrease in this immigration.

**THE** probable effect of the war on British immigration remains to be considered. Few things are more remarkable than the growth of immigration from this source in the period before the war. In 1900 and 1901 Canada received more immigrants from the United States than from the British Isles.

(In 1900, 15,500 from the United States, 10,360 from the British Isles; in 1901, 17,987 from the United States, 11,810 from the British Isles.)

In recent years, however, British immigration has outstripped American.

(In 1912-13, American arrivals 139,009,



British 150,542; in 1913-14, American 107,530, British 142,622.)

It was not until 1910-11 that the current of British emigration began to flow strongly towards Canada. Since then, until the outbreak of war, the flow has continued in great volume. The experience of immigration experts is that such a stream is hard to start but harder to stop. The war, of course, has checked it. But there are strong reasons for expecting it to flow again after the war.

The psychological influences favoring emigration will act in the United Kingdom as elsewhere. Will there be other factors strong enough to counteract them? Restrictions on emigration after the war are far less likely to be imposed in the United Kingdom than in Germany. A nation, which, in such a crisis as the present, hesitates to adopt conscription, is not likely in time of peace to set limits to the free movement of its members. Will the economic attractions be stronger at home than in Canada? That is the point on which prophecy is most hazardous. Much depends on the length of the war, much on the settlement, much on the skill with which British credit is used and British industry organized in the period of readjustment.

THAT'S what my friend the statistician said. In plain unstatistical terms what he really meant was something like this: Americans came here before the war to get cheap farms. As soon as they find out that we aren't going to tax them to death or send them to fight the Huns, you won't be able to keep them out—even supposing you wanted to, which you don't. The British know now that Canada is a pretty good place; and, as soon as they finish off their little discussion with the Kaiser, a lot of them will come over to see how farming in Canada feels after digging ditches in Belgium or France. We don't need to worry about the foreigners, whether they come or not. We don't want them much anyway. But you can be sure of one thing—mighty few of them will stay away because of war taxes here. Most of them have trouble enough in that line at home. After Galicia or Poland, Canada will look like heaven.

J. P. Morgan, senior, once said—so the story goes—"The man who is a bear on the future of the United States will go broke." That was the guess of the champion guesser of his day. A grateful country bestowed on him thirty or forty millions for successful guessing. (The figure doesn't much matter. What are a few millions between friends?) That was Pierpont Morgan's guess about the United States and he changed it into coin of the realm. It is Canada's turn now. We can borrow the saying: "The man who is a bear on the future of Canada will go broke." That isn't the way the late John Bright or W. E. Gladstone would have put it, but the sentiment is sound. "Faith in Canada," they would probably call it. Anyway, whatever you name it, faith or optimism or mere "bullishness," the best guessers have it about Canada's future, and we think they have guessed right again.

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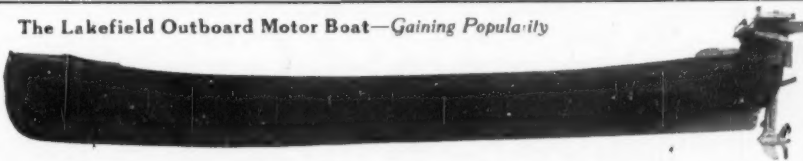
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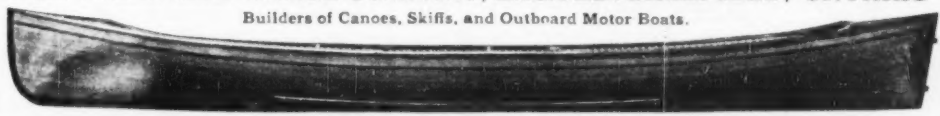
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# THE BUSINESS-OUTLOOK

## Minerals and Manufactures Valued at \$2,175,000,000 in 1916

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Mr. Appleton estimates that the value of our manufactures in 1916 will be fully double the value of similar products in 1910 when the last official census was taken. He says also that there will be an increase in the value of mineral output in 1916 fifty per cent. greater than in 1915—taken together the value of minerals and manufacturers in 1915 will be as stated above. The latter were valued at \$1,165,975,639 in 1910.

CANADA is producing manufactured goods at the rate of \$2,000,000,000 a year. That fact and its significance has not yet been fully realized by Canadians, nor by other peoples. It is an era unique in the country's industrial history. A few months ago, not more than a score, no one would have believed that our industrial products to-day would have been greater—very nearly double what they were when the last census was taken. But such is the case and it is due to very much greater efficiency than has heretofore existed, and that efficiency is not the kind the experts—so-called—prescribe, but is simply the result of the application of common sense principles to business that became suddenly available. Not many weeks ago an item of news appeared in the columns of the Financial Post the substance of which was that one firm was turning out large shells on a very much more satisfactory basis than formerly. The explanation is that the factory is turning out one kind of shell instead of two or three kinds. When business men such as Mr. C. B. Gordon, of Montreal, and Mr. J. W. Flavell, of Toronto, assumed control of the placing of orders in Canada for ammunition they decided to find out what the various plants could do best. That is to say, they ascertained what plant was available and at what cost it could produce the requisite ammunition. In one case, already mentioned, a small plant was working hard and industriously in the making of various sizes of shells, and the order in each case was small. The output was not entirely satisfactory, either to the makers or the board which hungered for output. It was not the former that were at fault, but the predecessors of the Board who were dominated by men without business ability. It will ever stand to the shame of Canadians that they permitted such gross mismanagement. When business men assumed control, not only of the placing of orders, but of the so-called experts—a different plan was put into operation. Instead of one small factory having to turn out different kinds of shells, requiring for the purpose a great variety of tools and plant, it was ordered to turn out one kind. In this way the business of shell

making was reduced to a basis which brought down the cost of production, the price to the British authorities and sent up the profits to the manufacturer. But of still greater importance than the whole of these was the fact that shells were delivered in larger quantities and greater dependence could be placed on the time of delivery. This last consideration is no mean one, inasmuch as great events turn on the ability to get food for the guns at given times.

But the common-sense plans of business men, not hampered by the impractical nonsense of the experts and the politicians has had wonderful results in other directions. Packing plants have been utilized in the same way as have textile and other factories. Mr. Flavell, Mr. Gordon and their associates have splendidly organized the nation's industrial resources. It is said that the work has been done by them without remuneration. They can afford to give their services, but that does not in any way mar the great fact that they are volunteers who have placed their ability at the service of their country. When the credit of having done the work is added to the proper account something will be due to the men who placed their hands on such shoulders and said: "Mr. Flavell, your country needs your services," or "Mr. Gordon, there's some work the country needs of you."

There ought to be located and honored the recruiting sergeant who found such good soldiers for the munitions board. What they have done in getting the business of turning out war material down to a common-sense basis means much for the immediate business outlook in Canada. One of the most obvious results is the continued increase in the value of our exports of manufactured goods. This is a matter of vital importance to every professional or business man in a very large proportion of our cities. So long as these exports continue to go forward the factories will be working full time and wages will be high. Such conditions mean good business. Let us, therefore, look into the figures which tell us just what the industries of Canada are sending abroad and what is the value of their total products. It should not be overlooked that in addi-



tion to war goods sent out of the country our factories are now called upon to supply a market in their own country which hitherto was served almost entirely by the mills of Germany, Belgium and France. We still continue to get from the United Kingdom a considerable quantity of merchandise, but it is of smaller volume than before the war. From the United States we are importing more than ever and more than we ought to.

In April the value of factory products exported was \$21,573,078, as compared with \$13,21,658 in April a year ago. This brings the total value of exported goods sent out of the country this

What Canada year, that is from January Sells of her to the end of April, up to Manufactures \$143,000,000. By itself that figure may not appear to

be very imposing. It is, however, when it is remembered that in no previous year—a total of twelve months—have manufactured goods been exported to the same extent. In 1905 the entire Dominion exported of its own produce manufactures to the value of \$21,191,333, and in 1915 the total exports amounted to \$85,539,501, and if we include the manufactured goods that were re-exported—goods brought in to Canada and then sent out again—the total for the month was \$95,068,525. That is the record up to the end of 1915. From January to the end of April, 1916, that is for one-third of the current calendar year the value of manufactures exported is \$143,000,000.

A trip over Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces would bring a traveler in search of business into cities whose people are very fully employed at high wages. Over the entire

The Cause of Active Business Dominion it will be difficult to find a single point that is not more active, from a productive stand-

point, than it has ever been. The aggregate result of all this activity and of the high prices that are prevailing alike for raw material, for finished material and for labor must be that the sum of Canadian products for the current twelve months will reach a figure out of all proportion to that which has been furnished us previously by the Census of Manufacturers. A comprehensive survey was made by the Dominion Government in 1910 and the figures were given to the public in the 1911 census. In that year the value of the manufactured goods was \$1,165,975,639. Of that amount Canada exported \$31,494,916. That is to say, out of every \$100 worth manufactured goods Canada sold abroad goods to the value of \$2.60. No doubt at the present juncture Canada is sending abroad a larger percentage of her manufactured products than she did in the previous years. Making due allowance for this, however, it is still obvious that our manufactured products for consumption at home are in larger volume than usual. We have to bear in mind that Canadians have been wearing garments and furnishing their houses with ornaments that are made abroad. To-day they are under the necessity of buying Canadian products to much larger extent than hitherto. The consequence is that our industries are



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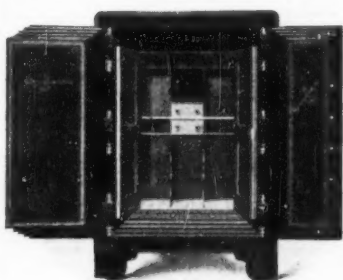
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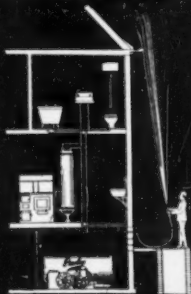
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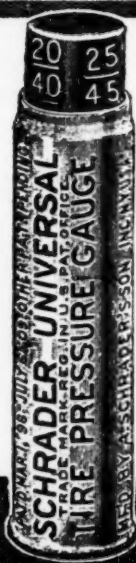
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stimulated by an increased home demand. Necessities of our Allies is an additional demand making great drains upon our larger industries. The result, as we have said, will place the aggregate value of Canadian manufactured products at figures very much larger than hitherto the Census has recorded. In our opinion the value of manufactured goods for the year 1915 will very nearly be double the total of 1910 and will vastly exceed the value of any preceding year. In 1916 the value will be still higher.

In order to get clearly in our minds what manufactures we are selling abroad it is as well to have before us the total of previous years. The figures themselves are valuable not only as indicating what business will be like during the next few months, but also what it is likely to be after the war ends.

### MANUFACTURES EXPORTED.

	Canadian	Foreign	Total
1905 .....	\$21,191,333	\$ 3,451,701	\$24,643,034
1906 .....	24,561,112	3,089,106	27,650,218
1907* .....	19,087,988	2,407,013	21,495,001
1908 .....	28,507,124	4,502,344	33,009,468
1909 .....	28,957,050	3,907,129	32,864,179
1910 .....	31,494,916	4,458,445	35,953,361
1911 .....	35,283,118	5,149,408	40,432,526
1912 .....	35,836,284	6,672,701	42,508,985
1913 .....	43,092,708	8,832,374	52,525,082
1914 .....	57,443,452	10,158,786	67,602,238
1915 .....	85,539,501	9,529,024	95,068,525
1916† .....			

\*9 months. †Months ending.

But we are still bringing into the country too many manufactured goods, and while the actual importers may be making some profit the effect on general business in the long run will not be good. In the first four months of this year we bought principally from the United States goods to the value of \$228,830,856, and for the same period in 1915 we bought \$136,962,092. The increase was \$91,868,764. If the products imported were for plant, such as necessary railroad equipment not obtainable in Canada, the increase would be a good sign. An examination of the trade returns discloses the importation of much that is of no value either for war or peace. The obvious extravagance of dress and in ordinary living expenses, in the patronage of public places of amusement are indicative of anything but a determination on the part of the city masses to conserve national resources to win the war and avert economic distress following the accomplishment of that purpose.

At the beginning of the year it was indicated that the mines of Canada would bring more wealth to the country than they had heretofore done. The prediction

then made is likely to be fulfilled—only that the increase will be greater than anticipated. Wherever mines are being operated there is a difficulty in getting labor. Every grocer, hardware man, tailor or candlestick maker knows that scarcity of labor means higher wages and good business. What at present causes a scarcity of labor means high wages and made upon the products of the mines. In Ontario the value of the mine products



for the first three months of the year is \$14,276,362 as compared with \$9,358,210 for the same period of last year. In British Columbia also there is a very decided increase. If the rate of increase taking place in Ontario is approximately the same as for the rest of the Dominion there will be taken from the mines this year \$200,000,000. There should be no dulness in mining centres for any class of business. It will be as well, however, to make hay while the sun shines. War makes great demands upon our metalliferous mines and they will cease when peace comes.

Our factories and our mines this year will produce enough wealth to sustain normal activity in business. Together their output will be worth \$2,175,000,000.

This is an estimate and we believe it will be safe for the business man to figure upon it. But in addition to that mountain of purchasing power there will have to be added the vast wealth from our fields. In the West the crop of wheat will be less, but of barley and oats there will be more. The latter turned into beef and pork means profit on a big scale. Beef and pork are commanding high prices—never so high. Cheese is also at a price to the producer that will enable him to bring comforts to his home that he never had before. If he does not buy the comforts now, and it would be better as a rule not to do so, he is buying bonds and stacking up savings. In the banks the increase in April was \$23,000,000, bringing up the total to \$1,150,000,000. During the same periods another \$5,000,000 has gone into the strong boxes in the form of high-class securities. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that such careful business men as Mr. Elias Rogers, vice-president of the Imperial Bank, says:

I think I have always been regarded as conservative and careful in business transactions, and recognize at all times necessity for caution, especially during this extraordinary period of our history. However, I must confess I am rather optimistic as to the future of this country, and do not fear any great calamity either in the near or distant future. At the end of the war I look for rapid and permanent development of the immense natural resources of Canada. The timber and mineral interests in the West are already beginning to improve, and as soon as water transportation facilities can be provided on the coast these industries cannot help making very substantial progress. While the present prospects of the farming industry are not as bright as they were a year ago, our farmers were never better off than they are at present, and, in my judgment, the opportunities and inducements for competent farmers to come to this country are not excelled by any country in the world.

Mr. Rogers is in close touch with business and it is encouraging to know that he entertains so optimistic a view. We are disposed, however, to discount somewhat his hopes as to what will occur following the war. There will be a period of very great uncertainty and in consequence dulness. Capital and enterprise show timidity when times are charged with uncertainty, but the period of stagnation in Canada after the war will be short or long according to the faith the people have in their future.

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## The Anatomy of Love

Continued from page 14.

"But what is poetry to living?" demanded the rapt Sybil, a little wistfully.

Again the abashed but not altogether unhappy young scientist looked about him. There crept over him a feeling akin to that of a swimmer about to plunge into the cool depths of some quiet midsummer river. He was filled with the vague consciousness of being on the brink of some intangible yet vital change, of pausing before the doorway of dim and new psychological delights. In vain he questioned himself as to the source of this inapposite and mysterious sensation.

"Sybil," he said solemnly, with a sudden change of voice and demeanor, "are you ever lonely?"

"Lonely?" said the girl, meditatively. Then she laughed a little. "Who wouldn't be lonely up here on a two-hundred-acre farm, with no one decent to—talk to, for months at a time!"

Her confession was not exactly what the other had looked for—it left him both a little puzzled and a little crestfallen.

"But you love nature so much," he went on, persistently. "You are so engrossed with your pretty dreams; you float in and out about this beautiful old farm, singing all the time——"

"I have to sing, or my heart would break!"

THE Professor sat bolt upright, until he remembered that her words were a line from one of her latest poems. Yet, even making allowances for professional ardor, the confession was an enlightening one. He had never thought of Sybil in that aspect. But, of course, she was human; she must, like the rest of the world, know her grey days as well as her gold.

"Oh, I'm just a bug, to you!" she cried rebelliously.

He was very close to her, and he was moved and touched by the tragedy in her brooding eyes. He inwardly made up his mind, in the suffusing glow that followed that unspoken appeal, to reach out and take her hand. Then he could tell her, as impersonally as possible, of course, that he thought of her as anything but as a bug.

He had steeled himself up to this courageous movement, when his downcast eyes chanced to rest upon a small red ant crawling across the hem of her cambric skirt. He followed the movements of the insect with intent eyes.

"Pardon me" he said, "but see, this is the well-known Pharaoh's Ant, the tiny *Monomorium pharaonis*!"

"Is it?" said Sybil, with uplifted eyebrows.

"Yes, one of those little heterogynous hymenopterous insects whose community life is as complex and highly organized as that of man himself!"

"Indeed!" said Sybil, with the ghost of a sigh.

"There are the winged males, and the females, winged until they mate, and the wingless and unhappy neuters——"

"Neuters, did you say?"

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By JOHN BUCHAN

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"Yes, neuters, who slave their dull lives out, toiling and laboring and dying for the hive."

"Very much like the human plan, after all, isn't it?" commented Sybil, absently.

The Professor looked at her blankly, oppressed by the feeling that she was in some way making fun of him. But her light and careless laugh, as she looked back into his questioning eyes, persuaded him that he was quite wrong in this suspicion.

"Well?" she asked.

He still looked at her.

"Oh, please don't try to study me with such contemplative wisdom! I'm not worth the trouble—I'm only a moment's splash of sunlight on the grey walls of your life. I'm only a lost bird among the sober wheels of your work. I'm only a foolish child leaning out of the windows of idleness!"

"You're a poet, my dear!" said the Professor, with feeling.

It was strange, he thought, but she had

never seemed more winning than in that mood of relinquishment. She always seemed nearest to him in her moments of humility.

"You'd like it better, if Anne were here!" suddenly complained the girl, with a quick side-glance at her companion.

"Would I?" retorted the Professor, tartly.

"You know you would!" mourned the unhappy spirit at his side.

"But Anne isn't here!" he was human enough to ejaculate. He wondered why it was that all the perfect moments of life were marred by some incongruously trifling word or touch.

"But she's coming," said Sybil.

If Anne had been an angry hornet, ready for attack, the young Professor could not have looked more dismayed.

"Anne, coming here?" he echoed.

"Father has asked her to—to look after us!"

*To be continued.*

## What's Wrong With Country Churches?

*A Study of Conditions Leading to Decline of Rural Congregations*

**W**HAT'S wrong with country churches? asks Henry Wallace in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He proceeds to deal with the problem of the rural church in the United States, where a very serious condition is found: The country church is losing ground. People are either not going to church as regularly as they once did, or else are finding it preferable to drive into the nearest town or city. The article is a very comprehensive one and necessarily lengthy, so that only a few extracts from the more important parts can be given:

Our present decline is the result of causes, mainly economic, which have vastly decreased the percentage of rural population as compared with total population. After the Revolution our population, both North and South, was almost wholly rural. In 1880 seventy out of every one hundred folks lived in open country; in 1910 only thirty-two.

The shifting of population has come from the extension of the railroads from ocean to ocean, and from the homestead law and land grants to railroads. The various races and nationalities, too, have been mixed as for a melting pot.

So, where the rural pastorate in times past presided over a dense population, in modern times its sphere is sparsely populated, and instead of a people of one faith or sect there is a mixture of many denominations: Catholics, Protestants, Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians, Dunkards and others are all mixed by this shifting of rural population from East to West, from North to South—mixed together but not yet blended.

Then, too, up to the middle of the last

century education above that of the common school and academy was for the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor-to-be. The minister was the one outstanding man in the open country: "guide, philosopher, and friend" to all. There were few books—and those were of the solid sort—few papers, few magazines, few lectures. Now we have colleges of agriculture and of science, free and open to all; and in the pulpit there may be a man of less general intelligence than that of many in the pews.

Now it was easy to get people to go to church in those early days. They had nowhere else to go. The church was their social centre, the camp meeting their Chautauqua. The class meetings and basket meetings were their clubs and societies. There were no automobiles, no Sunday baseball or football, no "movies" in the country towns. Ecclesiastical controversy rallied the faithful to the several standards.

The lines between sects were closely drawn. There were in the last century two somewhat different ideals of the Christian life: one that the salvation of the individual soul was the important thing, and about the only really important thing; the other, including this, was the salvation of the family. The first ideal fitted the frontiers, and the second the permanent settler. Farming was then not so much a money-making business as it is now, and still less a speculative business. It was regarded as a life, and the farm as a place in which a large family of children could be raised at little expense, and could be duly baptized, catechized and pastorally visited until ready to be received into the church by confirmation or on confes-



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sion of faith. Religion, generally speaking, was rather a matter of education than of the emotions; and the church was an organization of families that paid the preacher because they believed in his doctrine.

So much for the cause. The writer proceeds to deal with remedies and cites cases where the situation has been overcome.

But in spite of the decline of the rural church as a whole, there are rural congregations that still thrive and prosper. They are more prosperous than even in the palmiest days of the rural church. There are other churches that were sick unto death, but are now, like the ancient saints of Israel, "going on from strength to strength." The question again is: "Why?"

I will tell you why: A purely country church in Iowa, known officially as "The Church of the Brethren," was organized with seven members. For some twelve years they worshipped in private houses and in the schoolhouse. Then they erected a building, and in this they worshipped for forty-five years. They are now in a building which would adorn any city of 50,000 people; they have a membership of 400 and an average attendance at Sunday-school of 225. I have asked this pastor to tell me the secret, and here it is:

"The aim of this church is to create the highest moral and religious influence possible; to make the community a unit; to afford means for entertainment and culture of the highest order and type, so that the rising generation may be kept as far as possible from the debauchery and demoralizing influences of city life. We preach rural life from the pulpit, and use every means possible to create a sentiment for the next generation to stick to the soil." Note this significant statement: "The township has not had a qualified constable or justice of the peace for about forty years, and has had only one case in the district court for thirty years."

The young people of this community do not get in their automobiles and go to town to church. Instead people come out to this country church from a town of 25,000 a few miles away.

Another country church, Presbyterian, though subjected to the same influences which have destroyed other churches by the hundreds, has yet maintained its numbers and influence. It pays its pastor \$2,500. When I asked one of the members how they kept up their numbers despite the movement to towns in other sections, he replied: "By taking hold of the children of the foreigners as they move in, and training them for the Master."

At a corn-judging school in Iowa a teacher was trying to inculcate the farmers with the idea that religion should apply to every part of a man's life—to his farming, to his home life, to his social life, to his buying and selling. One young man rose up and said: "Professor, if you will find us a man who tries to work religion in that fashion, I'll give a hundred dollars a year to his support, and I'll see that my father gives another hundred; and I am not a church member; neither is he."

Someone will say: "These lines of work are all right, but they are not religion." Quite true; neither is church-going reli-

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gion; but either can be religious. These efforts to help our fellow men can also be religious, an evidence of love to man. Jesus linked the two together, and said it was the gist of all that Moses and the prophets had said. This work for humanity is the proof to our fellow men of the reality of our religion.

The congregations that work on this line will get the support of more than their four hundred each of town population, and will prosper. The rest will gradually die a lingering and painful death, and they ought to die. People, even worldly people, will support the church that can make this life better worth living every day in the week.

## Mutiny of Sergeant Draine

*Continued from page 26.*

gets you used to just about anythin' in the line of uncomfortableness. This isn't a patch on some of the things I've sat through, smilin' 'ard."

NOR was it a patch on some of the things that were still ahead of him. As the days went on, Sergeant Draine longed acutely to sit about among his own kind, and spin his yarns between luxurious puffings at his pipe. For variety, he would have loved to hobble up to the military hospital and exchange reminiscences with such of his shipmates as were in condition for miscellaneous conversation. But these, it appeared, were the very things that Sergeant Draine was not allowed to do.

"They mean well, bless their 'earts!" he explained to the orderly on duty at the door; "but blow me if it's my notion of a man's job to spend all 'is time trottin' about in 'igh society, and talkin' about what 'appened to 'im at the front. If I try to get the talk on somethin' sensible that leaves out of account the year fourteen, they're after it like a terrier after a rat, and back they comes, shakin' it at me, and waggin' their pretty tails."

The orderly grinned.

"Too many pink teas?" he queried.

"Yes, an' purply dinners, an' little yaller lunches in between. Man alive, my stummack's like a bally rainbow, all pretty colours, an' not an ounce of solid stuff to keep 'em from mixin' up again into their transcendental w'ite. The other day, they give me a sandwich tied up with a bit of ribbin, like a baby's curl. I took it, trustin'; 'alf the time I can't see what I'm goin' to eat. First thing I knew, I was chokin' on it like a giraffe on a boa constrictor. And the things they put into their ice cream! It's somethin' awful. The only place where they give you a safe meal is at one of their clubs they've opened for us; and even there you can't get a chanst to fill up, there's so many women round, askin' us to tell 'em if this isn't better'n the government grub." He shut his teeth, as certain memories swept over him. Through them, he added: "Well, 'twas a man's grub, anyhow."



And then Thursday came, and with it, a blue enamelled limousine to take him to the dinner party. Sergeant Draine had grown used to dinner parties by now. He could talk fluently while holding his fork like an inverted bludgeon, he used his knife like a cross-cut saw. He had even grown accustomed to being asked to tea, and finding himself, after being regaled on what he afterwards termed "pickin's" shunted safely home again at six. He had supposed his social education had reached its climax, the night that he had mistaken the butler for his host and had prolonged the mistake until somebody had benevolently plucked him from the arm of the supposed master of the house and diverted his steps into the proper path. But this dinner was the most gorgeous of Draine's experiences, so gorgeous that it was near to his undoing.

"It's not for the pot to be callin' the teakettle naked," he muttered to himself as, the while he pulled at his kilts, he bent his gaze upon the shoulder blades of the woman waiting to walk out to dinner by his side.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, hearing the muttering.

"It's all right, ma'am," Draine reassured her mendaciously. "I was only sayin' grace. I 'ope you've got a shawl 'ere somewhere 'andy. It takes the devil of a time, 'scusin' me, to work through some of these 'ere dinners, an' I wouldn't like you to be catchin' cold."

She smiled, mistaking his meaning; but liking the big man on sight.

"Oh, but the room is very warm," she said.

In turn, he liked her smile. It made him reminiscent.

"My Molly, now in glory, 'ad a little flannel jacket she put on, when she was interrupted with her dressin'." he observed confidentially.

**H**IS companion laughed. Already she was repenting of her gorgeous costume, for which her hostess had been a bit to blame. The invitation had misled her by its wording. Scenting a colonel at the very least, she had dressed herself accordingly, not that any colonel could have shown greater enthusiasm for holding her attention at salute than did Sergeant Draine, that night. His ten-days' training had not been thrown away on him. His eye might have grown dim, his force might have abated; but he was as keen as ever to find out that his next neighbor was distinctly worth the while.

"You were with the Fourteenth?" she said, while she picked up her soup spoon. "Our old chauffeur went across with that?"

"What would his name be?" Draine queried, with alert interest in what he took to be her thirst for news.

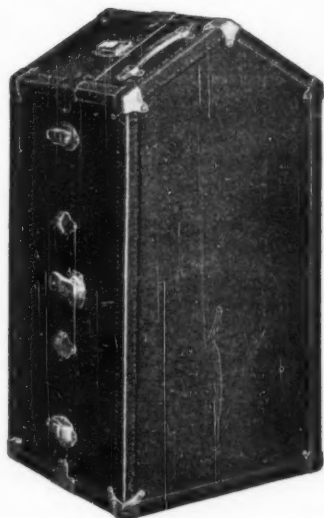
"Hayes. Thomas Hayes."

"Tom 'Ayes? I knew 'im well, ma'am; none better. We bunked in the same cabin, goin' across. To think of 'is bein' a friend of you! Poor old Tom!" Draine added reminiscently. "'E got 'it in the jaw at Ypres. I saw 'im just after. 'E 'ad a mouth on 'im like an open barn door."

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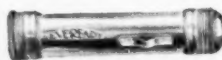


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**TRACTION**

With a swift gesture, his pretty companion sent away her soup. Then she leaned back in her chair, breathing rather fast.

Draine eyed her compassionately. "Too strong o' turnip, ma'am?" he asked her. "I noticed it, myself. 'Owever, you get so you can eat 'most anything, after you've 'ad to eat the stuff in 'ospital. My Molly, she that's now in glory, was a wonderful good cook. She always said that turnips must be used with the savin' sense that, once they're strong, they're rancid."

"Tell me about Molly," his companion urged him suddenly, more, however, out of her instinct of self-preservation than from tact.

AND Draine told: reverently, loyally, and with a frankness of detail that bordered closely upon the appalling. He let himself sink back comfortably in his chair, while he talked with the garrulity of supreme content. Sick to death of ringing the changes on the story of the weary months that had culminated in the bloody days at Ypres, he blessed her for her interest in his Molly, who had filled for him so many years of peace. Here was a woman, at last, he told himself, who knew a real man at sight, knew that all his history was not condensed into a single hour. His earlier liking for her multiplied manyfold. He was still talking when his hostess began to gather eyes. Then her voice cut in across the last, the tenderest of his reminiscences.

"Come, everybody! We are going to have our coffee by the library fire, while Sergeant Draine tells us his experiences."

Draine knew the accent, recognized the words. A sudden scarlet stained his rugged cheekbones. There came an instant pause, before he spoke. Then:

"I'm just tellin' the best of them to this lady, ma'am," the big man said, with consummate dignity. "There's no use in goin' over all the yarn again."

A more than ordinarily swishy, wispy lady had placed herself at his side, as he rose clumsily.

"You're too modest, Sergeant Draine," she told him.

"'Ow too modest?"

"You were only telling Mrs. Camperton about your wife. We want to hear your real adventures, the things you did at Ypres."

Draine halted, leaning on his stick. His vision slowly gathered focus.

"I was married to my Molly, eighteen years, an' she was always faithful and lovin'," he said a little sternly. "I was at Ypres just thirty hours which was chiefly 'ell. It isn't 'ard for me to decide which was the real adventure, thinkin' backwards."

"Oh." Then she rallied. "No. Of course not. And you've really been in hospital ever since?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Terrible! But they were good to you?"

"They thought so. They cut me about, and sewed me up, and fed me sticky grub, and the like. They meant well."

"But weren't there any women there—to—to—"



Draine was peering about in search of his neighbor at the table; but the general move had swept her out of reach. He had hugged a vague notion that she would see him through. He took his disappointment out on her successor.

"To what, ma'am?" he asked her uncompromisingly.

She hesitated for a phrase. Then,—

"To nurse you, to coddle you up a little," she said tritely.

There was another moment's silence.

"Ma'am," Draine told her gravely then: "from the time I was 'it till now, there's been a procession of 'em, slathers of 'em, an' then some. A few of 'em nursed; but the bulk of 'em was the coddling sort. As I say they meant well; but they 'ad a most amazing' lack of sense. When you're nothing but a pack of messy, drippin' wounds, especially when you know inside yourself, that in spite of appearances you used to be a real man, you don't take kindly to havin' a woman mussin' over you an' talkin' baby-talk, as if you was 'er pet canary with the pip."

"But when the worst was over; when you were getting better and the days seemed long—"

Draine had not been through the past six months for nothing. He knew what more than likely would come next, and he quashed it promptly.

"They didn't. Once I got through achin' I could always find a bit of fun goin' on in the place," he told her crisply. "By an' large, considerin' the nature of the 'oles in us, we 'ad it pretty jolly."

"But didn't you ever wish some nice woman would come to sit with you now and then?"

"Never!" Sergeant Draine assured her promptly. "I never 'ad the chanst. There always was one, same as there is 'ere." And then he appeared to doubt his own veracity. "Depends on what you mean by nice," he added. "Of course, if my Molly 'ad stepped down from glory an' come in with 'er 'Ow goes it, Bill? Feelin' pretty fair? we'd liked it. But when the 'igh-an'-mighties come an' looked down their noses at us, it made us 'ot as 'ell. As long as a man's a man, 'e's got 'is right to do 'is achin' on the quiet. Else, 'ow'll 'e get a chanst to cuss?"

NEXT morning very early, the head of the detention hospital was heard in the hall, demanding Draine.

"Draine's sick, sir," an orderly reported, saluting.

"What's the matter?" the head asked swiftly, for the big sergeant, in the ten days since his landing, had won for himself many friends.

"He says it's all over him, sir; says that he can't exactly say where it's the worst."

With ten steps, the head was besides Draine's bed. The brawny sergeant, prone upon his pillow, looked up at him with eyes that would have been lack-lustre, had it not been for a spark of unquenchable iniquity far down in their dim depths. The head bent above him kindly.

"Well, oid man, what's wrong?" he queried.

"I'm a sick man, sir, very sick," Draine



## A Charming Glass Garden Erected for Major Merritt

THOSE of you who have been privileged to enjoy Major Merritt's delightful hospitality at his St. Catharines residence, in Ontario, may recall seeing the old greenhouse in your strolls about the grounds. Materials for it, so the Major informed us, came direct from England many years ago. It was, indeed, an interesting bit of construction. The narrow glass, only 6 inches in width, was cut with a curved end and each one lapped deeply over the light below it.

The framing was of wood, and in comparison to our light, airy, steel-framed structures, did, indeed, seem a bit cumbersome.

With the tremendous advance made in recent years, in the highly successful growing of all kinds of flowers and plants in the modern constructed glass gardens, the Major concluded his greenhouse had outlived its usefulness.

We were asked to replace it with one of our up-to-date curved eave houses, having three compartments or separate garden plots.

The one at the left is for general blooming plant favorites—a mingling of the delightful old-timey kinds with the newest sorts.

The centre one is filled with ornamental foliage plants, mostly of tropical origin.

The compartment at the right of it is a grapery, which in the Fall is also used for chrysanthemums.

It is a layout which is as thoroughly practical as it is attractive.

We would welcome the opportunity to send you our 'Two G's Booklet, which fully illustrates and explains a similar subject.

We call it "Our Ideal Layout."

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HANOVER, ONTARIO

## CANADIAN NORTHERN

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Orient Bay, Ontario

## NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE

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**Most central point of access to  
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This fishing lodge with accommodation for twenty-five guests will be operated as an annex of the **Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur, Ont.**, and can be occupied by previous arrangement only. The manager will combine small parties wherever possible.

### Summer Tourist Fares Now in Effect

For accommodation, rates, etc., apply to Manager Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur, Ont., or to General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

muttered. "Too sick to be drinkin' tea and eatin' four-graw among the 'igh-kickers of society." As he spoke, he pointed feebly to the three or four envelopes that littered his bed.

"Where is the pain, Draine?"

Draine laid his hand caressingly above his point of contact with the hostile bayonet.

"I've a quiverin' 'ere, sir, an' a pain in my 'ead. Also my leg's bad, too."

The head looked puzzled. What had been left of Draine had appeared to him to be on the high road back to health. The suddenness and the complexity of the symptoms baffled diagnosis. Nor did pulse and respiration help. Both seemed normal.

"You've most likely been going the pace a bit too fast, Draine. Tired out, and some indigestion after too many dinners. I think a day in bed will set you straight."

Draine shook his great head weakly. Then he gave a piteous little moan that was out of all proportion to his bulk and to the list that he had offered of his maladies.

"No one day will do it, sir. It's very sick I am; 'twill be a 'oly miracle if I'm out of this bed an hour before the time for my discharge."

"That's the sorry part of it, Draine," the Head told him. "I'd hoped to pack you out of this, to-day."

Draine stuck up his head alertly. His voice grew resonant.

"Without my papers, sir?"

"They've just come in. If you weren't

There came a mighty surging up of the tidily-spread blankets, a mighty thrashing of elbows and knees. Then Sergeant Draine's two feet came down solidly upon the floor.

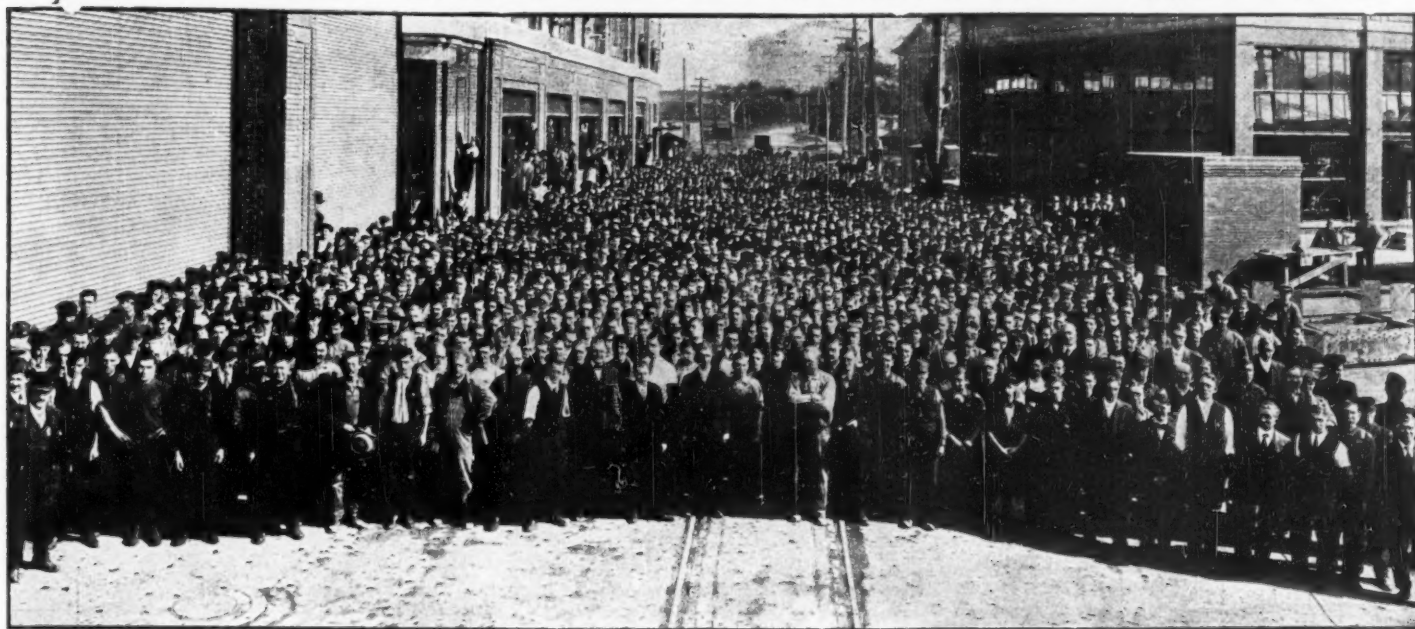
"Praise be to my Molly an' the other saints in glory" he said devoutly. "You mean it doctor; mean I can get 'ome, where I can smoke my pipe and pass the time o'day with the boys, without a petticoat in range to ask me a bally question?"

"Draine, you old sinner! You were shamming?"

His bare feet planted on the floor, his pink-flannelette shoulders shrugged up towards his ears. Draine peered up at the face above him crookedly.

"I 'ad to, doctor; or else be put in clink for assaulting my weaker sisters. Take 'em one by one, an' they mean well; but take 'em by the dozen, an' they're the very devil. Since Ypres, I've been fed up with 'em to burstin'. What with the questions they ask you, an' the grub tied up in ribbins till you ought to rub it through a colander to make it safe to eat." Draine paused to heave a mighty sigh of thankfulness over his own escape. "My Molly, now in glory used to say that one woman was enough for any man, an' every once in a while come a time when that one would be superfluous. The 'Oly Book tells us that Adam 'ad 'is troubles with the best of us; but it's my notion that 'e was jolly lucky that there wasn't no war on, an' that Eve wasn't twins. Else, Cain would 'ave been acquitted on the ground of 'is 'eredity. Fork out your papers, doctor. I've got to see 'em for myself, before I'll be darin' to get up an' dress."





Factory Employees at the Canadian Plant at Ford, Ont.

## \$50,000 a Month Increase In Wages Since War Began

Increase the prosperity of the individual and you increase the prosperity of the nation.

The influence thus exerted by the Ford Canadian Company towards upbuilding the prosperity of the Dominion in times when such an influence is intensely valuable forms a story of real human interest.

This story is founded on three events:

1. An increase in wages of \$50,000 a month.
2. The reduction of working hours from nine to eight.
3. The addition of 900 men to the pay roll since war began.

In the Spring of 1915, Canadian manufacturing interests were in most cases being guided by a policy of retrenchment rather than of expansion. It was a time when caution seemed the better part of valor.

The Ford Canadian executives, however, preferred to look upon the situation with more optimism. At that time they were considering putting into effect a higher standard of wages for their employees. They saw no reason why they should stop the wheels of progress on account of the war, so in April 1915, the new Ford standard of wages was adopted.

Here was a war-time increase of from 15 to 60% for every eligible worker in the plant. The average laborer was at once presented with a \$38 a month raise.

It is estimated that this increase distributed among the 2,400 Canadian Ford employees amounts to about \$50,000 a month. And bear in mind that their previous rate of pay was considered good.

So, by April 16, 1916, the Ford Canadian Company will have given its employees \$600,000 in increased wages for one year.

Surely, this is increasing the prosperity of the individual with a vengeance.

Likewise it increases the prosperity of the merchants from whom these employees buy. And it increases the prosperity of the wholesaler from whom the merchants buy and so on down the list. The commission man, the jobber, the manufacturers in all parts of Canada share in it. And in the natural course of events the whole nation benefits from this increased distribution of money.

In the nine leading cities from St. John to Vancouver there are Ford Branches that are also assisting in this promotion of prosperity.

In the plant at Ford City there are about 2000 employees who live in the four towns of Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich. There are 1000 more employees working in establishments in these towns whose output either in its entirety or its greater

part is taken by the Ford plant. Thus 3,000 persons there are dependent upon the Ford factory.

Basing an estimate on the fact given in the last census report that there are five in the average family, this makes a total of 15,000 people that look to the Ford Plant for their support.

In other words half the people in these four towns whose combined population is about 30,000 are directly benefited by the prosperity of the Ford Canadian Company.

At the same time that they received this increase in wages, the Ford employees were further benefited by a reduction in working hours of from nine to eight per day.

Few firms have found it desirable to add to their number of employees to any great extent since war began. But so resultful has been the Ford Canadian policy of full speed ahead, war or no war, that it has been necessary to take on 900 additional employees since August 1914.

Has the Ford Company as a Canadian Plant with its own army of highly paid workers done "its bit" for Canada outside of boosting her prosperity? Again let us consult statistics.

In contributing to the Patriotic and Red Cross funds, the employees, officers and stockholders gave \$59,304.39 or an average of \$29.60. The factory workers alone gave \$30,410.04 or an average of \$18.71 per man. Office employees gave \$6,168.60. Everyone, almost without a single exception gave to the absolute limit. For instance, twenty-two girl office employees, stenographers and file clerks contributed a total of \$77.50 per month for 12 months.

The total contribution from the town of Ford with its 2,200 population was \$75,776.99 or an average of about \$34 per capita which is one of the largest per capita contributions of any city or town in the Dominion.

Ford employees are the highest paid automobile workers in the British Empire. They are paid 3 times as well as the average Canadian workmen—receiving \$1,200 a year as against the average wage of \$435 as given by the last census reports.

But the Ford Canadian executives have proved—and figures make this proof obvious—that the increased permanency of a man's employment, his increased skill gained through this longer time of service, and other factors, fully counterbalance this increased expenditure in wages.

And so the owner of a Ford car receives a direct benefit from all this since it results in putting into his car a skilled workmanship that is most unusual and that goes far towards making the Ford car the wonderful mechanical production that it is today.

## Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario.

Ford Runabout	- -	\$480
Ford Touring	- -	530
Ford Coupelet	- -	730
Ford Sedan	- -	890
Ford Town Car	- -	780
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5-D

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uncomfortable car—

There the \$850 Overland supplies a definite need with  
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And its price—\$850—is far below any former price for any

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You must drive it to get the thrill its performance will give  
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You can own one of these cars.

But act promptly—for naturally no car was ever in such  
demand.

In spite of record productions and advancing prices, there  
is a shortage of cars.

The demand naturally centers on top class at bottom price  
—this small light car.

And no other car at anywhere near its price can compare  
with this one for beauty, performance, comfort, completeness  
and economy.

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# Libby's

## Five-Minute Meals

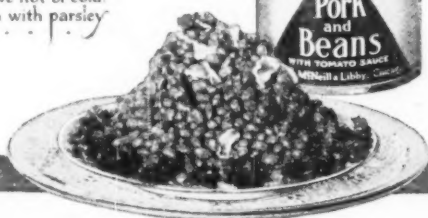


**Dried Beef in Little Casseroles**  
Make a white sauce of butter, flour and milk; bring to boiling point and pour over the dried beef in the casseroles.

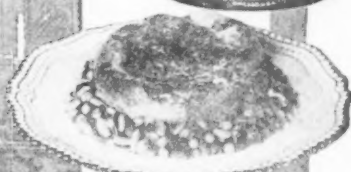


**Potted Ham Sandwiches**  
Spread the potted ham on thinly sliced bread. Season with a little mustard and serve garnished with small pickled onions.

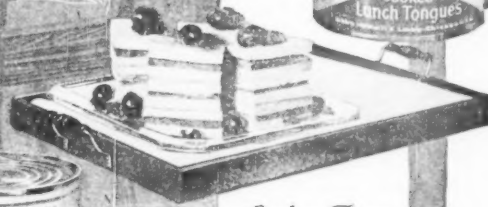
**Pork and Beans**  
Turn out the beans and serve hot or cold. Garnish with parsley.



**Boneless Chicken**  
Turn out the chicken on a dish and garnish with hard-boiled egg, capers and parsley.



**Ox Tongue**  
Arrange the ox tongue on a dish and garnish with macedoin vegetables, peas and green string beans cut up.



**Luncheon Tongue Sandwiches**

Spread the tongue on white or brown bread, squeeze over a little lemon juice, season with paprika, cut into finger sandwiches, garnish with ripe olives.

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